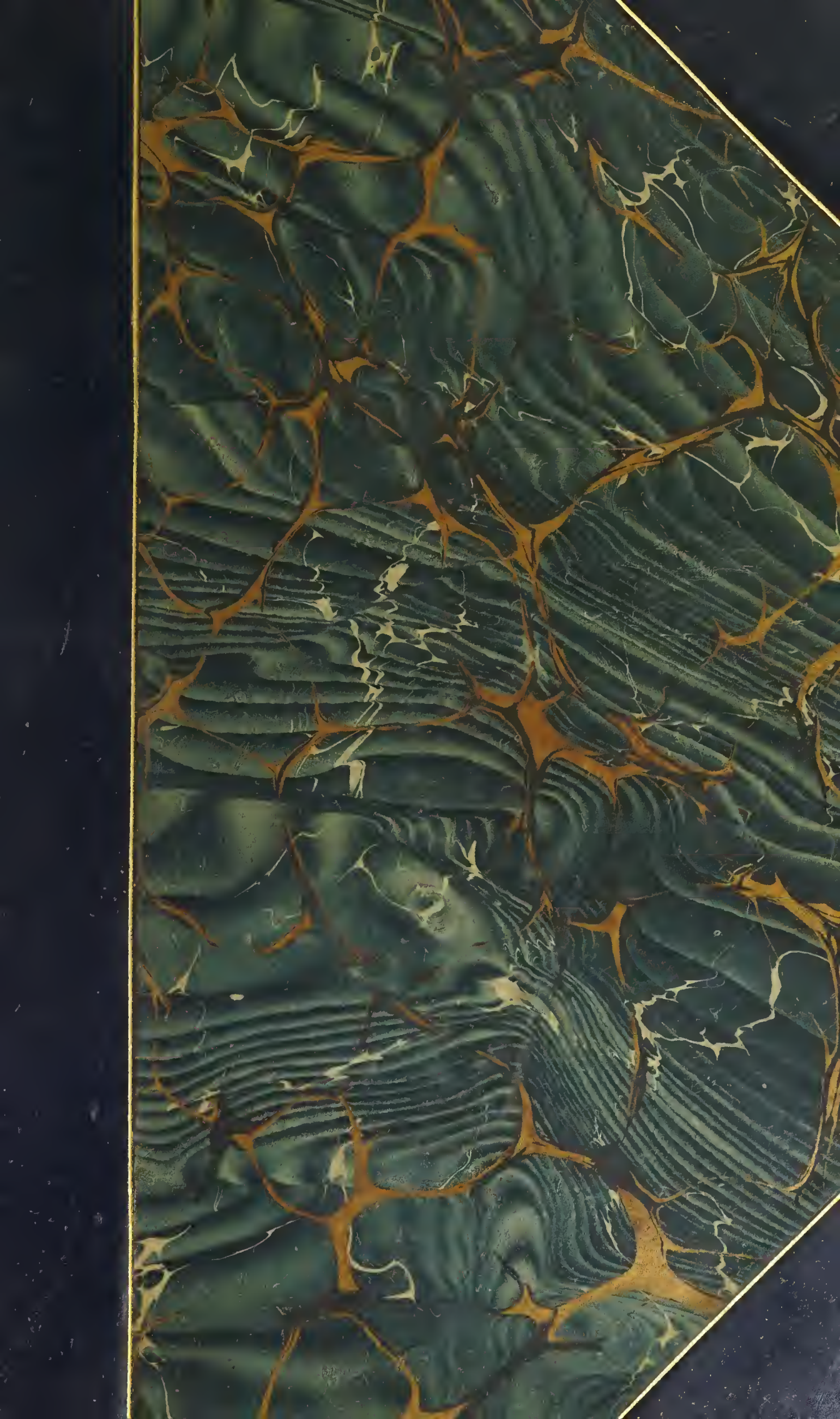

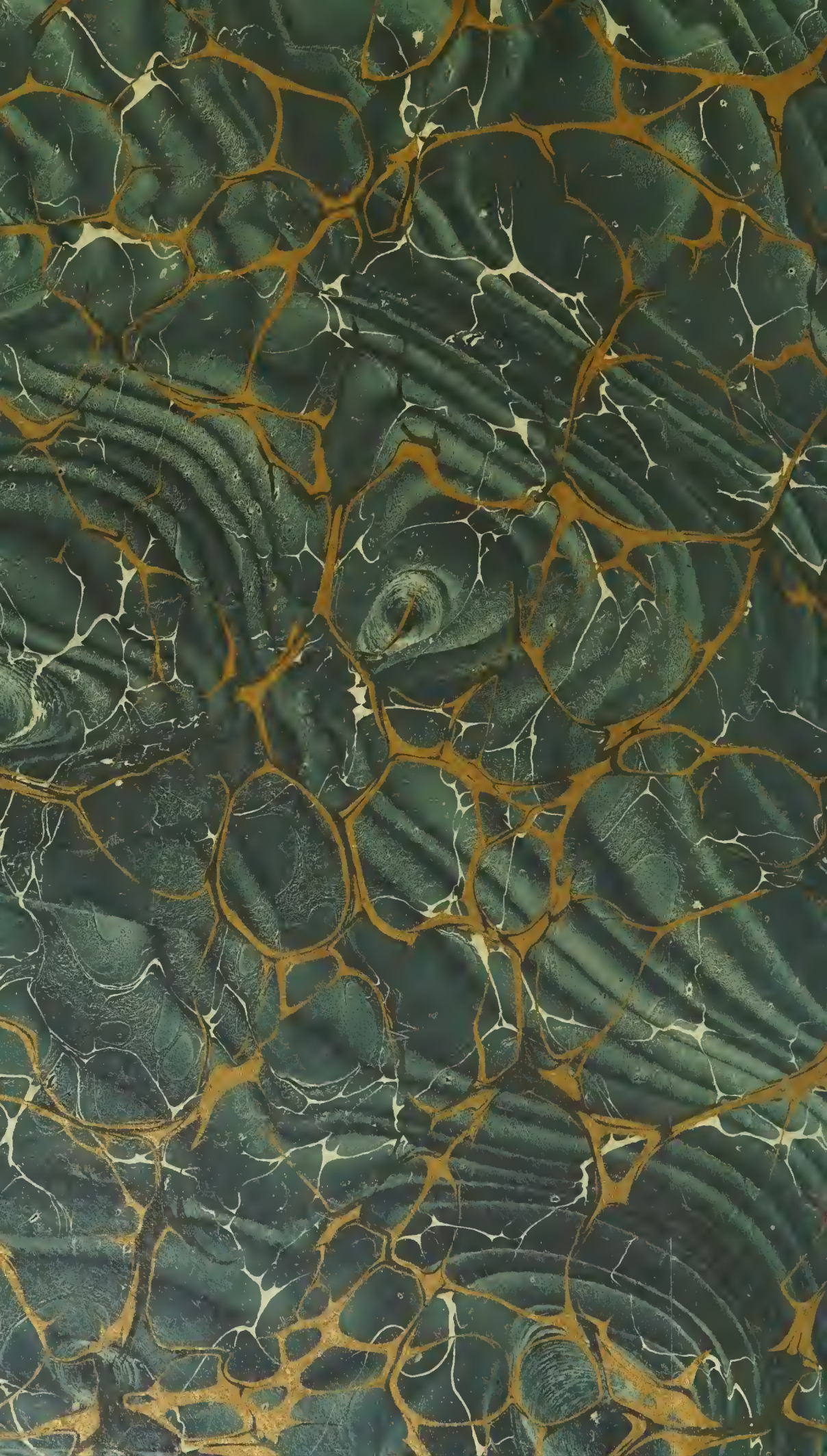

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THE THEATRE.

A Monthly Review

OF

THE DRAMA, MUSIC, AND THE FINE ARTS.

EDITED BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

VOL. III.—NEW SERIES.

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THE THEATRE. No 13. THIRD SERIES.

"Indeed! and on whose testimony?"

Olivette

Yours very truly
Florence St John.

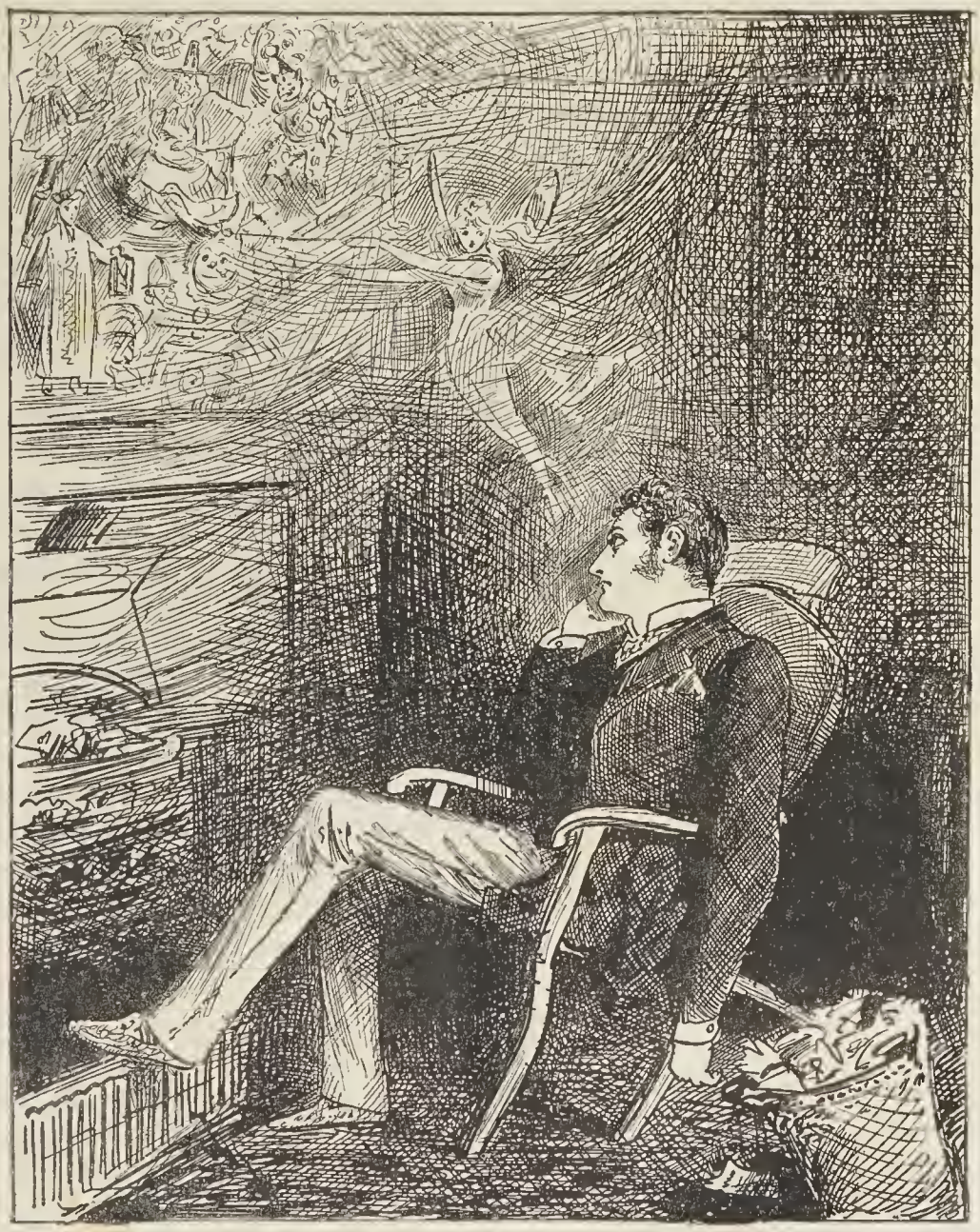
LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY (PHOTO. & WOODBURYTYPE.)

The Theatre.

JANUARY 1, 1881.

A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

"SITTING alone, musing alone," by the comfortable winter fire, I seemed to see, as so many others have done before me, the dear



AN EDITOR'S DREAM.

familiar faces of friends I have lost, the dim shadows of delightful scenes that can never be recalled. All was silence, save for the ticking of an old

clock; the curtains were drawn, the lamp shaded; occasionally far in the distance, I could hear the rumbling of some dissipated cab taking home a midnight reveller; but the fire burned brightly on the hearth, the blue rings curled upwards out of my pipe, the click of an occasional coal falling on the stone disturbed for an instant my intermittent doze, and I was left with the "dream children" of reality and imagination. On they came trooping out of the fire, smiling some and weeping many of them, in a long and ghostlike procession, faces and scenes and visions happily intermingled—my old home, the remembrance of the first Christmas-tree, my earliest friend, my first pantomime seen from the pit of Drury Lane in 1849, my first extravaganza at the Lyceum, in the days of Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, "The Island of Jewels," "The King of the Peacocks," and "King Charming;" days when "Madame," dressed as a burlesque prince, sang to the tune of a popular negro melody, "Get along, base man, don't you come a-nigh me; and, turned into a bird of a bright-blue dye me;" when the Frank Matthews' henpecked and nagged at one another in dear old Planché's melodious verse; when all the world was in love with Julia St. George; when Oscar Byrne taught the young ladies to dance, and Rosina Wright was in her prime; when old Tully conducted the orchestra; and still even in those distant days "the appointments were by Mr. E. Bradwell and the machinery by Mr. Sloman." I don't suppose that the scenery was any better then than it is now; but I never shall forget one Lyceum extravaganza picture. It was by Mr. W. Beverley, of course, and it seemed as if the distance of the flower-garden would never end, and, when the leaves had fallen, no picture-book ever suggested so many fairies. In those days little children went to the play in white silk gloves, and even in the dress-circle received the long old-fashioned play-bill that smelt very much of printer's ink, and did not harmonise particularly with the conventional silk gloves, or, indeed, with the packet of acidulated drops, which belonged as much to the order of Christmas playgoers as the oysters and stout that invariably terminated the revels. Yes, this is the very same Lyceum Theatre, so far as construction and comfort are concerned, as the one where, in the years preceding the Great Exhibition of 1851, no Easter or Christmas was ever allowed to pass without a fairy extravaganza by Mr. Planché. It was here that, many years afterwards, Mrs. Bancroft and Mr. J. L. Toole made their first appearance before a London audience. Here I have seen Charles Dillon play Belphegor—what a masterpiece it was—and Richelieu, when Mrs. Mellon was Miss Woolgar, and, as ever, a charming actress into the bargain. Here Falconer made a success with "The Peep o' Day," as great as that obtained at the Adelphi with "The Colleen Bawn." Here, long before that, Madame Celeste acted in "The House on the Bridge of Notre Dame;" and here, as everyone knows, Fechter produced "The Duke's Motto," and many more romantic melodramas. Here good fellows like Humphrey Barnett and "Colonel" Bateman displayed all the enthusiasm of their generous natures, and here it became the good fortune of all living playgoers to welcome Henry Irving, who has done more for the poetical and Shakespearian drama than any

man of his time, and to whom all who are interested in the stage as a national necessity and the drama as a fine art, wish long life and unbroken prosperity. Fourteen years only has Henry Irving been before the London public, and surely few actors have created a greater number of original parts. Out they came before me as I dreamed by the Christmas fire: Rawdon Scudamore, Count Falcon, Bob Gassitt—a part that Charles Dickens admired so much—Bill Sykes, Robert Redburn, Mr. Chevenix, Digby Grant, Jingle, Matthias, Charles the First, Eugene Aram, Philip, Philip of Spain ("Queen Mary"), Vanderdecken, and lastly the leading character in the Poet Laureate's new play, founded on a stirring incident in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and already on the eve of production.

"Sitting alone, musing alone." Another red-hot coal falls out of the fire and startles me. Where have I heard the refrain of that "fire-side fancy" that dwells upon my memory? Surely it is one of the tender lyrics of my good old friend E. L. Blanchard, the genial writer and delightful humorist, who has written pantomimes ever since our childhood, and never fails to amuse us all at Christmas-time with his graceful imagination and his delicately-flavoured wit. When was it that you wrote that song of dreamland by the fire, old friend; you at whose smile the little children laugh and sing; whose presence comes like a ray of sunshine into a darkened room, and whose wealth of anecdote and keen imaginative power have set so many tables in a roar among the wits, the humorists, and the story-tellers during the lifetime of the best of us? Was it not in a humble little periodical called "Saturday Night" that you so sang to us about your "Phantasmagoria" close upon twenty years ago, when Tom Hood gathered round him a famous light literary band, printing there the first important contributions of W. S. Gilbert and W. J. Prowse, and F. C. Burnand and T. W. Robertson, and W. B. Rands and Tom Archer, and Halliday, and who shall say how many more of us? Surely you remember "Saturday Night," you kindly frosty-pated Father Blanchard, and the first Christmas number of that excellent but unsuccessful periodical called "Half-a-Dozen Umbrellas," in which Prowse and Tom Robertson gave to us who listened the first sign of the fame that was to be theirs in the world. The thought of Blanchard, and all he has done for the children of the past, all he is doing—bless him!—for the children of the present, sets me dreaming again about pantomimes and harlequinades and Christmas amusements, and, of course, of Drury Lane.

The coals fell out, and left a huge gap in the fire. I saw a picture over thirty years old mirrored before me. I was in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre in the Christmas of 1849, and was bewildered with delight at the contemplation of my first pantomime, a child of eight years old. London was not at all as we see it now; there were green fields and flowering hedges at Highbury; Islington, with its Shepherdess Walk and surrounding greenery, had quite a countrified look, and there was a turnpike-gate close by the Vinegar Yard in the City Road. What delight it was for a child, whose clock of life had not sounded ten, to be treated like a grown-up person, and to be taken to a celebrated City chop-house

preparatory to the play! I see it all—the pile of uncooked chops at the door of the old-fashioned place, from which each customer selected his dinner, sticking a fork into his prize, and bearing it up in triumph to the cook. But I was too excited with what I was to see to pay much attention to these preliminary festivities. In less than an hour I should be at Drury Lane, seated in the pit, dazed with the chatter of "Oranges, apples, ginger-beer, bills of the play," monotonously delivered by the women who were then permitted to drag their heavy baskets through the pit benches, and waiting anxiously for the curtain to be drawn up and show me "The Lady of Lyons," to be followed by Rodwell's pantomime of "Harlequin and Good Queen Bess; or, Merrie England in the Olden Time." The National Theatre had just been opened by Mr. James Anderson for the performance of the "legitimate drama" at reduced prices, and London was greatly excited at the event. A legitimate play and a pantomime at Old Drury made the Boxing Night of 1849 a very celebrated occasion; there was nearly a riot owing to the crammed state of the theatre and the fact that thousands were turned away from the doors, and "The Merchant of Venice" was played literally in dumb-show. I must have been at Old Drury a few nights afterwards, for I find that "The Lady of Lyons" was played in Mr. Anderson's first week, and just after Mrs. Glover had seceded in a huff because she was not allowed a dressing-room to herself, first writing a somewhat peremptory letter to the papers abusing her manager, and then promptly taking an engagement at the Strand under the elder Farren. Bulwer Lytton's play, as I saw it, was acted by Miss Vandenhoff (Pauline), who returned to the stage after an absence of four years to renew a success she had previously obtained at Covent Garden in the "Antigone of Sophocles." Mr. James Anderson was, of course, the Claude Melnotte, and Mrs. Winstanley, afterwards a famous actress at the Princess's, and an authoress to boot, was the Madame Deschappelles. I was enchanted, and see the whole thing distinctly; and so this was "The Lady of Lyons?" I had imagined I was going to see a menagerie and a female Van Amburgh in a lion's den! Afterwards came the pantomime. Our old friend Bob Romer, afterwards of the Adelphi, was Queen Bess. I can see him now bobbing up behind a screen when Leicester wanted to peep at the mysteries of her Majesty's toilet. Mr. Deulin played Leicester, and Stilt was the clown, who introduced an infant son, to the delight of the audience. The effects of the harlequinade consisted of a frost fair on the Thames, a magic bedroom, in which every article of furniture became animated, and a painted diorama of the Queen's visit to Ireland. The chaff was mainly devoted against Soyer's kitchen-range; Hudson, the Railway King, in the Stocks; and a mad bull in Smithfield Market, put down by the pens of the Press.

Another twist in the magic-lantern of dreamland and I am at the Princess's, in 1851, looking at "Harlequin Billy Taylor, or the Flying Dutchman," and "The King of Raritongo," written by the Brothers Sala and Mr. George Ellis, in the good old days when Charles Kean was in management, Flexmore was clown, Cormack the harlequin, and Carlotta Leclerq one of the loveliest columbines that ever was seen. And so on

until I follow E. L. Blanchard pretty closely through all his Drury Lane triumphs.

I dream that I am once more at old Drury on Boxing Night, 1880, a memorable occasion of welcomes and surprises, for has not Mr. Augustus Harris proved himself an Atlas strong enough to bear the "World" on his shoulders? And does not everyone long to welcome and cheer the successful and enterprising young manager? The son of Iapetus and brother of Prometheus could do no more in the way of plucky feats than Mr. Harris has done in reviving the good fortunes of old Drury, as James Anderson did before him in 1849. The house now, as then, was crammed from floor to ceiling with a surging, excited, chaffing, and thoroughly good-humoured audience. In 1849 they wondered that a crowd could be found to collect around the doors at four o'clock; but in 1880, midday had not struck when the first pittite and gallery boys took their stand at the doors of the national theatre. It was the old scene, only far more brilliant. Everyone admired the noble proportions of the theatre, just smartly done up, redecorated and restalled for the Christmas holidays; the gods were musical and the pit enthusiastic; little children, with their bright faces and sunny curls, told us that Christmas had come again, and when Mr. Wallerstein faced front and conducted the National Anthem, there went up such a universal cheer that it might have been heard at Charing Cross! Mr. Wallerstein is accustomed to his good friends in the gallery, and leads them right well. It is their holiday to-night, and the band is content to play their accompaniment. The whole house turns its back upon the stage and looks towards the gallery, and then begins one of those splendid choruses in unison for which Drury Lane is famous. Every popular air of the period known to the street-boy is called into requisition, and active Mr. Wallerstein is not allowed to stop until his arms literally ache with exertion, and so, giving a friendly bow to the gallery-boys, audience, conductor and orchestra face round again, and the curtain uplifts on Mr. E. L. Blanchard's pantomime, "Mother Goose and the Enchanted Beauty." What a capital title! I think I trace here "La Belle au Bois Dormant," contained in Charles Perrault's tales, "Contes de ma Mère L'Oie." For consistency, harmony, fancy, and interest, if I am to believe my dream, I don't believe that our veteran dramatist has ever given us anything better or brighter than this. Of course there is a little preliminary chaff concerning Mother Shipton's prophecy about the "World" coming to an end in 1881. "The World," at Drury Lane, as everyone knows, has not come to an end, it has only been postponed for the pantomime. It will be revived in 1881, and who can tell when such an expensive patchwork of situations and incidents will finish its career of popularity? Now here are two fairy stories familiar to every well-conducted and discreet child: one is that delightful romance about the baby princess, to whose christening the wicked malignant fairy was by accident not invited, and who, in revenge, casts a spell upon the luckless infant; the other is the exquisite fairy tale of the Sleeping Beauty in the wood. These legends occur, as no doubt Mr. Ralston will tell you, in all literature; and they have been welded

with rare skill by Mr. E. L. Blanchard in "Mother Goose." This excellent old creature, who, little children will be delighted to hear, lives in "Lowther Arcadia," is opposed in the orthodox fashion to the spiteful witch Maligna, and they fight incontinently over the life and destiny of the pretty princess. When that silly old Lord Chamberlain forgot to invite the witch Maligna to the christening, he little thought what confusion he would create at the christening, for the old woman vows vengeance against the child, and declares she shall die before she comes of age, injured by a spindle. A decree goes out, in the story-book fashion, to banish spindles from the realm; but, dear me, on the very eve of her majority, the princess hocusses her waiting-maids with rum in their afternoon tea, and falls a victim to the snares of Maligna in disguise. She is injured with a spindle, as fate decreed, but good old Mother Goose declares she shall not die, but sleep for a hundred years, and wake as young as ever, kissed by a handsome prince. Away then goes the story on the track of the Sleeping Beauty, and further opportunities are given for sylvan scenery, enchanting glades, and a moving panorama that will, for its ingenuity and charm, be the talk of all London. The prince, of course, is in love with the picture of the princess, and he starts on a chivalrous enterprise to deliver the spell-bound maiden. True to the old story "a touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt!" The princess is as young as ever; the prince enraptured. But, horror of horrors! the court awakes from its slumbers, not young, but hideously old! This all comes of not consulting Mother Goose, who, however, has an instant remedy in her golden eggs, that can rejuvenate the assembled court and make them beautiful for ever. What an ingenious notion, good Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and what a wonderful pantomime, with its ballet of joys, its mythical ballet describing the "flight of one thousand years," its sylvan groves and pastoral haunts of Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, its demon-guarded wood and moving panorama, its sleeping court and upheaval of awakening until that delightful turn when the curtain falls and good little girls and boys can believe that the end is accomplished by the magician wand of the author, and can hear the fairy princess saying, as they fall to sleep:

> Oh seek my father's court with me,
> For there are greater wonders there;
> And o'er the hills and far away,
> Beyond the utmost purple rim:
> Beyond the night, across the day,
> Through all the world they followed him.

Well might the audience call for Mr. Harris, whose enterprise had given them such a feast; Mr. Blanchard, who had told them such a charming tale; Mr. Alfred Thompson, who had designed such wonderful dresses (only look at them in our pictures); Mr. Emden and Mr. William Telbin, who had painted the scenery for this great pantomime of "Mother Goose," which carefully attaches the modern spirit and lightness, gaiety and vivacity, to the good old-fashioned form of English pantomime.

But as yet I have said nothing of the lovely creatures—the princes

and princesses, the dancers and the pantomimists, the actors and actresses —who passed in review before me, enchantingly attired by Mr. Alfred Thompson. I had expected to see Miss Fanny Leslie, the best burlesque prince on the stage, a graceful dancer and sympathetic singer, who follows in the traditions of the best of schools; but, alas! ill-health kept this delightful actress away from Old Drury this year. But in her place came Miss Kate Santley, happily recovered, and making her reappearance after a sad absence, and in her train Miss Agnes Hewett (the Prince's Lieutenant), Miss Carrie Coote and Miss Marie D'Auban. What fun there was with Arthur Roberts — actor and singer, as well as the Prince's tutor; Mr. John D'Auban, the King's Chamberlain; Mr. James Fawn, a rustic peasant; and Mr. Frank Wyatt, the jester to Mr. Mark Kinghorn—the King. Here was an embarras de richesses of humour. And what words could paint the beauty of Miss Louisa Payne, Miss Emma D'Auban, and Ada Blanche, the over-sleeping beauty; or the fun of Julien Girard, the Prince's servant, and most active of pantomimists, as the black legs in our cartoon show perfectly well. Little Addie Blanche was Mother Goose, and Mdlle. Palladino was constantly called "La Patti de la Danse," and the harlequinade brought out Fred Evans (without his moustache) for clown, and the great little Rowella to assist him, and little Bertie Coote as well; and as to Henry Emden's transformation scene, everyone declared it eclipsed "Vertumna and the Swallows"; and, wonder of wonders, the harlequinade was so good and full of tricks, that no one attempted to leave until the curtain finally fell.

But what is this? a nightmare surely? Has someone been using an enchanter's wand, and like a pantomime trick, made Covent Garden and Drury Lane change places? I rub my eyes with astonishment. Mr. F. B. Chatterton directing a pantomime away from Drury Lane and in the Opera House; Mr. John Cormack deserting the old shop and separated from his friend of a quarter of a century and more, E. L. Blanchard; actually John Cormack standing on his little box and waving his flag to the ballet-girls on the Covent Garden stage; Mr. Karl Meyder conducting, and Mr. Beverley painting transformation scenes for what used to be the rival establishment, and the Vokeses kicking up their heels at the big house in Bow Street, instead of the national house in Catherine Street? Wonders will never cease, but still I see a double Drury Lane pantomime this Christmas, our old friend Harry Payne the clown, being present as one of the last of the past Covent Garden tradition, at which announcement everyone will be delighted, for he is not only a clown but a good clown too, and so say all of us! What is it then that the popular and indefatigable Brothers Gatti have provided for the dear children at Christmas? Why a pantomime by the famous Frank C. Burnand—and a comic pantomime, mind you—called "Valentine and Orson," in which Fred Vokes (Orson) and Victoria Vokes (Valentine) are assisted by that excellent comedian Mr. J. G. Taylor, as King Pippin, the ruler of a glorious court, all decorated by that clever young artist Wilhelm. Such "big heads" there are, large enough to set the children laughing first and dreaming after-

wards; and such a panorama by Mr. Beverley—they are great at panoramas at the pantomime houses this year—and such brilliant scenes by Julian Hicks, that everyone who goes to Drury—as everyone will—will be bound to go to Covent Garden as well, just to compare notes. Who dreams of buying "The Graphic" without "The Illustrated London News?" Who thinks of going to Drury Lane at Christmas without a visit to Covent Garden? Competition of this kind is good for trade, and if anyone wants to see what clever Mr. Burnand has done with the story, let him cast his eyes over this accurate synopsis:

VALENTINE AND ORSON.

SCENE 1. THE REALMS OF SORCERY.—The Genius of the Shield a prisoner in the power of the Green Knight. She refuses to wed him. Pacolet appears to claim her. He is defiantly ordered away by the Green Knight.

SCENE 2. THE FAIRY LAND OF OBERON AND TITANIA.—Pacolet appears to invoke their aid, which is promised him, they then give him the Scroll of Destiny to read. Watteau Ballet. Close of Scene.

SCENE 3. CHAMBER IN KING PIPPIN'S PALACE.—Henry and Haufrey, two sons of King Pippin, very jealous of and always conspiring against Valentine, the king's protégé. News arrives with regard to Orson, the wild man of the woods. King offers the hand of Eglantine to him that will capture or kill Orson. Henry and Haufrey refuse. Valentine accepts the mission.

SCENE 4. ROYAL STABLES.—Hugo, Valentine's servant, preparing for the departure. Horse and dog-cart having been got ready, they start on journey, during which—panorama passes—they arrive at

SCENE 5. THE FOREST.—Business with bears. Meeting of Valentine and Orson. Combat. Valentine defeats Orson and leads him off to

SCENE 6. KING PIPPIN'S COURT.—Valentine returns with Orson. Business of Valentine exhibiting Orson and cub bear, procession, change to

SCENE 7. KING'S BOUDOIR.—They hear that the Princess Florimanda is a captive of the Green Knight. Valentine and Orson depart to release her, also Eglantine and Agatha.

SCENE 8. ENCAMPMENT AND PAVILION OF THE GREEN KNIGHT.—Enter Eglantine and Agatha, disguised as knights, and encounter the Green Knight, by whom they are defeated. Valentine enters and encounters, and is also defeated, when Orson appears and tears down the Shield. Then follows the release of the Genius of the Shield and the Princess Florimanda. Pacolet summons Saracen's head to appear, when it rises, and tells the king that Haufrey and Henry are not his sons, but Valentine and Orson are. Finale. Change to Transformation.

Once more the coals of the Christmas fire fell, and I seemed to see a representation of the holiday amusements at the Alhambra Theatre, with its innumerable lamps encircling the vast auditorium, its comfortable seats and gorgeously-decorated stage. No more clown and pantaloon, harlequin or columbine, but a new version of the undying Faust legend called "Mefistofele II.," with all the wild revels of the Walpurgis Night, the Brocken Mountains and the splendour of the mystical allegory, new music by our old friend Hervé, the reappearance of Miss Rose Bell, once a great Alhambra favourite; and what do you say to that excellent

W. Griggs, Photo-lith. Hanover St. Peckham, London, S. E.

CHARACTERS FROM

RY LANE PANTOMIME.

comedian Mr. Lionel Brough, who made his first bow on an Alhambra stage? But the following announcement will give you the best idea of the new opera, which happily includes ever-welcome Miss Constance Loseby as Marguerite, and clever little Miss St. Quinten the Mefisto of the new opera.

MEFISTOFELE II.

A New Grand Serio-comic Opera.

Faust	MR. FRED LESLIE.	Siebel	MDLLE. ROSE BELL.
Mefisto	MISS ST. QUINTEN.	Brunder	MR. C. POWER.
Marguerite ...	MISS CONSTANCE LOSEBY.	Soder	MISS KATE LEE.
Martha	MISS SALLIE TURNER.	Frosch	MR. BUNCH.
Lizette	MISS PETRELLI.	Flannigan ...	MR. L. KELLEHER.

Valentine ... ... MR. LIONEL BROUGH.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.

1. Peaks of the Brocken Mountains, and Fairy Valley below RYAN.
2. Dr. Faust's School ... ... ,,

ACT II.

1. Gardens of Mabille, Paris ... W. CALCOTT.
2. Ascent of the Brocken ... ,,
3. Summit of the Brocken ... W. CALCOTT.

In which will be introduced the Walpurgis Night Revels.

ACT III.

1. Faust's Villa on the Rhine ... W. CALCOTT.
2. Hades ... ... ,,
3. Apotheose ... ... ,,

But this was not all; for the secret of the advertising walls was discovered, and I now knew what Haiwaia meant. It is a grand romantic ballet of action, invented and designed by Alfred Thompson, with music by Jacobi, and dances by M. Bertrand. The dancers concerned consisted of Pertoldi, Rosa, Dorel, and Gillert, all excellent in their varied and various styles, and assisted by Mdlles. Morini, Wolridge, Rowden, and Annie Taylor, who, together or isolated, composed the following scenes and pictures:

The curtain rose on a view of one of the seaport towns founded by the Portuguese on the west coast of South America. A ship is seen alongside the quay, about to depart in search of unknown lands. Don Gonzagues, a young Portuguese Admiral who has already become a hero, is convinced that other islands still exist undiscovered in the Pacific. He leaves his affianced bride, Dolores, with his friends, and promises to return ere long with a prize. The bishops come in procession to bless the enterprise, and a fête in honour of Gonzagues is arranged before his departure. The governor arrives to bid him God speed, and the ship leaves with admiral and crew, cheered by the populace. Dolores, in her love for Gonzagues, refuses to remain behind, and, disguised as a sailor-boy, follows her lover in his adventures. The ship is wrecked, and on a strange coast, the Admiral and his cabin-boy are washed up on a raft. He discovers the devotion of his bride, in the form of the boy he saved from the wreck, and carries her into the island for help and food. The Queen of the Haiwaians is bathing, and her attendants amusing themselves by chasing parrots, when Gonzagues appears bearing his fainting Dolores. Val la succours them, and falls in love with Gonzagues, who, naturally, refuses all her efforts at seduction. The Queen discovering the sex of Dolores, becomes furious with jealousy, and calling her warriors, condemns Dolores to be sacrificed to the Great Fire Spirit, and Gonzagues bound hand and foot, and left to die. A Haiwaian chieftain, in love with the Queen, releases Gonzagues, and shows him a secret way to the caves where the sacrifice is to take place. The natives, who worship the Fire Spirit, arrive at the caves to propitiate his power by a human sacrifice. Dolores is carried in, and forced to dance in honour of the God. A messenger arrives announcing the appearance on the event

of a fleet of ships, and Dolores is hurried on the pile to conclude the sacrifice. At this moment, vapour and flames arise from the Gulf of Fire, and Gonzagues appearing above, through the secret entrance, is mistaken for the apparition of the Fire Spirit. All the natives prostrate themselves, and Gonzagues, leaping over the Burning Gulf, saves his bride at the moment that the Portuguese soldiers arrive to protect his escape. These, then, are some of the results of "dreams—dreams—only dreams," when "sorrow is real and all else seems."—C. S.

CONCERNING HARLEQUIN AND COMPANY.

By Dutton Cook.

WHEN did harlequin first step upon our stage? Did Shakespeare ever see a harlequin?

An opinion has long prevailed that harlequin first presented himself in a London theatre when Edward Ravenscroft, a small dramatist and compiler of plays, flourishing during the reigns of Charles II. and his two successors, produced his so-called comedy in five acts, bearing the cumbrous title of "Scaramouch, a Philosopher, Harlequin, a Schoolboy, Bravo, Merchant and Magician." This was at the Theatre Royal, in 1677. Much of the play was borrowed from Molière: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Le Mariage Forcé," and "Les Fourberies de Scapin," being all laid under contribution; but the scenes in which harlequin figured were derived apparently from an Italian original, possibly with the help of a French translation. Harlequin was, of course, the old-fashioned comic-speaking character, and was represented by the popular low-comedian Joe Haynes; Scaramouch was played by Griffin; Pancrace, by Powell; Plautino, by Goodman; and Aurelia, the columbine of the story, by a Mrs. Vincent. In his prologue, Ravenscroft complained that, owing to the dilatoriness of his actors, his play had been forestalled by the production at the Dorset Garden Theatre of Otway's rival version of "The Cheats of Scapin," and then proceeded to show that his undertaking was of a kind new to the theatre:

> The poet does a dangerous trial make,
> And all the common roads of plays forsake.
> Upon the actors it depends too much;
> For who can ever hope to see two such
> As the famed Harlequin and Scaramouch?

At the same time he did not pretend to be an inventor, and scarcely deserved to be contemned by Langbaine as "but a dwarf drest up in a giant's coat stuffed out with straw," and "rather the midwife than the parent of the play," in that he could not "justly challenge any part of a scene as the genuine offspring of his own brain." His prologue concluded with the triplet:

> Like but the play, let others have the name,
> Let both French and Italians share the fame,
> But if't be bad, let them too bear the blame.

It has been asked, however, whether this "famed harlequin," as Ravenscroft calls him, albeit he may have first formally appeared upon the stage in the comedy of "Scaramouch, a Philosopher," had not already been made familiar to the public by means of the booths or shows erected at the fairs for the exhibition of "drolls," dances, and other entertainments? And this is likely enough. Indeed seventy years before the performance of Ravenscroft's play there are traces of harlequin's presence upon our scene, although he may have made no long stay there. And it seems probable that to the Shakespearian actor, William Kemp, the original representative of Dogberry, of Peter in "Romeo and Juliet,"

PORTRAIT OF KEMP.

and possibly also of Justice Shallow, is really due the first introduction of harlequin to an English theatrical audience.

In 1607 was published an historical play, written by John Day, with the assistance of W. Rowley and George Wilkins, and entitled, "The Travels of Three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Mr. Robert Shirley." In this drama, which was presented at the Curtain Theatre, Shoreditch, Kemp is introduced as one of the characters, the actor, of course, playing his own part. The scene is laid at Venice; and Kemp is supposed to be visiting Sir Anthony Shirley, and informing him of the new plays produced in London, and especially of "England's Joy," performed at the Swan Theatre in 1602, and exhibiting, after an allegorical fashion, certain of the chief events in the reign of Elizabeth. Presently an "Italian harlequin" is announced, who offers to provide an extemporal play or *commedia al improviso.* Kemp, who is attended by his boy or apprentice, agrees, at the instance of Sir Anthony, to assist the harlequin, observing, "I am somewhat hard of study and like your honour, but if they will invent any extemporal merriment, I'll put out the small sack of wit I ha' left in venture with them." Thereupon follows, Sir Anthony having withdrawn, a long series of coarse drollery between Kemp and the harlequin. It may be noted that Kemp had strolled far; he must

have been one of the first English actors who visited the Continent. He was a morris-dancer, and the woodcut upon the title-page of "Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder: performed in a dance from London to Norwich," 1600, represents him as wearing a sort of broeaded jacket and scarf, dancing with bells on his legs, attended by one Thomas Slye, playing on the tabour. He had, as a morris-dancer, travelled in France, Germany, and Italy, visiting Venice and Rome; he even professed that he had proceeded as far as Jerusalem, without, perhaps, expecting anyone to credit this pretension. The real history of the Brothers Shirley, upon which John Day founded his play, may be seen in Fuller's "Account of the Worthies of Sussex," and in other of the English chronicles.

It is likely that the Italian harlequin who appeared in Day's play was introduced expressly at the suggestion of the travelled actor Kemp. Did Shakespeare take his seat among the spectators at the Curtain Theatre in 1607, to note the strange character his Dogberry had brought from Venice? Surely that too is likely. Yet this early harlequin, represented by an unknown performer, had little in common with the mute dancer, the spangled, graceful attitudiniser, the harlequin of the modern English theatre. Kemp's harlequin was, no doubt, much more akin to the Arlecchino of Italian pantomime: a country clown of the province of Bergamo, wearing a coat, motley from much patching, a simple rustic, a coward and a glutton, a dupe, a butt, earning cuffs, kicks, and contempt from all about him. Addison, meeting this harlequin upon his native soil, described his character as "made up of blunders and absurdities: he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, and to run his head against every post that appears in his way." But had this Arlecchino of Bergamo no progenitor or protoplast? It was thought at one time that the Italian Zany could be traced to the Sannio of the Romans, the jester mentioned by Cicero, until it was shown that Zanni, by which name Arlecchino was commonly known, was more probably, in the vicious pronunciation of Lombardy, a corruption of Giovanni—the commonest of Italian christian-names. Still there are students who like to attribute to the pantomime family, or to certain of its members, a most remote and oriental origin, or to run it to earth, as it were, in the heathen mythology. Some delight to perceive in Mercury and his caduceus the foreshadowing of harlequin and his wand; to trace back columbine to Psyche, pantaloon to Charon, and to detect in Momus the first parent of clown, whose expansive lips are pronounced an imitation or survival of the ancient masks of classic comedy. For ordinary purposes, however, it is as well to accept as sufficient the fact that harlequin and his company comes to us directly from Italy.

Not all of the characters of Italian pantomine have become acclimatised in England, or found an abiding-place upon our stage. Il Pantalcone is settled amongst us as pantaloon, albeit if he has never been valued here for the reasons to which he owes his existence: as a representative or a caricature of those Venetian senators whose opulence and arrogance once stirred general envy and hatred in Italy. Scapino, a typical knave

of Bergamo, contrasting with Arlecchino, a fool from the same province, is now our Christmas clown; and the Neapolitan Policinello is well known to us as Punch, if he has long seceded from the theatre to reign in a puppet-show of his own, and become less a being of flesh and blood than a doll of wood and paint. But of the Dottore Graziano, the quack physician of Bologna, pompous, grandiloquent, clothed in black, and very corpulent; the Bolognese Narciso di Mal Albergo, a vain Adonis, pedantic and credulous; the Milanese Beltramo, a valet of invincible stupidity; and of the hectoring bombastic Capitano Spavento, with his absurd dress, his enormous plumed hat, and rapier of preposterous length, a burlesque of the Spanish soldiery, brought to Italy by the wars of Charles V.—our English stage knows little or nothing. However, the establishment in Paris during the seventeenth century of a company of Franco-Italian comedians had its effect upon the French drama, and indirectly influenced the English stage. Molière certainly owed many of his scenes to the Italian plays; while Mrs. Behn's three-act farce, "The Emperor of the Moon," produced at the Theatre Royal, in 1687, was borrowed from the French of Nolant de Fatonville, who, about this time, supplied the Parisian company of Italians with many of their pieces. In "The Emperor of the Moon," Harlequin and Scaramouch both appear, and play off innumerable tricks and antics. They are the servants respectively of Don Cinthio and Dr. Baliardo, the lover and the pantaloon of the plot, and are both in love with Mopsophil, the duenna of Bellemante and Elaria, who may be said to share the part of columbine between them. The characters are not mutes. They interchange, indeed, very lively speeches. There is abundance of singing and dancing in the play, with excellent opportunities for the scene-painter and stage-machinist. London made further acquaintance with the harlequin of Paris when, in 1718, a French company of comedians took possession of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and presented a variety of French plays and operas, among them "Les Deux Arlequins," and "Le Foire de St. Germain," the audience being supplied with "books of the words"—a page of French dialogue facing a page of English translation, in the manner of the modern *libretti* sold at our Italian opera-houses. It was, perhaps, in consequence of these French performances that, in 1719, the comedian Bulloek, in the character of Harlequin, spoke the epilogue to the play of "'Tis Well if It Takes."

Entertainments of singing and dancing had been introduced upon the English stage by Sir William Davenant, "to check," as Cibber records, "the superiority enjoyed by the royal comedians in their exhibition of the regular drama." It was not until early in the seventeenth century, however, that the dancing took the form of ballet as we now understand it, set forth any fable, or possessed any significance or particular coherence. The ballet in England began with the story of Mars and Venus, but soon it enlisted the characters of Italian comedy, depriving them of speech, but expressing their adventures by means of dances, postures, and gesticulations.

Rich, the manager of Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, first presented pantomimes upon his stage for the same reason that had moved Davenant

to introduce entertainments of dancing and singing: by way of check to the superiority of the rival theatre. From 1717 to his death in 1761, Rich was a fertile producer of pantomimes. In his youth he had essayed to act in the regular drama, and even personated the hero of Jones's tragedy of "The Earl of Essex." He was soon convinced, however, that he should succeed rather as a mute than as a speaker; and, assuming the name of Lun, he subsequently acquired special fame as a harlequin. He began with "little harlequinades in the taste of the Italian night-scenes," but in 1723 "he blazed forth," as a historian of the stage has described it, the genius of pantomime, producing his "Necromancer, or the History of Dr. Faustus," with extraordinary success. For the first time in the annals of the drama the playbill was so filled with the account of this elaborate and costly pantomime, that room could scarcely be found to print the name of the play that preceded it. Indeed, a play before the pantomime seems only to have been presented for form's sake. Rich may fairly be accounted the inventor of the theatrical entertainment known as English pantomime. The popularity of these performances was quite beyond question: the theatre was crowded night after night, and the manager's treasury benefited greatly. Pope, finding room in "The Dunciad" for allusion to "immortal Rich," dealt severely with the taste of the town in regard to pantomimes, and their absurdity and extravagance. "Persons of the first quality in England" were accused of attending these representations twenty and thirty times in a season. But, as Theophilus Cibber wrote, "however the severer critics might cry out against these mummeries, as they often call them, yet, as the managers found laying out some hundreds on a piece of this description would bring them in as many thousands, who can be surprised that they continued them, while they turned so much to their account?"

Rich's pantomimes, it may be noted, consisted of two parts, the one serious, the other comic. With the help of "gay scenes, fine habits, grand dances, appropriate music, and other decorations," he usually exhibited in dramatic form some familiar story, while "between the pauses or acts of this serious representation he introduces a comic fable, consisting chiefly of the courtship of harlequin and columbine, with a variety of surprising adventures and tricks produced by the magic wand of harlequin: such as the sudden transformation of palaces and temples to huts and cottages; of men and women into wheelbarrows and joint-stools; of trees turned to houses, colonnades to beds of tulips, and mechanic shops into serpents and ostriches." So Tom Davies, the biographer of Garrick, describes the pantomimes of his time.

If Rich was the inventor of English pantomime, he was also the inventor of the English harlequin, the agile dancer, the graceful lover, the skilled attitudiniser and gymnast of our stage. Pope's line, "Lo! one vast egg produces human race," had reference to Rich's trick of hatching harlequin out of a large egg. This was regarded as a masterpiece of dumbshow, and is described in glowing terms by a contemporary writer. "From the first chipping of the egg, his receiving motion, his feeling the ground, his standing upright, to his quick harlequin trip round the empty shell, through the whole progression, every trip had its tongue

and every motion a voice." He was also famed for his "catching a butterfly," for his "statue scene," for his graceful and affecting leave-taking of columbine, his trick of scratching his ear with his foot, like a dog, and his performance of a certain dance, when he executed three hundred steps in a rapid advance of three yards only. Very much of the "stage business" of our modern harlequins they certainly owe to the invention and example of John Rich. The costumes worn by Rich consisted of the parti-coloured, rather loosely-fitting doublet and trousers so often reproduced by Watteau and other painters of the last century in their masquerade and *fête-champêtre* subjects. The present dress of the English harlequin dates from the year 1800, when the pantomime of "Harlequin Amulet, or the Magic of Mona," was produced at Drury Lane. Mr. James Byrne, the ballet-master—he had been a member of

Punch and Harlequin, from Hogarth's Print, "A Just View of the English Stage," published in 1725.

the Drury Lane *corps de ballet* even in Garrick's time—appeared as harlequin in "a white silk shape, fitting without a wrinkle, and into which the variegated silk patches were woven, the whole being profusely covered with spangles, and presenting a very sparkling appearance." The spectators approved this new style of dress, and greatly applauded Mr. Byrne. In Grimaldi's judgment—and Grimaldi was an expert or scientific witness in all pantomimic matters—Byrne was the best harlequin of his time. He came of a dancing family, and his descendants danced after him. His son, the late Mr. Oscar Byrne—deriving his christian-name from parental success in the Ossianic ballet of "Oscar and Malvina"—was long well known to the public as the ingenious ballet-master of Covent Garden and the Lyceum Theatres, notably during the brilliant managements of Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews.

Rich's harlequin was dumb, and many of Rich's followers were faithful to his example, at any rate in the matter of dumbness. At what was called the "burletta house" the harlequin was also dumb invariably, for

speech unaccompanied by music was in those times of monopoly the peculiar privilege of the patent theatres. The historical case of the foreign clown Delpini, who was actually committed to prison for his breach of the law, in that from the stage of the unpatented Royalty Theatre he had exclaimed "Roast beef!" the orchestra remaining silent the while, needs not to be further dwelt upon. Speaking harlequins did not immediately disappear, however. The comedians, King and Woodward, excelled as speaking harlequins, and from the time of Garrick what were called "speaking pantomimes" were found to be attractive entertainments. In the prologue to one of his productions of this class, presented after the death of Rich, Garrick thought it necessary, however, to apologise for endowing his harlequin with powers of speech, and paid tribute to the excellence of the departed performer and the eloquence of his dumb motions:

> 'Tis wrong,
> The wits will say, to give the fool a tongue.
> When Lun appeared, with matchless art and whim,
> He gave the power of speech to every limb;
> Though masked and mute, conveyed his quick intent,
> And told in frolic gestures all he meant.

In 1820, Hazlitt censured the revival of "Shakespeare *versus* Harlequin," one of Garrick's pantomimes. "It is called a speaking pantomime," writes the critic. "We had rather it had said nothing. It is better to act folly than to talk it. . . . A speaking pantomime such as this one is not unlike a flying waggon," etc. And in 1830, Leigh Hunt reviews another speaking pantomime, called "Harlequin Pat and Harlequin Bat, or the Giant's Causeway," produced at Covent Garden: "A 'speaking pantomime' is a contradiction in terms. It is a little too Irish. It is as much as to say, 'Here you have all dumbshow talking.' This, to be sure, is what made Grimaldi's talking so good. It was so rare and seasonable that it only proved the rule by the exception. The clowns of late speak too much. To keep on saying at every turn, 'Hallo!' or 'Don't!' or 'What do you mean?' only makes one think that the piece is partly written and not written well." It may be noted that the "speaking harlequin" of 1830 was the admired Irish comedian, Tyrone Power, assisted by an adroit "double" to accomplish the indispensable posturing, dancing, and jumping through trapdoors in the scene. After a few nights Power relinquished his share in the representation, and the "speaking harlequin" was personated now by Keeley, and now by the late F. Matthews. Perhaps these were the last "speaking harlequins" seen or heard upon the English stage.

Rich's harlequin had his sentimental moments; but he was grotesque also, capable of many droll antics and exploits. Though he had given up speech, he yet preserved many of the characteristics of the French harlequin. In what respects the French harlequin differed from the Italian is curiously pointed out, under date the 8th May, 1767, in the "Mémoires Secrets de Bachaumont," when of a new performer of this part at the Théâtre Italien, Paris, it is complained that he had "trop conservé du jeu de

ITALIAN PANTOMIME FIGURES.

From Etchings by Callot. See article, "Concerning Harlequin and Company."

sa patrie: il est balourd, niais et sot, et nous exigeons ici beaucoup de finesse dans le jeu, de souplesse dans le geste, de légèreté dans les attitudes, de gentillesse dans toute l'action, de sailli naïves dans le dialogue, de talents, même accessoires, pour amuser." Certain of his qualities, however, seem rather to pertain to our Christmas clown than to harlequin as we know him. This is Marmontel's description of the French harlequin of his time: "His character is a mixture of ignorance, simplicity, cleverness, stupidity, and grace; he is a kind of sketch of a man, a tall child, yet with gleams of reason and wit, and all whose mistakes and follies have something arch about them. The true mode of representing him is to give him suppleness, agility, the playfulness of a kitten, with a certain grossness of appearance which renders his conduct more absurd; his part is that of a patient faithful valet, always in love, always in hot water, either on his master's or on his own account, troubled and quieted as easily as a child, and whose grief is as entertaining as his joy." No doubt upon our stage harlequin gradually inclined more and more to sentiment, and less and less to comicality; ceased to be a droll servant, and became simply a devoted dancing lover; forfeited indeed his place as chief member of the pantomimic family, when the part of clown, entrusted to the famous Grimaldi, acquired special importance, almost to the absorption of general attention and favour. It was Grimaldi, "the Garrick of clowns," as Theodore Hook called him, who in great part devised the eccentric attire still worn by our clowns—a sort of blending of the costumes of the French Pierrot and the Old English jester: the floured face and the white dress of Pierrot being treated as a groundwork upon which to paint variegated spots, stars, and patches; while to Grimaldi is due nearly all the "comic business" of modern harlequinade. It may be said, indeed, that certain of the grosser elements in the character of the original harlequin have fallen from him to be appropriated by the clown—habitually moved to appropriation, and provided, as we all know, with ample pockets by way of aiding his disposition thitherward. Grimaldi as clown seems sometimes to have assumed a mask—that peculiar property of the harlequin. A dramatic critic, reviewing, in 1811, the performance of Grimaldi as the clown in the pantomimes of "Mother Goose," and "Harlequin Asmodeus," observes that he "used the mask more frequently than we recollect to have seen it used by any preceding performer; thus recurring in some sort to the mode of the ancient drama." Cibber found the best excuse for harlequin's mask to consist in the fact that no theatrical assurance could get through with a bare face the low, senseless, and monstrous things the masked actor is required to say and do. And he proceeds to narrate how the popular low comedian, Pinkethman, once lost countenance completely, lacking his mask. In Mrs. Behn's "Emperor of the Moon," Pinkethman, playing harlequin, was urged by several admirers to abandon his "useless unmeaning mask of a black cat," for it was thought that owing to that disguise "a great deal of the drollery and spirit of his grimace was lost." Yielding to these solicitations, Pinkethman therefore one night played harlequin without his mask. The result was

unfortunate. "Pinkethman could not take to himself the shame of the character without being concealed; he was no more harlequin; his humour was quite disconcerted; his conscience could not with the same effrontery declare against nature, without the cover of that unchanging face, which he was sure would never blush for it. No, it was quite another case: without that armour his courage could not come up to the bold strokes that were necessary to get the better of common-sense." It is only in regard to his mask, however, that Pinkethman's harlequin—the harlequin of Queen Anne's time—can be identified with that not unpleasing, yet rather insipid and insignificant personage, the harlequin of these Victorian times.

"LITTLE DOROTHY."

By Clare Lovell.

CHAPTER I.

IT WAS only a month to Christmas Day, and it hardly needed a glance at the almanack to note this fact. That Christmas was close at hand could be seen plainly enough in the thousands of glittering shop-windows, the annuals in the booksellers' shops, and the many huge and flaming announcements of forthcoming pantomimes on the various hoardings. The stalls in the various market thoroughfares, with their loads of rosy-looking holly, ivy, and mistletoe, showed that the great festival was rapidly approaching. At this season the faces of young and old alike invariably bear traces of happiness and jollity; but nevertheless there are many to whom the approach of winter means trouble and want. But I must proceed with my story. In the top room of a strange-looking structure which was called a house, and which house was situated in a small and by no means inviting-looking thoroughfare in the East-End of London, a woman lay dying. The neighbours had for weeks expected her death. In fact it was a common saying among them that "'Old Peg' would never die." But this night the parish doctor had given his opinion that "Old Peg could not live much longer," and, as if by arrangement, the uncouth inhabitants of this place stopped their noises, which, as a general rule, were very loud indeed. Who "Old Peg" really was,

and how she obtained her living, the neighbours did not know nor care. The only day she was known to leave her house when in good health was on Saturday, and then she was only gone a couple of hours. Since she had been laid up a letter arrived regularly on that day, a letter which "Old Peg" would snatch at as though it were something too precious for anyone but herself to look upon. And what was this letter? *Was* it a letter? Well, hardly that. It was an ordinary "square" envelope sealed with black wax, and the enclosure was a cheque upon which was written in a bold feminine hand (after "pay to"), "Mrs. Woolf, two pounds. Signed: ANNIE BERELOW." This was all.

"Old Peg" was dying now, and no one was present but the parish doctor and an old woman to watch her. But, standing by the rickety

"IT WAS EVIDENTLY THE PORTRAIT OF AN ACTRESS."

apology for a bed was a little girl of about nine years of age. This was "Old Peg's" ward, known as "Little Dorothy." A fine, dark-eyed, handsome girl was "Little Dorothy," and much beloved by the few to whom "Old Peg" had introduced her. Who her parents were was a mystery. When "Old Peg" was asked, she simply shook her head and said: "Aye, time will show, time will show!"

"Little Dorothy" loved "Old Peg," for she had been very kind to her, but the old woman had told her time after time that she was not related to her. Still, she had never told Dorothy who she was. Dorothy had not stood at the bedside very long before the old woman beckoned to her. Dorothy approached the bedside.

"Dorothy," said the old woman feebly, as she pressed the little hand within her own, "Dorothy, I'm going to join the old man. He went long ago, you know, and has been waiting for me."

Dorothy did not reply. She was too much affected.

"Don't cry, Dorothy," resumed the old woman after a pause. "I've something to tell you. Something which is—— Hush! Is that a footstep? No! Ah, *her* footstep is a long time coming—a long long time! She told me that one day she would claim you; not that *I* grumble, for she paid me well. Always. She——"

"To whom do you refer, my good woman?" asked the doctor. "You see the child is anxious to hear you say the name. Give me water, quick!" he added to the old woman who assisted him. The water was procured, but he failed to get "Old Peg" to drink it.

Her eyes were fixed intently upon Dorothy, and her hand, which was closed, was stretched towards the poor child. Then suddenly it dropped to her side, and with a deep sigh, a sigh which spoke volumes, "Old Peg" died. With her last breath her hand opened, and then dropped to the floor a small bag, a bag which no doubt was originally intended to hold a small watch. The doctor picked it up, opened it, and took from it a small and elaborately-chased locket. This, after a little examination, he opened, and after a moment's great attention he handed it to Dorothy. It contained the portrait of a young and very beautiful woman, clad in a splendid dress. It was evidently the portrait of an actress.

"Here, my child," said the doctor, "take this, and do not part with it for any consideration, for, as sure as I am a doctor, so sure am I that that is the portrait of your mother!"

CHAPTER II.

WHEN "Old Peg" was laid in her grave, the inhabitants of the alley in which for so many years she had lived were somewhat at a loss what to do. She had no relatives, and to whom was Dorothy to go? They were puzzled for some time, but the landlady of the house, after receiving advice, sold off what furniture "Old Peg's" room contained, and Dorothy was taken charge of by a benevolent woman on the opposite side—a Mrs. Davis—a woman who had six children of her own. Now the husband of Mrs. Davis was a stage-carpenter, and was employed at the Royal London Theatre. A honest hard-working man was Davis, and good-hearted in the bargain. He it was who decided that Dorothy was to make one of his family. "Poor creature," he had said to his wife, "who could see such a little innocent mite cast upon the streets? I can't, and I won't;" and his wife had seconded him.

A year passed away, and Christmas was again approaching. Davis had had a hard struggle, for business had not been very bright, yet Dorothy had shared as well as his own children. One night he came home in a hurry. "I say, Alice," he said to his wife, "where is Dorothy?"

"Upstairs; why?"

"Why I've got her engaged."

"Engaged? Where? What as?"

"Wait a moment. I've spoken to Mr. Stokes; you know, the stage-manager; and she is to go in the pantomime."

"Oh indeed, I'm so glad. When is she to go?"

"At once. Late rehearsal to-night, and the manager wants to see her. They are short of children."

And so Dorothy was brought down, attired in the warmest things

"AN ELEGANT LADY WAS SEATED BEFORE A PIANO."

Mrs. Davis could find, and left the house on the road to take part in her first pantomime.

* * * * * *

In the magnificent drawing-room of a very fine house, not very far from Park Lane, an elegant lady was seated before a piano. A beautiful woman she was, with large black eyes, features which seemed cut from solid marble by the hand of a master sculptor, and coils of shining black hair. It was Lady Annie Fullar. For some considerable time she sat before the instrument; her hands were resting upon the keys, and her

eyes appeared to be fixed intently upon the music before her. But her thoughts were far away. Suddenly the door opened, and a gentleman entered. This was Lord Fullar.

"Well, my dear," he said as he entered, "I have been waiting a long time for you to commence. You are thoughtful as usual."

"Am I thoughtful? Well, what shall I play?"

"Play? Anything. Play one of those beautiful songs with which you used to startle all London. When you were an actress, Annie, you were always ready to sing; since you have retired from that busy life you seem indifferent about singing, and yet you know how I love to hear your beautiful voice."

Lady Annie made no reply, but, arranging her music, she sang two of her songs, and then stopped as though weary.

"My dear," said Lord Fullar, "I hear a great deal about the new pantomime at the Royal London. Would you like to go?"

"Oh yes, very much."

"Then you shall, and this evening."

And very soon Lord Fullar was on his way to procure the necessary tickets. Directly he had left the room Lady Annie rose and approached the window, where for some time she stood looking upon the busy streets. "The Royal London," she muttered, "yes, I should like to go to the Royal London. It is a long long time since I went there. The last time I stood upon the stage, the principal actress. And it was there that —pshaw! what am I thinking about, what am I thinking about!"

CHAPTER III.

THE pantomime at the Royal London was a great success, and it deserved to be. No expense had been spared in placing it upon the stage; everyone agreed that the scenery was really magnificent, and the acting all that could possibly be desired. All London was flocking to see it, and every night the various doors of the theatre bore the cards, "Stalls full," "Pit full," and so on. There had been upwards of two hundred children engaged, and among them little Dorothy. The stage-manager had been struck by her appearance, and had placed her in the front row. In the transformation scene she occupied the principal flower, which, gradually unfolding, displayed her pretty features. She was at a good height from the floor, but she could be seen plainly enough.

The night of the visit of Lord and Lady Fullar was a benefit night, and the house was crowded from floor to ceiling with an appreciative audience; Lord and Lady Fullar occupied a box near the stage. The performance proceeded without a hitch, and Lady Fullar was delighted. She was a very competent judge, but she found no fault with anything. At length came the transformation scene, a scene of real splendour, and one which caused Lady Fullar to clap her little hands with delight. Suddenly Lord Fullar, who had been attentively watching the progress of the scene, turned to his wife, and said: "I say, Annie, just look at that child here—there, in that flower, do you see her?"

Lady Fullar looked hard at little Dorothy, then she said: "Yes, I see her; a beautiful little creature, is she not? They are good at—— Ah!" she exclaimed, as she started up; "what has happened?"

Lady Fullar was not the only one who cried out and rose from her seat, her movement had been followed by the whole house, for the platform which held little Dorothy had given way and precipitated the poor child to the floor.

Several persons rushed forward, and Dorothy, insensible and bleeding from a wound in her forehead, was taken away. The manager, after a few moments, came forward and said that he was glad to say the child was not seriously injured. The play, of course, continued.

"Edward," said Lady Annie, directly the manager had retired, "just go and see how the poor little thing is progressing. No doubt she is the child of poor parents, so leave a couple of sovereigns for her. Poor little creature! I am so very *very* sorry."

"Very well, my dear," replied Lord Fullar, leaving the box; "I will just run around, and will leave a couple of sovereigns. Well, well, how charitable you people always are!"

"I am sorry to say," said Lord Fullar upon his return, "that the little thing is more hurt than was at first thought. They have taken her home, but as I thought you would like to know how she got on, I procured her address. Here it is."

Lady Fullar took the little piece of paper, and read: "Mrs. Davis, 21, Market Street, Soho." "Yes," she said, as she folded the paper, "I should like to know how she progresses."

* * * * * *

Poor little Dorothy! The day after her accident saw her lying upon her little bed in Market Street, Soho. She had severely injured her head, and was delirious. The doctor had said, after attending to her injuries, that all she required was rest and quietness. Mrs. Davis loved the child—loved her like one of her own—and many a tear she shed as she sat by Dorothy's bedside, and listened to the mutterings of the little sufferer. Sometimes Dorothy would say, "Isn't it beautiful! And he said (the stage-manager) that some day I should be a great actress." Then she would say: "Old Peg told me that my mother was an actress. A *great* actress, she said. Why didn't she take me on the stage? Ah, she'll never claim little Dorothy. Peg said she would. Yes, she said that some day she would come in a grand carriage and take me away, and I should be a lady; but I don't believe Peg now."

Thus Dorothy muttered the whole day long. Towards evening Mr. Davis left home for the theatre. Mrs. Davis had put her children to bed, and, procuring her knitting, had seated herself by Dorothy's bedside. Suddenly a vehicle stopped in front of the house, and on Mrs. Davis looking from the window she was somewhat startled to behold a carriage attached to which was a splendid pair of grays, and a coachman and footman in livery. The footman jumped down and knocked at the door. Mrs. Davis in a great hurry opened it.

"Mrs. Davis?" asked the footman.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Davis, her heart beating wildly, "that is my name."

"Lady Fullar desires to speak with you, please."

And then Mrs. Davis recollected that her husband had said it was Lord Fullar who had given him two sovereigns. She approached the carriage-window.

"Is the poor child better, ma'am?" asked Lady Fullar.

"Yes, my lady, and thank you," replied Mrs. Davis with a curtsy. "She is rather delirious, my lady; but she only wants rest, the doctor says. Would your ladyship like to see her?"

"Very much, if it will not inconvenience you."

"Not at all, my lady."

"Will you accompany me, my lord?" asked Lady Fullar of her husband.

"With pleasure," he replied. Lord Fullar took as much interest in the stage and those who had to do with it as did his wife.

"Poor little thing!" said Lady Fullar, as she stood by Dorothy's bedside. "Is this your eldest, Mrs. Davis?"

"Oh no, my lady. She is not my child. We have had her for some time, for her guardian died and left her without friends. Her birth is a mystery, my lady, so my husband says."

Lady Fullar was much affected, and she saw that her husband noticed it.

"This, my lady," said Mrs. Davis, as she took a small bag from Dorothy's bosom, "is supposed to be the mother of Dorothy. You can open it, my lady."

Lady Fullar, trembling in every limb, took the bag, opened it, and took out an elegantly-chased gold locket. This she opened, and then a piercing shriek burst from her lips, as, flinging herself on her knees by the bedside, she cried wildly: "Oh God! something told me—— Oh Edward, forgive me—forgive me——!"

"What—what, Annie? Speak!" cried Lord Fullar, startled beyond description.

"This, my lord," replied Lady Annie, as she clasped Dorothy in her arms, "is my child!"

Lord Fullar stood like a statue. Her child? Surely she had not suddenly gone mad? No, it did not seem so.

"My poor child," cried Lady Fullar, as she held Dorothy close to her breast, "my poor ill-used child; and yet I did it all for the best."

Dorothy had recovered consciousness, and for one moment she looked hard at the lady who held her and who wept so bitterly over her; then she murmured, as her little arms wound about Lady Fullar's neck: "Old Peg told me so. She said some day a lady with a beautiful dress like yours would come here and take me away in a grand carriage. It was my mother that Peg meant; are you my mother, lady?"

"Yes, yes, my child," cried Lady Fullar, passionately kissing the large black eyes which looked so pleadingly up at her. "I am indeed your own mother!"

Gently she disengaged the little arms, and, standing erect, looked at

Lord Fullar. That gentleman seemed perfectly bewildered. He was at a loss to make it all out.

"Edward," said Lady Fullar, unmindful of the presence of Mrs. Davis (who was very much cut up), "Edward, do not look at me like that. I know I am a sinful woman—sinful because I did not tell you all. But if you will let me do so, I am sure you will pity me."

"I should certainly like to hear what explanation you can give me, Lady Fullar," replied Lord Edward, in cold tones. "I think I have been made a victim. Will you retire now, Lady Fullar?"

"Yes, yes." Then turning to Mrs. Davis, she said. "To-morrow, Mrs. Davis, I will call and claim my child. Good-bye, my child, till then—good-bye! And Heaven bless you, Mrs. Davis, for your care. But one moment: how long has this child been in your charge?"

"Over twelve months, my lady. We took her directly Old Peg died, and removed from the East-End to this place."

"Ah, then it was no wonder I could not find her, and yet day after day I tried to seek her out. But to-morrow I will call for her."

CHAPTER IV.

During the journey from Market Street, Soho, to their own grand residence, Lord and Lady Fullar uttered not one word. Lord Fullar's spirits had received a damping which he never expected. Yet Lady Fullar was glad he did not question her on the journey home, she was too much occupied with her own thoughts. She had wished to keep her secret—her only secret—for ever. And yet she was glad that she was now to divulge it, for she was never easy.

"Now, my lady," said Lord Fullar, when they were once more at home, "kindly clear up this great mystery."

"I will, Edward, I will. You will promise to listen patiently to me?"

"Yes, I promise that, but nothing else."

"Edward, many years ago, long before you knew me, I was performing at the various London theatres. At that time I had a great name, and was admired by all. I had many suitors for my hand, but my whole heart and soul were wrapt up in my profession, and I rejected all of them. But a woman's heart cannot remain whole for ever. While performing at the Royal London Theatre, I became acquainted with a gentleman named Valentine. And I met him on many occasions at various parties. He was, he said—and it was believed by all—the son of a City banker. He was young and handsome; and I must confess, my lord, I lost my heart. He asked me to be his wife. I consented; and unknown to a soul in this country we were married in Paris. In my box is the certificate of my marriage. Time passed on. I completed several engagements in France and in Germany; but alas! I soon found that my husband was not the man he had represented himself to be. I found him an adventurer, and not only that, but a gambler. He squandered all my hard-earned money, and ill-used me in a shameful

manner. My child was born; Dorothy she is called; but her real name is Annie. And after that my husband treated me worse than ever. But at last he met his deserts, for he was shot in a quarrel in one of the gambling-saloons in Paris, and in Paris he was buried. Ah, my lord, I cannot tell you the trials and struggles I went through. I returned to this country and placed the child in the care of a woman in the East of London, and then, once more, returned to the stage. Soon after, I became acquainted with you, my lord; you loved me, and soon I learned to love you. You offered me marriage; I accepted it. But no one here knew that I had previously married, or that I had a child. What was I to do? I thought and thought over it until sometimes I seemed to be going mad. I decided to keep the secret, and with you to partake of that happiness which for so long had been denied to me. That is all I have to tell you, Edward—all. Oh, say that you forgive me—do not turn me away from you—for, Heaven knows, I love you, Edward, with all my heart and soul!"

Lady Fullar had approached her husband and had cast herself upon her knees before him, her hands raised in supplication.

"Rise, Annie," said Lord Fullar, taking her in his arms and clasping her to his breast; "rise, my dear wife. I do pity you. God knows I do. My love shall never leave you. Your child shall be mine; my home hers. God bless both you and her!"

What "Old Peg" had told Dorothy time after time really came to pass, for the day after Lady Fullar had called, Lord Fullar drove up, accompanied by an eminent physician. That gentleman certified that Dorothy could be removed. Rugs were procured from the carriage, and the little child was taken away to her grand home. Lord Fullar it was who proudly carried her to her mother, and, as he placed her in her ready arms, he said: "There, Annie, the one black spot in your life is now removed. I am sure we shall all be very happy; and no one will I strive to make more happy than this our pretty child, Little Dorothy."

PARIS: THE NIGHT OF THE 18TH MARCH, 1871.

BY D. MARIUS.

I AM writing this little story in the hope that it may be interesting to your readers, and at the same time give some idea of the gay capital on that eventful night—the first of the bloody reign of the Commune.

As some may remember, I left England in the middle of June, 1870, after the first disaster that befell the French army on the German frontier, to join my battalion, 7th Chasseurs à Pied, then in Paris. It would be too long to go over all the horrors and sufferings we had to endure during the siege, but it is necessary that I should give a few explanations, so as to account for my presence in the capital on the 18th of March.

When my battalion was sent to the Fort de Vincennes, about a month before the German Army had arrived before Paris, I had a farewell breakfast given to me by an English friend, the guests being my father and myself. I like to recall this little incident, as he was the last English friend I shook hands with, previous to my going to the front; little did I know whether I should see him again, and that it was the last good breakfast I was to have for another six months to come.

On my arrival at Vincennes I then ceased to be a man, and became a number, my name being 4,108 in the books. Before going any farther, allow me to introduce my best friend and companion on the night of the 18th. His number was 4,112, and his name Numa, the son of Numa, the celebrated French comedian; useless to say that, following the same profession, and having to undergo together the same hardships, we soon became the fastest friends. We very seldom parted from each other, and I must therefore say we, instead of I, during the last portion of this little story.

When the Armistice was signed, the Fort de Vincennes was not surrendered to the German Army, and we were left about 250 men as custodians, some belonging to the Artillery, and some to the 15th and 18th battalions of Chasseurs à Pied, the remnant being some of our battalion, the 7th.

On the morning of March 17th, we heard rumours of discontent from Paris, and we were told that the National Guard would come to make a demonstration outside the fort, and ask us to surrender it to them. Accordingly, orders were given to the men in the New Fort—quite a modern building—to go and take their quarters in the Old Fortress, which movement was executed before three o'clock in the afternoon; the drawbridges were pulled up, and we anxiously awaited the course of events. At about five o'clock, we saw from the ramparts an enormous mass of men coming from Paris, and within half an hour they surrounded the fort. I estimated them to be between 2,000 and 3,000 strong, their bands playing the "Marseillaise," and the men and women shouting at the top of their voices, hoarse with drink and excitement, "Vive la Commune, et bas le Gouvernement," etc.

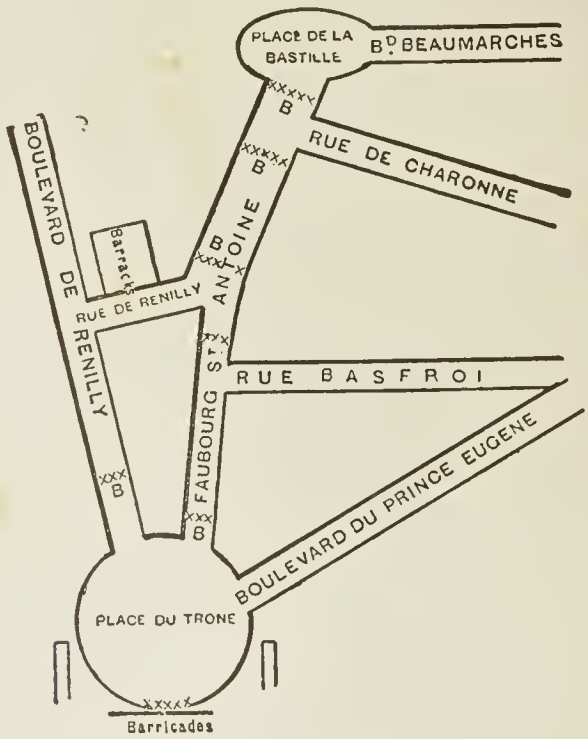
A man advanced in front of the principal entrance, carrying a white flag; he called to us to surrender, but, receiving a negative answer, he said they would come again the next day, and that if we did not surrender willingly they would make us do so by force, as their number would be doubled.

Need I say that we passed a most uncomfortable night, and that the next day was anything but wished for? However, it was settled that we should defend ourselves as long as we could.

Between five and six o'clock in the afternoon we heard the bands of the National Guard advancing slowly towards us; they surrounded the place, and some 800 to 1,000 men entered the New Fort, which had been left unoccupied. They shouted to us to surrender, and we were getting ready to defend ourselves as best we could, when we heard a fearful crash in the direction of the New Fort; and as this is

history, and truth must be told, I am sorry to have to acknowledge that the men guarding the door communicating the two fortresses had lowered the drawbridge by breaking the chains, and within half an hour the place was invaded by very nearly 4,000 men and women. Defence would have been madness and sure death. What could we do? Most of the men were mingling with the National Guard, and making friends. The only excuse, if there is one to be given in their favour, is that, being most of them born in Paris, they were afraid to fight against men amongst whom were perhaps their brothers and fathers.

When night came, Numa and I determined to get out at any price and go to Paris, where my friend's mother was living (Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière, opposite the Conservatoire). We accordingly presented



ourselves at the principal entrance and asked to be let out, which was refused, unless we gave up our chassepôts. Not being in the humour to do so, we returned to our room. Numa suggested that we might try the door leading to the New Fort, and taking advantage of a patrol being sent out we passed unnoticed, as it was very dark, no gas being alight. Once in the New Fort we were free, and we then directed our steps towards Paris. When we arrived before the gates the drawbridges were pulled up. We walked along the fortifications as far as the tunnel, where the Chemin de Fer de Vincennes passes under the fortifications. We jumped over the hedge and walked under the tunnel, only to find ourselves surrounded by an advanced post of National Guards; some twenty men were already there. After a few fiery words from the officer in charge of the barricade in favour of the Commune, we were conducted under good escort to the Caserne de Reuilly. Halfway between the fortifications

HALFWAY BETWEEN THE FORTIFICATIONS AND THE BARRIÈRES DU TRÔNE—"I WAS OBLIGED TO TAKE A REST."

See M. Marius Narrative.

and the Barrières du Trône, I was obliged to take a rest, having hurt my leg rather severely in jumping over the hedge. One man was told off to watch over Numa and me, and as it was pitch dark we soon gave him the slip. We managed to pass the barricade of the Place du Trône, and made our way down the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Nothing was more horrible than the look of the once gay city. No gas, only a few lanterns on the top of each barricade; men in blouses and all sorts of unbecoming dresses walking to and fro; a dark gloomy mantle seemed to have covered the whole of Paris; nothing but horror and wretchedness seemed to be filling one's heart. We could hardly breathe, and were wondering what would occur to us on approaching each barricade. However, we passed three unmolested, but when we arrived at the barricade of the Rue de Charonne, we were stopped and made prisoners. We were once more asked to give up our chassepôts, and as we refused, a scuffle ensued, during which Numa and I were separated. I had hurt one of the men rather badly with the but-end of my chassepôt, and was about to suffer summary execution, had I not been mercifully recognised by the officer in command of the barricade, who had at some time or other been employed at the Folies Dramatiques, where I had been acting previous to my coming to London. He took upon himself to take me to the Comité Central, in the Rue Basfroi, where I was escorted by four men; on his recommendation, a *laisser passer* was given to me. Not knowing what had become of poor Numa, I did not like to go to his mother's house, and wended my way to an old friend of my father's (he being in London at the time), where I had been in business long before going on the stage. His name is Bloet, and he was then living at 36, Boulevard du Temple. He helped me in every way, and that finished my experience of the first night of the Commune.

Numa had got home safely. The next day we went to Vincennes, dressed with blouses and blue trousers over our soldier's dress, to get orders from our officers, who were living outside the fort. We were sent to Versailles, thence to Aix-en-Provence, to Marseilles, then to Ajaccio (Corsica), where I received my discharge. I hastened to return to London, where I have been ever since, and where I hope to remain for a long time to come.

A TRANSFORMATION FAIRY.

By J. Palgrave Simpson.

"I WILL own frankly that I thought you were mad," I said to my friend Harry Herbert, as he lounged cosily in an armchair on the opposite side of the fire, in my study.

"Look here, old boy," said Harry rather nervously; "you may laugh at me as much as you please; but I don't want you to despise me, or to look upon me as an idiot. If you don't mind, I'll tell you all about it."

"Well, I have an hour to spare," I replied; "there's plenty of B.-and-

S. on the table; and there are lots of prime havannahs in that box by your side; so make yourself comfortable, and fire away."

Harry passed his fingers through his curly locks, tried to give as sedate a look as possible to his handsome smiling face, and stretched out his well-made limbs with all the air of a man desirous of making himself comfortable; and, after a few moments' hesitation, he fired away "to tell me all about it."

"It was last Christmas twelvemonth, now just two years ago," he began, with the dreamy look of a man groping about in the mists of his memory; "I was remaining in town, as illness at home in the country—it was scarlet fever, I remember—had prevented the customary family gathering at Christmas-tide. To relieve my sense of loneliness, which had culminated in 'a fit of the sulks,' I screwed up my courage to the point of squeezing myself into a seat at one of our great theatres to see the 'first' of the new pantomime on Boxing Night. All the big heads and indistinct trumpeting voices of the demons, in the 'Den of the Fiend Despair,' tired me to extinction; nor did the opening of the old story of my childhood—told twenty times before—give the slightest fillip to my depressed spirits. But there came a change to the 'Dell of Delight,' or whatever the scene was called. Innumerable bespangled fairy sprites bounded upon the stage. They thoroughly dazzled me, but without rousing my flagging spirit to any feeling of excitement. Presently one of the glittering creatures advanced before the others. It was the fairy queen. My heart stood still—then fluttered violently and painfully, with a sense of suffocation. Anything so charming I had never pictured to myself in my wildest dreams of female loveliness. My whole soul was absorbed at once in watching her every movement; and every movement was, to my entranced sense, a movement of exquisite grace and plastic beauty. Of the rest of the burlesque opening of the pantomime I remember nothing. I only dreamed of the vision which had passed away. At last the gorgeous transformation scene was gradually displayed to the eyes of an admiring and applauding public. I sought my sweet fairy queen amidst all the glittering crowd which formed the chief enchantment of the scene — sought her in vain; I was utterly disappointed. But presently a golden ball descended from the very top of the stage, and burst like an exploding firework into a huge star, in the centre of which stood the fairy queen. Yes, there she was, suspended in the air! A sense of indignation now possessed me that any brute of a man could have exposed so sweet a treasure to such danger—death perhaps! I shuddered. But now my fairy queen advanced, and seemingly stood on nothing. My terror for the poor girl was such, that I almost screamed aloud. But she herself seemed to have no fear, as, with a smiling face, waving her wand, she slowly descended through the air. Had not my sense of sight been so completely absorbed by the lovely vision, I should have closed my eyes, and shut out from them that horrible picture. The object of my terror and entrancement landed at last on a pinnacle, still high, but having the aspect of a solid landing-place. I breathed more freely.

"I don't know how love comes—less how it goes. I don't know

whether a first sense of intense admiration can be called 'love.' So I will not say that I was in love with my sweet fairy at first sight; only I know I felt that I could not live without her. But surely I have told you all this before."

"Never," I said; "I have never heard any details. I remember your confiding to me, one night at the club, when you were a little sprung, that you had fallen desperately in love with a ballet-girl; and I remember, too, endeavouring to enlighten you as to stage illusion, and point out that the sweetest complexions might be all powder and paint, the most beautiful locks borrowed from the hairdresser, and the most exquisite symmetry of limb created by padding. Of course you didn't believe me. Men in love don't recognise truth, even when it is placed before their very eyes."

"I don't know now whether I believed you or no. It did not much matter," said Harry, smiling at some pleasant conceit of his own which crossed his brain. "Let us return, if you will, to that Boxing Night. To look on the harlequinade was more than I could endure. I rushed out of the house. My only thought was to find the stage-door, and catch another glimpse of my darling fairy as she left the theatre. The night was dark, cold, and sleety. The pavements were horribly 'slushy,' What a night, I thought, for that dear girl to return to her home. Surely the management was bound to provide a fairy car for such a fairy!

"The stage-door was easily discovered. Figures of men were still duskily flitting in and out—carpenters, supers, and what not. Now came a body of children, wrapped up by anxious mothers, and laughing as if they had fully enjoyed their work. I waited a long time—so, at least, it appeared to my impatience—and stood shivering, more from nervous excitement than from the effect of the inclement weather; and I had almost given up the object I sought, thinking that she must have passed unseen, when a slim form, closely enveloped in a cloak, with a shawl over the head, tightly fastened under the chin, came out. I could not recognise a feature; but my heart seemed to tell me it was she. I let her go on, then passed quickly, and looked back just as the shrouded figure passed a gaslight—it was she! I advanced towards her, but still I did not dare to accost her. I am not generally shamefaced, as you know; but somehow my feelings to this sweet girl were so tempered by involuntary respect that I could not have shocked or affronted her for the world. Yet there could be no harm in my following her to her home—indeed I encouraged myself with the conviction that she might possibly need protection in the gloom of that murky night. She seemed to glide swiftly before me, unheeding and unconscious of her self-established guardian. We had not far to go. She stopped at a dingy-looking house in a street near Drury Lane, and pulling out a large key—so different from the dainty latch-key of refined life—opened the door. I had advanced rapidly; and I was close behind her at the moment. She obviously took me for a fellow-lodger about to enter the house, for, with a slight bow, she left the door open, and passed on. I still followed. On the landing of the second flight stood a middle-aged woman, spare,

frail, and worn, but not without a certain elegance of form, holding a candle above her head. 'Why, my dear Viola, how late you are to-night!' she cried, as my fairy bounded upwards to her; 'Brother Jim has been home from his theatre some time, and supper is getting cold.' 'Mamma dear, I was detained, you see, by——' was the commencement of the fairy's soft reply, as the door of the room closed on the pair. I slunk away into the street, and took a cab home; a club would have been insupportable to me. 'Viola, Viola,' I kept repeating to myself, 'what a sweet name!' When at home I pulled out my forgotten playbill, and there read: 'Fairy Queen, Miss Viola Hastings.' How many hundred times I still continued to pronounce the name of 'Viola,' it would be difficult to say, until I fell into a feverish sleep, in which my fairy appeared, now whirling in the air, now falling down fathomless steeps, now swept away in torrents of mud. The first night of a love-smitten young fellow is not a pleasant one, I can assure you."

Harry paused; then, after some hesitation, and a good strong pull at his B.-and-S., he continued, half shamefaced, half laughing:

"I positively cannot confess to you all the petty subterfuges to which I had recourse to obtain admission to my Fairy's home; I should appear such an awful liar. But I succeeded. The abode of the sweet girl was not one in any way worthy of a fairy. But it was neat and clean in its scanty proportions, with a certain air of faded gentility in its arrangements. I put down Mrs. Hastings, the mother, at once in my mind as a widow, who had seen the invariable 'better days;' and she must have been handsome once, although now miserably worn. She was quiet and subdued in manner, but with an unmistakable air of melancholy, even in her smile, which told of sorrow and suffering, if not privation. I found that she earned a living by plain needlework and washing, carried on in the basement story. She had evidently brought up her two children—who contributed to the subsistence of the family by employment in the two great theatres—most admirably, considering the unpropitious circumstances. Master Jim, who was some two years younger than his sister, was on the carpenter's staff at his theatre, and made himself useful also in small 'super' parts. He was a smart good-looking boy, possessed of much bright intelligence. But 'Fairy Viola,' as I called her, naturally absorbed all my interest. Her quiet simple manner, not without an undercurrent of playful liveliness, enchanted me more and more. I could have sworn, only to look at her face, that she was the incarnation of purity and innocence. But then, you know, I was over head and ears in love—hopelessly gone!

"I believe now that I cannot be a bad diplomatist, for, with a tact which would have done credit to a master in the craft of diplomacy, and a plentiful expenditure of those subterfuges which I have already classed as—what shall I say?—well, arrant fibs—I contrived to establish myself as a sort of intimate in that humble abode. I occasionally took afternoon tea with the family, gave friendly counsel to the mother, and romped with Master Jim, with whom I was an especial favourite. The one of the family with whom I made the least progress towards intimacy was

Viola. She smiled on me pleasantly, it is true, but somewhat coldly, and her little reserve of manner increased rather than diminished as time went on. Sometimes I laid the flattering unction to my soul that she felt a growing partiality for me, which she was afraid to reveal. From any advances on my part she shrank with an air of startled modesty; and, when I entreated her to allow me to conduct her home from the theatre, after her performance, it was most earnestly, almost appealingly, that she prayed me not to carry out any such intention. 'People might talk, you know, sir,' she said. She still called me 'sir,' you see. I thought she liked me, nevertheless. Was this fancy conceit? or was it a heart's intuition? I never could quite make up my mind. Thus I forbore to press my lover's suit, though I loved her to distraction, as I was fool enough to tell you. I had resolved, however, to speak out at last, when, as matters thus stood, I was called away abroad. You may remember how cut up I was just then. It seemed to break my heart to tear myself away; but duty was imperative.

"It was on Christmas Eve that I arrived in London after my prolonged absence. There was only about an hour for me to take some refreshment and transfer my luggage to the train, which was to convey me home in the country. But every spare wall in the streets was ablaze with bills of the new Christmas pantomimes; and I rushed out to study them. Yes; there in the bill I sought was still the name of 'Viola Hastings!' How my heart beat at the sight of those simple words! What would I not have given to have sacrificed all family obligation in order to be present on Boxing Night there, where I could feast my eyes and heart and soul with the sight of my sweet fairy queen! But family obligation was paramount, and I was whirled away into the country for my Christmas holidays. Holidays, indeed! Spite of tenderness, affection, smiling faces, loving hands, and every amusement of the season, I felt myself a prisoner; and I was perpetually rallied on my absence of mind, when I had but one thought—Viola! However, my term of imprisonment was happily not a 'lifer;' and, as soon as I could decently escape, I was back again in town. As you may naturally suppose, on the night of my arrival I was in the theatre. There, again, on the stage stood my fairy queen, more beautiful to my eyes, more entrancing to my heart, than ever. Spite of Viola's previous prohibition, I could not resist the impulse to run round to the stage-door, in order to greet her when she came out. Surely, my long absence from her would excuse me! The night was foggy and cold, but the sight of her, I thought, would warm my heart and clear off every mist. There was the usual movement about the door. A few men and women were waiting for the exit of those engaged only in the opening of the pantomime, as I was. What did they matter to me? Still, I found my mind occupied, in spite of myself, in scanning the figure of a tall man wrapped in furs. Although middle-aged, he was strikingly handsome, with the undeniable air of one who had 'lived,' and 'lived' a great deal. He was bearded, and wore his hat somewhat jauntily on his head. I soon discovered, from some few words he addressed to the coachman, that an elegant brougham, which stood close by, owned him as master. But what was he to me that he should

attract my attention? Presently, from the dim recesses of the porter's lodge, came a slim form, which I knew at once to be Viola's. I advanced towards her. She almost touched me as she passed. But she never heeded me! She hurried to the tall dark bearded man, and placed her arms affectionately on his shoulders. 'Here I am, dear,' she said. 'Look here, Viola!' said the man, in a caressing tone, 'you had better come to my place for a little, and I will drive you home afterwards; your mother will never know.' 'All right!' said Viola gleefully. She sprang into the brougham, and before I could recover from my state of stupefaction and bewilderment, the carriage had been driven away. I was roused at last from my stupor of surprise and, I may say, agony, by the jostling of the little crowd streaming from the stage-door. This then was the greeting to which I had looked forward after many months! Thus it was that I was to see my Viola—yes! I still thought of her as mine—on my return! I walked away, a prey to a tumult of distracting thoughts. It was obvious that the girl had found a lover, a lover to whom she had given her affection—a lover who she visited without the knowledge of her mother—a wealthy lover! How I hated that man! yet it was she, I argued, whom I ought to hate. I struggled to rouse my strongest feelings of contempt for her, to look on her as one lost to all sense of virtue. And yet I could not but feel, to my shame, that I loved her still. I paced my room all night. To attempt to find rest would have been a mockery! The next day I resolved to go to my old haunt, which I had so fondly called 'my fairy's home,' and gain, if I could, some explanation which might remove the horrible conviction which had overcome me. Viola was not at home. From Mrs. Hastings, who was evidently much pleased to see me again, I could learn nothing. On my 'chaffing' allusion to some suitor which Viola might have encouraged during my absence, she smilingly told me that her 'dear girl' was simple-minded, good, and heartfree as heretofore. No, she had made no new acquaintances. It seemed to me to add to the aggravation of the girl's conduct that she should have thus deceived her mother. Yet why was I so foolishly longing to look on her again? I asked when Viola would come home, and learned that she would not be back until night (as extra rehearsal was going on in the theatre), and would have 'a snack' in the extra-ladies' dressing-room.

"My mind was so fevered with a tumult of feelings, in which indignation was gaining the ascendency over all others, that I felt I could not meet friends at a club. So I went for some refreshment—I had eaten nothing all day—into Monico's, as a quiet restaurant where I was not likely to meet friends. I was so bowed down that I flung myself into a chair by the first available table, and buried my face in my hands. Suddenly a voice—yes, a well-known voice—struck on my ears. I lifted up my head. At a table, not far from me, sat that bearded man whom I had seen with Viola the night before; and she—yes! it was she!—was seated opposite him, with her back turned towards me. It was her voice I had heard. The two were evidently taking an early dinner, cosily and comfortably. There was champagne on the table! Again, then, she must have deceived her mother! I started up and rushed

out of the place, nearly upsetting a waiter who had smilingly advanced to me. Was she so utterly lost and degraded then?

"My first resolve was to see her no more—to crush this fatal passion in my heart. But what is resolution to a man in love? I battled, as I thought, courageously with my infatuation, and yet—and yet—after some hours' struggle with myself I yielded to my mad desire to see her again, and, if I could, drag some explanation of her conduct from her. At the hour when the pantomime opening would be at an end I was once more at the stage-door. But there again was that abhorred man with the beard; there again stood the brougham. I could not stir from the spot, although I felt that I had better turn my back on that accursed stage-door for ever. Suddenly a thought struck me. I would at least discover where this scoundrel rival dwelt. I hailed a cab, tipped the driver beforehand, and told him to wait and follow that carriage to its destination. Presently Viola came out, bounded to meet the fellow with evident joy and was quickly ensconced with him in the brougham. To my surprise, the carriage, instead of proceeding in the direction it had previously taken, drove towards Viola's home. My cabman followed faithfully. A few doors from the house the brougham stopped: the coachman had been obviously directed not to drive up, in order to avoid remark. I jumped out of my cab to watch. Viola was tenderly handed down by her companion. 'Yes, dear,' I heard her say, 'it had better be to-morrow. I am sure I shall be able to make matters all right by then.' 'To-morrow be it, my darling,' replied her odious protector. 'Then we shall meet never to part again, I hope. Good-night, my love;' and then the fellow kissed her, and she hurried away to her own door. How I should have liked to seize the man by the throat and to have strangled him then and there! I was on the point of rushing at him, I believe, trembling with rage, when, unconscious of the fate he was escaping, he leaped into his carriage and was driven away. I was left alone, foiled, outraged, suffocating with impotent passion: and a sense of profound and abject humiliation came over me!

"During the sleepless hours of the night, I turned over in my mind the best means of saving the poor lost girl, in whom I could not but still take a strong interest, from the utter impending ruin which seemed to await her. It was obvious, to my mind, that she was about to leave her home and the protection of her mother, on the morrow, to follow a seducer who would in time desert her. What was to be done? Surely I was warranted in warning the poor mother, who had evidently no knowledge of her daughter's conduct, and thus avert, if possible, the last step which would throw the girl wholly into the scoundrel's power. It was on this course of action that I resolved; and early on the following day I took my way to Mrs. Hastings' lodgings, but not without a fever of trembling agitation pervading my whole frame. The door was opened by the customary grimy maid, and I was slowly mounting the stairs, revolving in my mind how I should begin the awkward and delicate mission I had undertaken, when Master Jim came thundering down, evidently in a state of considerable excitement. 'Oh, it's you!' he cried, on seeing me. 'There's such a lark going on upstairs! But

you are an old friend, and they won't mind you. I am running to get some sal-volatile for mother.' And he disappeared.

"The door of the apartment was open as I reached it, with a beating heart. In the room stood Viola, with her face suffused with tears. There, too, was the bearded man, holding in his arms—not Viola, but Mrs. Hastings, who reclined, seemingly half-fainting, with her head on his shoulder. They all started as I entered. After the first surprise, Viola advanced towards me, smiling amidst her tears, and introduced me as a kind and good friend to—her father!

"After a little time, I learned the whole explanation of the past from Mr. Hastings himself. He confessed to me—in spite of the entreaties of his wife to let 'bygones be bygones' and to say no more—that his married life had been one of misery, owing solely to his own reckless and dissipated conduct and his drunken habits. .Again and again had his loving wife forgiven him, but one day, shortly after the birth of her boy Jim, when he had once more implored that forgiveness after many days of drunken debauchery, his wife had refused all pardon, sternly and decidedly; and he had struck her so violently that she had fallen, stunned and lifeless, at his feet. At first he thought he had killed her, and rushed away deeming himself a murderer. He discovered, how ever, that she still lived; but he had felt that all hope of reconciliation with her was impossible. He had emigrated to Australia, and by a reformed life, industry, and energy had realised a very considerable competence. On his return to England he did not even know where to find his wife; although the main desire of his life was to obtain her pardon, and make her life as happy as he could as a reformed and regenerated man. At length he had seen the name of 'Viola Hastings' on the bills of the theatre. This must be his daughter! He had sought her out, revealed himself to her as her father, and begged her to use her sweet influence with her mother to obtain for him that forgiveness which he felt he had forfeited for ever. This had been done by his dear girl tenderly and adroitly, guided only by the tact of her own affectionate disposition. The reconciliation was complete; and a new and comfortable future was ensured to Mrs. Hastings and her children. The simple frankness of the reformed husband fully warranted that future in my eyes.

"What reparation did I not owe to my sweet fairy for all my foul suspicions of her? I believe I knelt and wept, and covered both her hands with kisses; and, in my turn, I elicited from her the confession that she had always liked me, and even, in time, had more than liked me. And thus it was that Viola Hastings became my wife. My 'Transformation Fairy' has herself been transformed into a home fairy, dispensing bliss and happiness around her. She will appear as a stage fairy no more; but on Boxing Night we shall be in the theatre to gaze on the scene which she once illumined to my eyes by her beauty and her grace. She is the dearest, sweetest creature in the world.—Now, do you still think that I was mad to trust the happiness of my life in the hands of a mere ballet-girl?"

"Harry," I replied, "I consider you a devilish lucky fellow!"

HER FIRST BOUQUET.

HER FIRST BOUQUET.

SWEET little maid with the baby lisp,
List to a sage with his hair turned gray;
Life with you has been short and crisp,
Come on my knee, you will-o'-the wisp;
Tell me the tale of your first bouquet.

What is the story the rose-bud tells,
Hid in the heart of a violet crown?
Is it ambition that blooms and swells?
Triumph, perhaps, with its peals and knells?
Is it the art of this tinsel town?

Come, let me look at your sweet-set face,
Mirror'd by time in a distant day;
How is it possible here to trace
The maiden trial and ended race
That brings its prize in your bride's bouquet?

Flowers will fall at your feet, maybe,
When tawdry theatres ring with cheers;
But half concealed by the leaves I see
A letter of love like a burdened bee.
Will it bring honey, my child, or tears?

Life will lead you the merriest dance—
Sorrow to sun and grave to gay,
Serious fate or the merest chance
May follow with love or a light romance
That whirls you off with your ball-bouquet!

Daisies gathered and daisies torn,
"Loves he loyally, loves he not?"
Dew-kiss'd buds on a sweet May morn,
Crimson blooms on the rose-bush born,
Lilies entwined with forget-me-not,

These are the flowers of life! but list
This Christmas-time to a sage turned gray:
Love and memories fade in mist,
Lips grow chilly by Winter kiss'd,
Death will give us the last bouquet!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

December, 1880.

BORN TO BE AN ACTRESS.

By Alice Gresham.

WELL, dear, so you want to know how I first went on to the stage? You say you think I wasn't brought up to it, that I do not look as if I ought to be working hard at very small utility parts at thirty shillings a week, and living in my old age over the little greengrocer's round the corner? Strange you should have hit on the truth, for I thought all the nonsense and fine-ladyism was knocked out of me years ago. I wonder if I've time to tell you the truth about it; we don't go on till the next act, and there's a good long wait. Nobody else ever cared to ask me before. I wish I'd had a nice sympathetic little daughter like you. What a comfort she'd have been! Married? Yes; I have been married. Don't be in a hurry; you'll hear soon enough, but it takes a moment to settle one's thoughts, and I must begin at the beginning, which naturally wasn't my marriage. I know you girls think it's the end of all things; but it wasn't anything like the end with me. It was scarcely the beginning. My father was very well off indeed; we lived near London, and we were a large merry family of girls and boys. If they could only know how lonely I am now! We were always fond of acting and private theatricals, till it was quite a joke against me that I was "born to be an actress." The intense fascination of the stage, and a natural craze for acting, were fostered by several acquaintances to whom my brothers introduced me, mostly actors, charming people, and among them a manager, with whom I quickly became special friends. How well I remember the many pleasant evenings we spent in his delightful sitting-room at the Royal Thespian Theatre, filled with pictures and curiosities, whilst, between the acts, he was the life and soul of the party! Now I daresay you think the natural end of this was, that I fell in love with and married an actor. Not a bit of it.

My fate was soon settled for me; a clever rising young barrister came, saw, and conquered. I adored him, my father consented, and at the age of eighteen I became his wife. Now, indeed, there seemed less prospect than ever of the fulfilment of our old jest about the stage. His name was Charlie Pierrepoint. I am sure you will have guessed that "Mrs. Lestrange" was only assumed by me during my present career. Charlie and I were so happy. Never shall I forget the unclouded bliss of those first honeymoon days. I soon found, however, that he was very impetuous, and strangely inclined to an extraordinary jealousy—quite unreasonably so; but what did I care, having no inclination whatever to provoke it? I loved him all the more for his intense devotion, which the jealousy seemed to prove. We wandered about Switzerland, in a very fool's paradise, for a fortnight, all in all to each other, when, one day at table-d'hôte, my husband began to talk to two Englishmen sitting near us. I did not speak. He met them after dinner, and they smoked together; he returned to me full of the charms of their society, and the latest news from England. Next day we met them again—they were going our road;

he then introduced them to me. One was named Mr. Saltoun, the other Captain Fullerton. Of the two, I greatly preferred Mr. Saltoun; he was very amusing, and such good company. Captain Fullerton appeared rather melancholy and despondent, but we attributed his bad spirits to the recent sorrow of a broken engagement with some very charming Irish young lady. Days passed on, and still these men remained in our society, a strange mixture, a newly-married couple and two bachelors, and, though amusing, I must be candid enough to say we wearied of them, and wished they would find a route of their own, and not cling so persistently to ours. The only conversations I ever remember having alone with Captain Fullerton were during the bathing expeditions of Charlie and Mr. Saltoun; he would not join them, and we were naturally thrown together. He confided to me the story of his disappointment, showed me the portrait of the faithless one, and I suppose I sympathised. Who would not have done so? My own great present happiness filled me with inexpressible pity for so opposite a fate. But I never could get that man's face out of my mind—a strange hunted look, a curious expression in the eye. He talked rationally enough, but there was something odd about him. One week of this desultory life having expired, our friends announced the necessity of at once returning to England. I do not think we objected, but heard it with secret delight, probably we said feebly: "Oh, must you go so soon?" or some such commonplace. We were then at Lucerne, at the Hôtel Schweitzerhof, our rooms overlooking the lake.

"Let us have one grand final bathe, this lovely morning, before we leave," cried Mr. Saltoun, "and your wife must promise to have finished all her scribbling before we get back." I was always writing home interminably long and uninteresting descriptions of scenery, à la guide-book, that I devoutly hope nobody ever read. "Oh yes, I'll do my letters," said I; and "I'll smoke in the balcony," said Captain Fullerton; and "Good-bye, darling," said Charlie with a kiss, and off he ran. What next? This seems prosaic enough, you think; but, oh Charlie, it was the last kiss you ever gave me. Bah! it's so long ago, why should I mind now? The window was raised to settle Captain Fullerton comfortably with his cigar outside, and I seated myself at a writing-table with my back to the window. Scratch scratch went my pen; and I was just busy describing the top of the Righi, when, as in a dream, I remember distinctly hearing the window quietly bolted; but it conveyed nothing to my preoccupied mind, and on I went. Roused I quickly enough was, though, by two hands placed on my shoulders and a quick excited voice. I sprang up more suddenly than I can write it, throwing my chair and Captain Fullerton (for it was he) backwards, and faced him. Could I believe my eyes! Was this the same man who sat down but a few moments ago so composedly to his cigar? I could hardly recognise him. Half crouching by the window, as I had pushed him back, with hair on end and face distorted, he glared like a wild beast. In an instant the terrible truth flashed across me. He was mad! Terrified, I rushed to the fireplace in hopes of finding a friendly poker; but, alas! being summer-time, it was gone; and, worse, I could find no bell. No

instant to reflect. In that one lost moment he sprang at me again, seized my wrists, and again I heard his hideous voice. We wrestled desperately; I seemed to have superhuman strength; he all the time pouring out such a volley of horrible imprecations, mingled with oaths and curses, as I hope to Heaven never again to hear. Suddenly he dropped my hands. I was free, and rushed to the door. It was locked! There he crouched, watching me, fiendishly enjoying my discomfiture. What a position for a three-weeks' wife, only aged eighteen! Foiled at the door, while he was motionless, I sprang to the opposite side of a square dining-table in the room, in order that I might, as children do, keep opposite him. I was active, dear, in those days, before rheumatism crippled me, and could play that childish game as well as anyone. He gave one horrid low groan; and then began the maddest race a woman ever engaged in—one for life it seemed. He kept screaming out the name of the woman who had destroyed the purpose of his life, and swore that he would kill me. His brain was affected—he was mad. He had been collecting himself while I was half senseless with terror; it was a question of time only who would fail first in breath. Round and round, and yet again—it makes my blood boil only to think of it—when, thank God! a step was heard outside, and Charlie's hand tried the door, Charlie's foot gave it a tremendous kick when the door did not respond. There was no need to struggle more; I felt in my innocence that I was safe. With one shriek now the end had come, my spirit failed me, and I sank on the floor in a senseless heap. What happened next I know not; but have been told that Captain Fullerton unlocked the door to Charlie, looking the picture of composure, begging him to be calm; and, pointing to my prostrate form, said with a sneer he was glad the husband had returned, but it was unlucky his wife had fallen so hopelessly in love with a stranger! Why did I faint? Why could not my senses have been preserved to give the lie to this treacherous madman? My husband believed this wicked story, and would give me no chance of explanation. I have told you before of his unreasoning jealousy; do you wonder such a man could not bear the contemplation of what he had seen, the calm announcement that had been gratuitously made to him? Think of the situation: the fastened door, my faint, and Captain Fullerton's fatal capacity for recomposing himself—all against me. Well, I lay ill for days in that hotel, and, when reason returned, I woke to find myself alone, supplied with plenty of money, which was, however, accompanied by a letter from my husband, desiring never again to set eyes on the wife who had so shamefully deceived him. I wrote once, stating on my honour that the man had lost his reason from disappointment in love and was mad. My husband returned the letter with an insult, and asked if I took him for a madman to believe such a ridiculous story. I determined then that he never should see me again. My pride was roused; I would touch no more of his money than was absolutely necessary to return to England; nor would I rejoin my own family, since I should taint them with the recollection of my disgrace.

After weeks of suffering and indecision, it seemed that the stage might offer me a chance of honest bread-winning. I applied with a

MISS CONNIE GILCHRIST.

burning sense of shame to my old friend the manager, lately so genial. He coldly replied that he had no vacancy, and was quite unable to assist me in any way. I think he had only heard a part—a very badly-coloured part—of the story, and was unwilling to lend a hand which should seem to countenance my behaviour. However, on my continued entreaty, and assuring him it was simply to keep me from starvation, all my money having melted away, he good-naturedly wrote to a brother-manager who required an extra. And that was my beginning. I shall never better my present position, dear. I like the work well enough, but it pains me so to think my family, who would perhaps have received me back, considered my profession a direct proof of my iniquity. Less than a year afterwards Captain Fullerton was an inmate of a lunatic asylum, where he died raving about his lost love. My husband was killed in a railway accident a few weeks afterwards, and, I have been told, was on the point of seeking a reconciliation with me directly he had ascertained that Captain Fullerton was mad. So I never saw Charlie again, my dear; and there is no chance of reconciliation now with any of my family. I often look round the house when crowded, and wonder if any of my dear ones, with their husbands, and wives, and little children, are there. But they'd never look for their lost sister Beatrice in the back row of the crowd, or recognise her in this haggard old woman talking to you—not if they were every one of them in the front of the stalls—so it's no use to think of it. You'll remember my story, won't you, dear, if, when you're married, you feel tempted to conceal anything from your husband? Always confide in him—that is, supposing he gives you the chance, which, you see, mine didn't. There's the call-boy!

"Ladies, beginners, second act." We'll go down at once, and you must forget all about the gloomy talk of an old woman to whom fate has been so unkind, but who was, after all, you see, "born to be an actress."

MISS CONNIE GILCHRIST.

It is fitting that a word of congratulation should be spoken about clever little Connie Gilchrist, at Pantomime-time; for but a very few years ago she headed the ranks of the pretty children who are the essential feature of our Christmas and holiday amusements. She was, according to a happy phrase of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson, literally "nursed on rose-pink and cradled in properties;" and, like so many famous actresses, was found on the stage almost as soon as she could lisp out her first coherent sentences. The stage was the playground of artists like Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, and Miss Terry; and it will not be very surprising after what has been seen this year, if the higher class of comedy eventually claims as its own the child who made her début as a pantomime prince. Let lovers of statistics then be informed that Miss Connie Gilchrist was born in 1865, and is accordingly now in her sixteenth year. She made her first appearance in 1873, when only eight years old, as Prince of the Mushrooms, in Mr. E. L. Blanchard's Drury Lane Pantomime, called "Jack in the Box," and attracted universal attention for her prettiness and vivacity. Sitting

as the model for several artists of note—notably Sir Frederick Leighton, and Mr. James Whistler—the child-actress still found time and inclination to represent Red Riding Hood at Hengler's Circus, not only in London, but throughout the provinces and in the gay city of Paris. Everyone was struck with the grace and intelligence of the child, who was next year (1874) found playing Harlequin, in the children's pantomime called "The Children in the Wood," written by the Brothers Grinn. It was a charming performance, and the girl harlequin fairly divided the honour with little Coote, the clever clown. The dancing of Connie Gilchrist was so good, and she gave signs of such high intelligence, that Mr. John Hollingshead gave her an engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, where she obtained renown as a skipping-rope dancer, and has since played in innumerable burlesques and extravaganzas. It was not until the year 1880, however, that Connie Gilchrist gave signs of that true comedy vein that promises to assure for her a career in the profession she has followed with such persistency. When Mr. and Mrs. Florence were rehearsing "The Mighty Dollar," they were struck with the singular intelligence of the youthful actress who was selected to play "Libby dear," and could not resist standing at the wings to see her go through the scenes with the bashful boy. A great success was anticipated, and the prophecy was true, for certainly whatever art was to be found in the American play was surely given it by Connie Gilchrist, who showed an appreciation of character and humour very rare in one so young, and sufficiently marked to elicit the admiration of such good judges of comedy as Mrs. Keeley and many others. From this time the young actress gained heart under encouragement, and has played Florence in the version of Dombey, and Montgiron in the travestie on "The Corsican Brothers." Christmas will find her once more hard at work in Mr. Reece's extravaganza of "Ali Baba," at the Gaiety; but it may be hoped that next season will give Miss Gilchrist her opportunities for developing and ripening the comedy talent already so bright and promising. With youth and ambition on her side, half the battle towards success is won; confidence and cleverness will do the rest.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A CAFÉ CHANTANT.

By Arthur Pask.

A FEW harmless cynics have before now declared that the Continent is only made perfect by the absence of the travelling Briton. Yet there are times when it is possible to yearn even for his presence. Picture to yourself the ghostly horror of having to pass a Christmas Eve in an hotel in Brussels. It is all very well to sneer about the twaddle of mistletoe-branches, snapdragons, forfeits, and all the rest of it; but the case is very different when you know for a certainty that those luxuries are quite beyond your reach.

At any rate I thought so when, two or three years ago, I found myself passing a part of my Christmas Eve at The Windsor. I solemnly declare that I would have hailed the slightest sign of a British Christmas with the wildest transports of delight. I would have burst into tears of

joy over the sight of a pound of raisins, and would have become maudlin over a box of candied-peel. I would have shaken the foot of a prize-pig as if he had been my "long-lost brother," and if anybody had wished me a "Merry Christmas," to use the words of the vulgate and the vulgar, "champagne would not have been in it." Indeed I had passed the whole chilly afternoon in flattening my nose against the windows of the shops in the St. Hubert, longing for something which might perchance remind me of the old country. But alas! it was in vain. I had even strolled into the Viennese restaurant, near the Alcazar, wishing for some viand that might call to mind the joys of the festive season. There

was not on the carte even an omelette au Rhum to remind me of snap-dragon; as to "plom-pouding," there was no mention of it whatever. Certainly the word "escargots" (snails!) did revive the memory of one Christmas morn when a youthful friend of mine and my unworthy self had both our pairs of ears soundly boxed for pelting stones at an obese but respectable snail in the kitchen-garden. But snails, although sensible quiet creatures, I do not care for in the eating way. In my insular stupidity I draw the line at frogs, the best of which are to be had at Phillipe's, in The Mont, Paris.

However, although my afternoon had passed badly enough, there seemed to be a still more wretched evening in store for me. Should I go to the Alcazar. No! I had had too much of Lecocq in my own dear

native country. Should I try the Monnaie? No! Your Belgian tenor has the most awful fashion of forcing his best g's and a's through his nose that it is possible to conceive. Should I play at billiards? No! I could stand a great deal, but using a cue on a table like a tea-tray set on a sarcophagus, with balls the size of twenty-pounders, was a misery quite beyond my strength.

"Monsieur is triste," said the not proud young portier, as I stood disconsolately puffing at a wretched cigar. Now a continental hotel-porter can always find for you what you want, what you don't want, what you ought to have, and, more often than not, what you ought not to have.

"I should like to know where I could spend an hour or two without the risk of being bored to death;" and I sighed like the fifteen furnaces or so of H.M.S. Téméraire.

"For my own part," answered the faithful servitor, looking out on the road, "I should not mind having a look in at a café chantant. There is a very good one near where you cut off from the middle of the galerie."

"That is not a bad idea," said I; and, putting on my ulster, sauntered down the Montagne de la Cour. In about a quarter of an hour I found myself in a narrow street, not far from the Hôtel de Ville. In the crowded thoroughfare were sounds of the most joyous festivity. At first hearing the noise was most suggestive of a cheap-jack at a fair bawling to a pianoforte accompaniment. On approaching a semi-transparent glass door, through which the noise proceeded, I discovered it to be the voice of a young lady singing a serio-comic melody. I entered the hall of minstrelsy, and the whole scene burst upon me in all its splendour. It was a long narrow room, about sixty feet by twenty. It was lit by some rough gas chandeliers, and it was filled with many curious specimens of the lowest order. It was pleasing to notice the likeness between the back of a Belgian's head and a two-handled saucepan with a steamer on the top—the silk cap being the steamer, the short-cropped black hair the saucepan, and the ears sticking out like the double handles. There were old ladies, too, in marvellous caps, and young artisans with pale faces and big cigars. But everybody was happy, and everybody was drinking bavière by the mugful. At the end of the room was a small stage, on which were seated five young ladies, who formed a semicircle of loveliness. The first young lady was clad in a coquettishly short costume and wore the smartest stockings in big rings of red and white, so that at the distance they had somewhat the appearance of those mighty prize sugar-sticks which are occasionally to be seen in the windows of flourishing confectioners. But to balance the composition of colour, the red was not confined to those garments which our boudoir-poets love to apostrophise. It extended to her rounded face, which blazed with rouge as brilliantly as a pair of danger-signals. Presently the piano rattled out a sparkling introduction, and the young lady advanced to the footlights.

"Emilie is good enough for the Alcazar," said a young gentleman to me, as he helped the applause by thumping on the table with his mug of

beer. But I do not pretend to be a judge of the Alcazar standard of excellence. In my time I have heard Judic, Thèo, Schneider, Therêsa, and the whole bèvy; but this young lady left them all far in the background. She sang a simple ditty containing a few questionable pleasantries in reference to the clergy of Brussels—a song that we should consider in execrable taste. The beginning of every verse was preluded by an irregular scramble on the piano, and the refrain, which was shouted by

the whole company, was sung in a peculiar crescendo of "Bouler! bouler! bouler!"

"You do not seem to like your ecclesiastics?" asked I of the communicative young gentleman, who was evidently one of the new Liberal school.

"Beasts!" he answered, taking another pull at his beer.

"Hogs!" growled an old workman in a greasy blouse, who stretched out his hand to take a lucifer-match; and when Mdlle. Emilie came round with a plate to gather her reward of coppers, he was still so engaged that he forgot to contribute a single centime.

The piano now drowned his inelegant mutterings, and another young lady came forward to charm the audience. She was clad in a

tarnished burlesque costume, and was accommodated with a little whip, which she skilfully flicked about after the fashion that a butcher in summer-time destroys intrusive flies with his long knife. This time the song was laudatory of the pleasures of the chase. The air was lively and the libretto not despicable. There was no double entendre of any sort, but I regret to say there was very little applause, and when the songstress came round with her plate, the collection of coppers was poor indeed.

"C'est sottise," remarked a gentleman near to me; "you should hear our Jautrin."

Then did "our Jautrin" make his entry through a door in the back of the stage. "Our Jautrin" was clad in the blouse and cap of the ouvrier. His get-up altogether was suggestive of the typical Coupeau. Without much ado he burst forth into melody and double entendre, and was consequently received with perfect howls of delight. When he told the audience what a bon garçon he was, and what an admiration he had for pretty faces, there was a roar of laughter. When he sang how his wife was a perfect treasure, and only scratched his face once a week, the thumping and stamping were terrific. When he staggered about the stage, hiccoughed, and made himself still more agreeable in other respects, the late J. B. Buckstone never had a better rival.

"Ah, he is indeed a drôle," said the old workman to me, who had such a decided aversion to the clergy.

I looked around the room to see how far the rest of the audience appreciated this flattering sentiment. Old women, with walnut-coloured faces and white caps, were grinning approval. Younger members of the softer sex had the most beaming smiles upon their round faces. Pallid-faced youths, with the ghastliness of absinthe on them, rattled on the tables with their sticks. One hears so much about our music-hall audiences that there is a notion, got from some mysterious source, that anything similar on the Continent must of necessity be immeasurably superior. Still, I feel bound to state that, at the close of the entertainment, two brave young Belges were fighting on the floor and thoughtfully attempting to bite one another's noses off as they clawed at their close-cropped heads!

I turned out into the moonlight, and walked homewards over the crisp snow. I could still hear the thumping of the piano mingled with the shrieks of the combatants, as they were finishing off their dispute in the open street. I strolled round to the beautiful old Place, where suffered the patriots of the Netherlands. The moonlight was silvering the tapering spire of the Hôtel de Ville. Yet, sentimental as I was disposed to be, I could not help thinking that it was rather to be regretted that the world was so very much the same all over; that a café chantant had no more right to be styled a hall of harmony than a London music-hall. Take my advice, and never spend a Christmas Eve in one if you can possibly help it. It makes you sad!

CLOWNING IN THE PROVINCES.

"HA, HA, HA! HERE WE ARE AGAIN!" laughs out our old friend Clown, as merrily as though he spoke the truth, when he bounds upon the stage, and by his brilliant jests and amusing antics puts happiness into all young heads—ay, and into some old ones too. But a word with you, my friend of powder and patches, and of smiles which sometimes conceal genuine tears. What do you mean by saying "Here we are again," when you have never appeared in this theatre before? You are a perfect stranger to us, we have never seen you until Boxing Night, 1880. Expound unto me, oh thou man of fun? Ah, I see! you mean that Christmas is here again, and we are to welcome the glad time with peace and joy, with mirth and happiness? Quite right, old friend, and we shall be happy, at least for a few hours, if we have not grown too old to enjoy the treat of our younger days—the pantomime. How eagerly we once looked forward to the time when we should all be warmly wrapped up and packed off (like little bundles of animated clothes) to see the pantomime! How rejoiced we all felt when the wicked Baron was annihilated, and how glad we all were to see the pretty Princess restored to her beautiful lover! But oh, how we did laugh at the Clown! What fun it was to see him beat the unfortunate policemen, steal all the butcher's meat, cheat the insurance officers, and perpetrate the thousand and one tricks that Clowns alone can and dare do!

And shall we be less happy this year than in those gone by? Not if gorgeous and pretty scenery, bright and tasteful costumes, charming faces, good music, capital comedians, and plenty of gay rollicking fun can make us happy.

Some other pen than mine has traced the prospects of the London pantomimes, and I can vouch for the completeness of the principal provincial ones, some of which will equal in splendour the magnificent productions of the metropolis. To begin with, Manchester, in point of general excellence, leads the way. There, at the Theatre Royal, the pantomime of "Blue Beard" will not only be complete in scenery and mounting, but the cast is more than sufficient for this class of production, including Miss Marion West as Selim, Madame Cave-Ashton, Mr. Charles Collette, Mr. Fred. J. Stimson (a rising and very popular young actor), and a host of other good names. This pantomime will be closely run by that at the Prince's Theatre, in the same city, where Mr. Charles Bernard will produce a new version of "Cinderella," written by J. Wilton Jones, which in point of scenic display will surpass its rival. Amongst the pretty faces that will be seen here are those of Miss Annie Poole, a most charming and refined singer, and Misses Alice Cook and May Whitfield.

Miss Litton will bring out in Glasgow a charming version of "Little Red Riding Hood," called "Little Bo-Peep," and the name of the talented actress-manageress is alone sufficient testimony that no pains or expense will be spared in the mounting and acting of the pantomime. Miss Litton will be rivalled at the Gaiety by "Lurline," and at the Princess's by "The Babes in the Wood."

In Liverpool, "Robin Hood" will be produced by Mr. Edward Saker at the Alexandra Theatre. The resident scenic artist, Mr. John Brunton, has done some beautiful painting for this production, the transformation

scene and "Hymen's Temple" being the prettiest. In the cast are Miss Ethel McAlpine, who has been playing most successfully in "The Sorcerer," Miss Ethel Castleton, the clever child-actress Miss Laura Lawson, and an old Liverpool favourite, Mr. R. J. Roberts. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in the same city, "Little Red Riding Hood," and her sister "Little Bo-Peep," will trip merrily forth, being assisted by Misses Katie Ryan and Marie Stevens, Mr. T. H. Doyle (the author, who is also a clever actor), Mr. John S. Chamberlain, a capital comedian, and that most popular of clowns, Witty Watty Walton.

Unless prevented by the Land Leaguers, Mr. Michael Gunn will produce the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" in Dublin, and at Leeds "Aladdin" will be played, with Mr. Joseph Eldred in a principal part.

As a little change from the eternal "sauce," the good people of Worcester are to have a pantomime, "Cinderella," in which a very able comedian, Mr. J. G. Bailey, will appear, supported by a clever and promising young actor, Mr. W. Vincent Sternroyd, and a pretty actress, Miss Elise Grey, as the heroine.

One word, or a dozen or two, and I have done. Every parent, be you young or old, "put money in thy purse," and take the little ones to see and enjoy the pantomimes, and thus help to feed and clothe many poorer little ones than your own, who might otherwise be starving—a sad thing to think of at such a glad time as this.

Well, here's "Success to the Pantomimes, and a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all."—AUSTIN BRERETON, Christmas, 1880.

MISS AMY STEINBERG.

THIS accomplished lady is of Belgian extraction, and was educated at Hanover and Brussels. She made her first appearance on the stage when quite young, as Prince Henry, in "King John," at Drury Lane Theatre; Mr. Phelps and Mr. Barry Sullivan being the King John and Falconbridge. Her next theatrical success was obtained at Sadler's Wells and the Standard Theatres, from whence she was engaged by the late W. H. Liston for the Olympic Theatre, and remained during that gentleman's management. After some provincial experience Miss Steinberg returned to London in 1879, and appeared at The Park Theatre, where her excellent impersonation of the late Mrs. Rousby's character, Princess Elizabeth, in "'Twixt Axe and Crown," met with the fullest recognition by the press and public, and brought the talented exponent immediately to the front rank in her profession. Miss Steinberg's powerful impersonation of the leading character in Ouida's novel, "Held in Bondage," at the Olympic Theatre, is of too recent date to require comment. In fact much of the success achieved by Mr. James Willing's drama, "Delilah" (founded on the novel mentioned) is in no small degree due to this lady's efforts as the heroine. Miss Amy Steinberg speaks six European languages, and would be as much at home in French or German drama as she is on the English stage. There will be a chance for her if any of the Meinengen company fall out of the ranks at Drury Lane next spring season.

MISS STEINBERG.

MY GHOST—A NIGHTMARE EXTRAORDINARY!

By Victoria Vokes.

I AM not timid or nervous as a rule, and a thorough unbeliever in ghosts; and yet, as I looked at the room I was to occupy on that—to me—never-to-be-forgotten night, I could not help thinking that if any spirit, friendly or otherwise, wished to pay me a nocturnal visit, it could scarcely find a better opportunity. It was a spacious, old-fashioned, uncomfortable-looking room, filled with dark, dingy, useless furniture. But my attention was chiefly directed to the bed, which stood in the middle of the room, and was hung all round with heavy curtains, which, "once upon a time," I have no doubt were rich and rare, but now looked as if "the light of other days" had been remarkably successful in the fading process. The first thing I did was to pull them all up except two, which I left down as there was no other backing to the bedstead.

It was with a feeling of relief that I left the room and descended the stairs with, perhaps, a little more alacrity than usual to join my people at supper, But, in that rapid descent, I formed a firm resolve to detain that supper till the "witching hour" had passed.

I will not dwell on the feeble attempts I made to be funny and amuse my family; I don't know who was to blame, but I felt I was not so successful as I wished to be, or my family—owing, perhaps, to a long fatiguing journey—was less appreciative than usual. My gaiety was forced, and my jokes execrable—so bad, that they called forth a gentle reproof from my too indulgent mother; such as: "My dear, you are talking too much, and not eating;" or, "You look tired; don't you think you had better go to bed?" The last remark only stimulated me to fresh exertions, but in spite of the cheerful subjects I tried to start, the conversation would turn on ghosts! My brother told a thrilling story, and my sister recounted a nightmare she had once had, as she knew I had never had one. I'm afraid I did not pay as much attention to the recital as I ought to have done (I had heard it before); but what did impress me was when she said "it was most realistic," and felt she "wanted to scream, and could not."

I looked at the clock; there was still another quarter! Which should I do: own to a nameless fear, and stand my brother and sister's raillery on my cowardice? or—— A knock; it was the lady left in charge of the house—we had taken it for a week; she wanted to know if we had all we required, as she had sent the servants to bed, but she would be most happy herself to get anything for us.

I saw at a glance she was a woman not at all averse to talking, and I determined she should indulge in that little propensity for at least a quarter of an hour. I asked her to sit down, in spite of the hasty retreat of my brother and the warning looks of my mother. I inquired, with much apparent interest, the state of her health—of course I was grieved to hear that she was far from well. She was sure there was going to be a thunder-storm. She felt that nervous and restless—it always affected her so—she was that frightened of them. I duly sympathised with her, and told her I was a fellow-sufferer. My mother and sister looked the surprise they felt at my silent endurance for so many years. But I had gained my object; the dreaded hour had passed; and I was now as anxious to retire as anyone.

For the first time in my memory I burnt a night-light; it gave a feeble glimmer, and only seemed to make the darkness visible. But I was too sleepy to take much notice of anything. After securing the door by a bolt, pulling up the blind, and opening the window at the foot of my bed to give a little more light and air, it was not long before I fell into a heavy dreamless sleep. How long it lasted I am not quite sure; but I awoke with a start—there was a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder; so I attributed the cause of my wakefulness to that.

Glancing round the room, my eyes were suddenly riveted on the door. Could I be mistaken? No; the door I had firmly bolted was open! and a black shapeless figure was slowly coming towards me!

I trembled in every limb; my forehead was dank, and my lips twitched nervously. I pressed my hands tightly over my heart to try and lessen its beating; but in all the wild confusion of blending and blurring of light and darkness, the rolling and crashing of thunder, my eyes never moved from that unearthly form, as it glided noiselessly along, and stopped at the foot of my bed. I felt its eyes were upon me! And as it stood with upraised arms, as if invoking a blessing or a curse, there came another flash and a terrific peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the very foundation of the house.

I closed my eyes. A chill crept over me. My blood seemed freezing in my veins! Then all was still—even my heart ceased its tumultuous beating in that awful calm. The suspense was too much to bear, and I had to look again. There was another flash, and I gazed round the room: the figure had disappeared.

Then, quick as that flash, came the thought that I had got a nightmare, brought on, no doubt, by my sister's account of hers.

I closed my eyes again, with a feeling of relief, and drew the clothes over my head. I could not see or hear anything, but I felt intuitively the curtains at the back of my bed were being opened! It was not imagination now; the clothes were being slowly removed from my face, and the black figure was bending over me!

My agony at that moment is beyond description. I tried to scream or move; but I had lost all control of voice and limb; a cold deathlike feeling came over me; and when my pillow moved, and I felt I was being lifted up, my already overtaxed nerves gave way, and, for the first time in my life, I fainted.

I was awakened with a hand at my door, and "Get up, lazy," from my brother. "I'd back you against the Seven Sleepers any day." He also informed me that everyone in the house was hoarse with calling me; and that he thought he should have to take a box of bronchial troches himself.

I told him to call my mother. There was something in my voice that startled him, for he went at once. I hardly knew it myself, but I had caught sight of the bolt; it was fastened as I had left it!

Hearing my mother coming up the stairs, with trembling hands I drew it back. She was shocked at seeing my pallid face. I told her I had had a sleepless night, and that I did not feel very well. She told me to remain in bed, and sent for a cup of tea. Mrs. M—— brought it up herself.

As she entered the room she said: "Poor dear, you do look bad; but it's only what I expected after last night; and sure, when I looked at you, I thought you were dead—with your eyes wide open, and your face as white as the pillow!"

I looked at her. I was speechless with astonishment; and it was not

until I heard her say to my mother, "Is she subject to fits?" that I sufficiently recovered to ask: "Did you come into my room last night?" Oh! the relief when her answer came: "Yes, my dear. I heard how frightened you were of thunder, and when that storm came on I felt more nervous for you than I did for myself, and so I told my husband. He advised me to come and see how you were; and I'm glad I did, for you were lying on your back, with your face covered over—which is unhealthy. I soon removed the clothes, and I shall never forget the turn you gave me! Your eyes were wide open, and you seemed gasping for breath, so I slipped my hands under the pillow and raised you up. The sigh of relief you gave, when I turned you round into a more comfortable position, did my heart good. You closed your eyes, and went to sleep as peaceful as an angel."

I could scarcely believe her, and asked her what she had on.

She said she had slipped on her waterproof, and put the hood over her head; and that she had tried to pull down the curtains at the foot of my bed, but they were above her reach.

I was not yet quite convinced, so I asked her how she got into my room, as I had bolted the door.

She then showed me the catch; it was loose, and my bolting useless.

Explanations soon followed, to my entire satisfaction. I was duly pitied and petted, and by none more earnestly than My Ghost.

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

(See the Photograph on the Frontispiece.)

By means of her natural charm of manner, irresistible fascination, and unfailing buoyancy of spirits, Miss Florence St. John has become one of the most popular of the songstresses of the lighter stage. Her career has been comparatively short, but it is brilliant, and when acting and singing are required in combination, this gifted lady now takes her place in the front rank. She travelled originally with Mr. Durand's English Opera Company, and then joined the Rose Hersee and Blanche Cole Company, making a fair provincial reputation. Miss St. John played at the Crystal Palace for a season, and in a very short space of time had become familiar with upwards of thirty operas. At a morning performance at the Folly Theatre she was entrusted with the part of Germaine in the "Cloches de Corneville," but was unable at that time to follow up her London success, as she was on the eve of starting for a tour of fifteen months throughout the principal towns of the United Kingdom. This done, she at once resumed Germaine at the Globe Theatre, from whence she was transferred to the Strand, and, as everyone knows, created Madame Favart and Olivette. This is but a brief history, but it shows how youth and freshness, when allied to talent, are sure to make their mark. Miss St. John came, saw, and conquered; and of her sway upon those who are susceptible and sympathetic there can be no question. It was of such an artlessness as this that Shakespeare sung in a well-known sonnet:

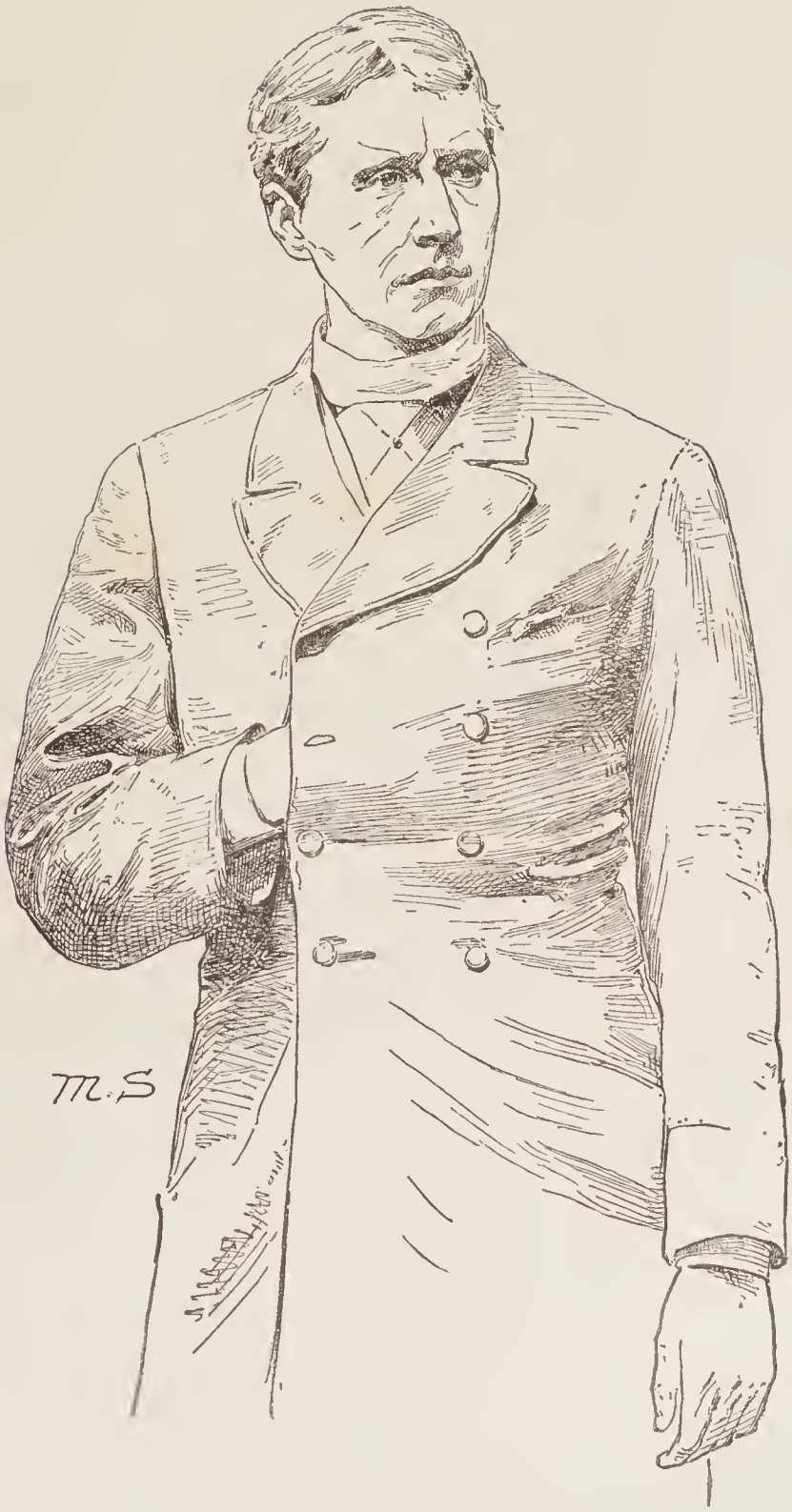
> Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
> Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
> Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
> And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
> So long lives this, and this gives life to thee!

HERBERT BEERBOHM-TREE.

HERBERT BEERBOHM-TREE is twenty-seven years old; was born in London, and educated partly in England and partly abroad. Before embracing the profession of an actor, he stood in high reputation in amateur dramatic circles, chiefly through his performances with the "Irrationals," of which club he was a member. His first appearance as a professional was at a matinée given at the Globe Theatre, in aid of the Stafford House Fund, when his performance in the character of Grimaldi, in Boucicault's drama, earned the young débutant the most flattering notices from competent critics, and a more substantial recognition in the shape of various offers of provincial engagements. He subsequently played such parts as Milky White; Dufard, in "First Night;" Admiral Kingston, in "Naval Engagements;" Colonel Challice, in "Alone;" etc. His first London engagement was at the Olympic, but only in minor parts, and it was not till he played Bonneteau, in the "Cruise to China," at the Garrick Theatre, that he was able to give his talents any scope. His success in this character induced him to accept an offer to play the part of the Marquis de Pontsable in the provincial tour of "Madame Favart." Of this performance "The Liverpool Porcupine" says:

> We shall touch upon the remarkable beauty of the histrionic part of this young actor's performance. This indeed is worth seeing, quite independently of the other attractions of the piece. Mr. Tree has saturated himself with the very spirit of the ancien régime. His presentation of the character breathes the tone and sentiment of the time. The Marquis becomes in his hands what we should have if the figure of some smirking, affectedly-posed gallant were to step out of the canvas of Antoine Watteau, instinct with the life and vapid thought of the artificiality of his day, to repeat the fadaises, the antique compliments, the laboured impromptus composed for the delectation of beauty. There is something highly praiseworthy in the careful work devoted to the construction of this part of the libretto; and Mr. Tree has evidently found it a labour of love to perfect the characterisation and to vivify it with innumerable touches of exquisite art. One can hardly escape the conviction that the very poses of the superbly-dressed old Marquis have been matter of earnest study before the canvases of eighteenth-century French art.

On returning to London Mr. Tree played Prince Maleotti, in "Forget-me-Not," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, a performance which was received with unanimous praise. That he was capable of impersonating a character requiring depth as well as brightness, was proved by his acting in "L'Aventurière," where, as Monte-Prade, the elderly and vacillating lover of Clorinde, he fairly astonished his audience. He followed up this success by his Sir Andrew Aguecheek, at a matinée at the Imperial. In the play of "Anne-Mie" he was cast for the onerous part of Dirksen, but circumstances, into which it is unnecessary to enter, induced him to relinquish it, whereupon he took the part of Scott Ramsay, the æsthetic poet, in "Where's the Cat?" at the Criterion, which he plays with the same successful originality which has characterised all his impersonations. He will shortly return to the Prince of Wales's to play in "Les Danischeffs." Mr. Tree has only been two years and a half on the stage.



MR. BEERBOHM-TREE.

Our Play-Box.

"THE LIGHT FANTASTIC."

An "Utter Absurdity," written by HENRY J. BYRON.

First produced at the Folly Theatre, Saturday Morning, November 20, 1880.

Mr. Slithery	MR. J. L. TOOLE.	Polly	MISS MADELINE SANTON.
Signor Gassalieri ...	MR. E. W. GARDEN.	Mrs. Slithery ...	MISS EMILY THORNE.
Mr. Bangs	MR. G. SHELTON.	Selina	MISS ELIZA JOHNSTONE.
Mr. Blewitt	MR. W. BRUNTON.	Mrs. Fumbler ...	MRS. POTTER.
Bustin...	MR. STANFIELD.	Master Fumbler ...	MASTER CHARLES.
Augustus Slithery...	MISS ROLAND PHILLIPS.	The Misses Potts,	MISSES WALTERS & VERNON.

ORIGINALLY given a trial at one of the famous Folly matinées, this wild bit of uproarious fun soon found its way to the evening programme, and divided the honours with "The Upper Crust." And who could wonder at it when we find Mr. Byron punning and joking in his most reckless fashion; and Mr. Toole, dressed up as a dancing-master, whose soul is devoted to Terpsichore and the fair sex, deportment and negus, gala-nights and gallantry? Imagine for one instant Mr. Toole as a dancing-master directing the Charing Cross Crawl, singing a comic song, lecturing to a Kent Road Academy, and squirming under the reproaches of his muscular better-half, and then cease to be surprised that the public rushes to roar with laughter at the "Light Fantastic." It may be an "utter absurdity" in the eyes of Mr. Byron, but such freaks of fun are highly appreciated when Mr. Toole has got a really humorous text on which he can engraft some of his countless tricks and oddities.—C. S.

"WHERE'S THE CAT?"

A New Comedy, in Three Acts, adapted from the German of HERR SONTHAN, by JAS. ALBERY.

First produced, Criterion Theatre, Saturday, November 20th, 1880.

Sir Garroway Fawne	MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.	Mrs. Smith	MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Percival Gay ...	MR. H. STANDING.	Stella	MISS ROSE SAKER.
Scott Ramsay ...	MR. H. BEERBOHM-TREE	Dagmar	MISS MARY RORKE.
George Smith ...	MR. W. J. HILL.	Nan	MISS EDITH BRUCE.
Fritz	MR. GEO. GIDDENS.	Madge...	MISS EASTLAKE.

"WHERE'S the Cat?" Well, at present it does not appear to have fallen very heavily on the shoulders of anybody. I have heard of no wincing or screams as from a fearful castigation. The last may, in the opinion of certain earnest people, have been called for in order to drive out from our stage the "comedy of underclothing;" but no such punishment has been administered, and I hear on all sides of laughter, applause, nudgings, and suppressed chuckles, that betoken the rich enjoyment of double meaning, and are said to have produced a greater success than "Betsy." In my own opinion this is somewhat unfair on poor Betsy, who was an amusi ng lass say what people will; but in spite of the laughter and applause over the new play, I cannot help detecting a hollow ring in it—a sense of occasional depression, and an idea that the subject is strained to its most extreme tension, in order to provide material for as good farce-acting as can be found on any stage in any country. As to the tone of the piece, I would rather be silent. I have no desire to provoke any controversy, or to fly in the face of a public determined to encourage this form of fun. An artist expert in the trick of double meaning can turn round upon the objector and call

him a prude or a nasty fellow. He can put on an air of injured innocence and say, "Well, I don't mean what you mean!" To charge Mr. Albery with ever suggesting a wrong meaning to a simple sentence is very far indeed from my inclination. He is, I am perfectly aware, quite innocent of any such intention, and, I am bound to add, has protested against the hastiness of critics, who have misconstrued sentences in almost every play he has written. It is very annoying, no doubt, for an author to hear audiences roaring with laughter at guileless words and attaching false ideas to simple situations. I made a few notes on my playbill, and will transfer them here to show how Mr. Albery is misunderstood, and what pains an audience takes to discover that which he did not intend. When Miss Rose Saker makes her first entrance as Stella, the widow, at the Westmoreland water-

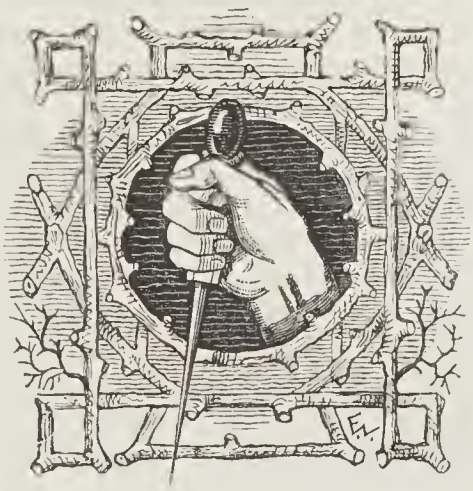
fall, she says, "I have heard of lost women!" and I understood Miss Saker to add, "I suppose I am one;" but I am bound to say the last words were slurred over most discreetly by the actress, who naturally did not desire to get a laugh in this fashion. But the laugh came in spite of the reticence of the actress. In a long dialogue of misunderstanding between Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, the lady asks, "Have you any children?" whereupon the gentleman answers, "My cousin presented me with three!" Screams of laughter again by the prurient audience. There is a scene between a jealous landlady and a stupid servant-maid. "Please, ma'am," says Miss Edith Bruce, "I am so frightened I don't know whether I am standing on my head or my heels!" To which answers Mrs. John Wood, with a look of horror on her face, "No decent woman ought to

be in doubt about such a subject as that!" Roars from the audience, which culminated in a scream when Miss Edith Bruce adds, "Master's regularly turned me upside down!" Some of the details of the play so innocently intended are also utterly mistaken by the audience. A lady is said to be getting up on a pony outside an hotel door in an ordinary walking-dress, and without a habit. "Go to your master's room," says Mrs. John Wood, "and draw down the blinds!" Roars of laughter, again increased tremendously when the waiter returns with, "Master says he won't have them drawn down!" For a wife who is a landlady perpetually to fear for the moral conduct of the landlord because two of the guests have pretty boots, and for the landlord—he is Mr. W. J. Hill—to wink ominously at the thought of the "buttoned ones," and for a love dialogue between a gentleman and a lady to turn again upon feet and pretty shoes, compelling the actress to realise Sir John Suckling's lines:

> Her feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light—

are incidents no doubt natural to modern farce; but I could not help wondering why, once upon a time, a play of modern manners, called "A False Step," written by Mr. Arthur Matthison, was forbidden for fear of causing offence to society by its outspoken and trenchant criticism of society's sins; nor indeed could I understand what a young army-man meant when the curtain fell on "Where's the Cat?" "Well, that's about the tallest play I have seen for some time." What could he mean? He was the victim of misunderstanding, and he owes Mr. Albery an apology, does he not?

As to the acting, nothing could be better, more spirited, or vivacious. In this department of art, Mr. Charles Wyndham is unrivalled. He would make the dullest play go by pure force of animal spirits, and when he is assisted by Mrs. John Wood, the most comic actress of her time; by Mr. W. J. Hill, who is embodied laughter; by Mr. Beerbohm-Tree, whose attitudes as the æsthetic poet are exquisitely funny; by Mr. H. Standing and Mr. Giddens, both able actors; and by such a charming trio as Miss Rose Saker, Miss Mary Rorke, and Miss Eastlake—small wonder indeed that the audience is enchanted, nay dazzled against every delinquency. And what do all these clever people, artists every one of them, think of the "new comedy?" I wonder if they consider their highest mission is fulfilled, and their talents employed to the best advantage, when the "guffaws" come over such innocent dialogue?—C. S.



"GOOD FORTUNE."

Adapted from the French of OCTAVE FEUILLET, by C. F. COGHLAN.
First produced, St. James's Theatre, Saturday, December 4th, 1880.

Charles Denis... ...	MR. KENDAL.	Goatherd	MASTER MCCONNELL.
Sir George Fallow ...	MR. JOHN CLAYTON.	Lady Banks	MRS. STEPHENS.
The Hon. Tom Bolger	MR. DRAYCOTT.	Mrs. Ransome ...	MRS. GASTON MURRAY.
Mr. Spencer Ward ...	MR. T. N. WENMAN.	Isabel	MRS. KENDAL.
Dr. Chester	MR. BRANDON.	Miss Somers	MISS LINDA DIETZ.
Gilbert...	MR. MACKINTOSH.	Mrs. Clinch	MISS COWLE.
Clinch	MR. DENNY.	Jenny Williams ...	MISS B. BUCKSTONE.

THIS, the last dramatic version of Octave Feuillet's novel, "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," is in many respects the best. Granted that it was found necessary to do the work, it could scarcely be better done; but in this case authors and managers alike suffer from the temper of the times in which we live. Alas! that it should be confessed, but still it seems true that with all our boasted refinement, our revival of dramatic art, our prospective schools and academies, our church and stage guilds, and countless other instances of mistaken enthusiasm, there is not in all our millions of playgoers a public large enough to support the increased and increasing numbers of, what I may call, high-class theatres. The absence of imagination on the one hand and the hunger for vulgarity on the other seem to paralyse the energies of managers who, besides being business men, are men of taste. It is sad to confess that if Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal were to put up a roaring nonsensical farce with every sentence so artfully contrived that it had an innocent as well as a suspicious meaning, they would fill their stalls with the best people in London, refined women would be giggling behind their fans, young girls would be subjecting their innocent minds to undesirable suggestions, and the theatre would echo to the contented chuckle of the club satyr. But this is just what Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal refuse to do, for they protest against the doctrine that the business of a manager is to make his theatre pay and nothing else, that he must drag in the shillings as best he can. They are managers it is true, but they are artists also.

The good time will, however, come; the reaction must supervene; and as people gradually sicken of that which is amusingly unwholesome, as men weary of questionable stories and elect to change the conversation, so will the public get free from the unwholesome atmosphere of dubious jokes and breathe the fresh air of pure plays. Here is one at any rate, not recklessly sentimental or tediously pathetic, with nothing of the "Laura Matilda" school about it or distressingly sad, but, as treated by Mr. Coghlan, suggestive of chivalrous and manly thoughts, interesting in its types of varied character, and certainly not deficient in interest. Besides, at the St. James's Theatre is to be found by far the best complete company in London. Lovers of good acting should never neglect this fact. They are not only individually clever, but from acting together so often have acquired a symmetry and harmony much to be desired. In this play of "Good Fortune" lovers of good acting can see Mr. and Mrs. Kendal unrivalled in their own particular style; Mrs. Gaston Murray the best fashionable mother; and Mrs. Stephens the funniest old woman on the stage; Mr. Wenman and Mr. Macintosh, who are so wonderfully expert in the instant grasp of character; two remarkably clever children—Miss B. Buckstone and Master McConnell, who have, by some marvellous process, been turned out as ready-made artists by Mr. Hare; and Miss Linda Dietz, who, in a very difficult and, as some people call, "thankless part"—though why I cannot imagine,—has done better work than she has ever done before, and shown how capable

she is of expressing by her art the serpentine love that can be cruel at a pinch, the nature that revolts against mankind and womankind alike, when it is crushed by indifference or neglect. The acting of Miss Dietz in this play was extremely subtle; and from this suggestion I should like very much to see her play Zicka in "Diplomacy." That was the view that Bartet—now promoted from the Vaudeville to the Français—took of the character, and I am convinced it is the correct one.—C. S.

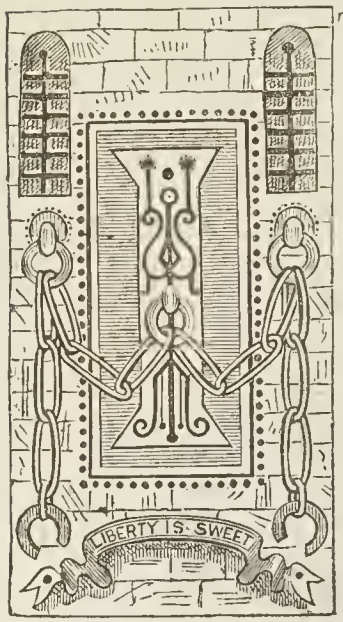
E. D. WARD.

THE career of this bright and clever young actor at the Folly Theatre is sufficiently brief; but it is interesting as showing how, in these days of starring companies, the most popular and promising of the actors in the

provinces surely find their way to London. In the old days, the London stage was recruited from the stock and steady provincial companies at the head-centres of local dramatic art; now the starring companies that follow one another all over the United Kingdom occasionally yield up some of their cleverest young men and young ladies to fill the gaps on the London stage. This is at any rate encouraging. Mr. E. D. Ward made his first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, on July 2nd, 1876, in the part of the Hon. Charles Ewart, in Frank Marshall's "False Shame," as played by Messrs. Pitt and Hamilton's Company. After only two months' work here he was raised to juvenile business, and played Jack Wyatt, in "The Two Roses;" Charles Courtley, in "London Assurance;" and Vladimir, in the "Danischeffs." At the end of a year Mr. E. D. Ward joined the "Caste"

company, and played George d'Alroy, in "Caste;" Lord Beaufoy, in "School;" and all the interesting parts in the Robertsonian scheme of comedy. In 1878 we find Mr. Ward specially engaged for Count Orloff, in "Diplomacy;" and he played the part for twenty-one weeks, returning to the "Caste" company to play Colonel White, in "Home;" Hugh Chalcote, in "Ours;" and Hawtree, in "Caste." Soon after Mr. Toole discovered this promising young comedian, and "the whirligig of time" finds him safely housed at the Folly Theatre, playing favourite leading parts, and steadily making a name.

Our Omnibus-Box.



IT is Christmas-time, and everyone ought to be good-natured, but what am I to say to an amiable correspondent who wants me to give, during 1881, in THE THEATRE for one shilling, "two" cabinet photographs and many more illustrations? He complains that the photographs are too small for his photograph-book, so he confesses he mutilates THE THEATRE and does not bind it up. He does not know that every inch added to the Woodbury-type pictures increases their expense, and he is evidently not aware that each photograph given in THE THEATRE for one shilling costs exactly double that sum in the shops. When THE THEATRE has a circulation as large as "Harper's" or "Scribner's" it will be time to talk of two photographs for a shilling. At present I can do no more than jog along slowly.

Thank goodness we live in the days of an enlightened dramatic censorship. A friend sends me a note of some of Colman's verbal alterations in one of the plays of his period:

Please to omit the following marked words in the representation of the musical drama called "Philip of Anjou":—

Act I. Scene 2. Nicole: "Lord bless me."
" " 3. Louise: "Merciful powers protect him."
Act II. " 2. Nicole: "I feel more inclined to say my prayers."
" " 4. Louise: "This way—now good angels protect me."

G. COLMAN.

To the Manager, English Opera Company,
Adelphi Theatre Royal, Strand.

May I hope that the new year will deliver me from unsolicited contributors, who require me to send back by return of post their literary efforts at my own expense, and from dreadfully clever people who write me instructions how to edit THE THEATRE? I have received a postcard from an abnormally erudite person in St. John's Wood, who professes to be shocked and indignant because Mr. Yardley uses the word "Benedict" in his story last month. Says my correspondent: "Your verses are wretched, and

ought not to have been admitted. But Benedict in a theatrical journal! Proh! pudor!" A word with you, my clever friend. I understand Benedict to be a married man, from the Latin benedictus, a happy man; and I always took the word to be a skit on the Order of St. Benedict, famous for its ascetic habits and of course rigidly bound to celibacy. Long after the word with this meaning was in use, Shakespeare, in "Much Ado about Nothing," availed himself of the joke in making his Benedick rail against marriage but afterwards marry Beatrice. It is strictly correct to call a married man a Benedict, and to talk of Shakespeare's hero as Benedick. So, my dreadfully clever young person, who writes in a feigned hand on a postcard, Proh! pudor!

Mr. Kyrle Bellew has gone to America, and on the eve of departure took a graceful farewell of his friends in Old England. For my own part I ever regretted the litigation that ended in a decision compelling an actor with an established London reputation to play in Glasgow or nowhere. America gains what we lose, and English art will be again represented in that country by an actor who unites to youth and a singular charm of manner an intelligence of a high order. Taking the success of Mr. H. J. Montague as a precedent, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, if he has good friends and advisers in New York, ought to command a very first-rate position.

I have received the following appreciative letter: "The article in The Theatre of this month on the 'Old Circuits,' by a Septuagenarian, has very much interested me. It may surprise you to learn that the Tom Short who played Pierre in 'Venice Preserved,' and Stukeley in 'The Gamester,' with Miss O'Neil, in 1818, still lives. Born in 1787, he had passed the first flush of manhood when he took these characters, so many years ago; and he lives now, a hale and prosperous gentleman, in Cornwall, in the year 1880, at the age of ninety-three years, although occupying a very different position in society. It may interest some of your readers to know this."

Madame Isabel Fassett, who sang at the Crystal Palace for the first time on Saturday, November 20th, is a most welcome addition to our contralto vocalists. Possessing a fine stage presence, and a voice of large range and rich quality, particularly in the lower register, she has also evidently had the advantage of excellent teaching. Her rendering of the Handel aria from "Semele" was artistic and effective, and received a deserved recognition from the audience. Liszt's highly imaginative setting to the "King of Thule" also exhibited Madame Fassett's power of dramatic expression.

Messrs. A. and S. Gatti have purchased the right of the English version of "Michael Strogoff," for the Adelphi Theatre, recently produced with so much success in Paris, and composed by MM. D'Ennery and Jules Verne. The piece is to be produced in the early spring on a scale of great splendour, and the cast of characters will include several of the most popular favourites of the London stage. The scenery will be entrusted to Mr. Wm. Beverley, the great scenic artist. Mr. Charles Warner has been invited to play the principal character.

"Well, lass, that's one of my favourite old plays," said an old Cattle Show visitor to his daughter the other evening, in my hearing, as the Adelphi audience was streaming into the Strand. The play was "The

Green Bushes;" and here, at any rate, was one out of the many millions whose faith in the play had survived—and who did not miss—Wright, or Paul Bedford, or Mr. J. L. Toole, or Madame Celeste, or Miss Woolgar, or any of the famous actors and actresses who have identified themselves with this stage evergreen. Comparisons quite apart, it was admirably acted the other evening, particularly by Henry Neville, and Miss Pateman, and Lydia Foote. What a charming actress is this same Lydia Foote, and as she sings the "Green Bushes," in her blue cloak, with pathetic cadences, my memory goes back to the early days of "The Ticket-of-Leave-Man," at the Olympic. But the best surprise of all was the Geraldine of Mrs. Bernard Beere, who seems on the high road to become a very valuable melodramatic actress. Her fine resonant voice, her power of graceful attitude and discipline of drapery, her sudden falls and expressive faints, are all in favour of a bolder line of business than this clever and industrious lady has yet undertaken. The dejected outcast in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Gretchen" was good enough in its way, picturesque and earnest, but Geraldine shows how Mrs. Beere can attack a more formidable stronghold and carry it with comparative case. The nervous force shown in Mrs. Bernard Beere's Geraldine was very marked, and her cries had the true ring in them.

Mr. J. Keith Angus has intimated to the secretary of the Kemble Dramatic Club, Aberdeen, his acceptance of the office of patron, and also states his willingness to present them with the nucleus of a dramatic library.

SCENE.—IN A FASHIONABLE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE HON. A. G.—Where shall we go to-night?

LORD B.—To the play, of course.

MISS C.—That will be too supremely delicious. Oh dear yes, to the play.

THE HON. A. G.—What play?

LORD B.—A funny play—to "Who Shot the Dog?"

LADY D.—But, my dear, you would never take that child to such a play. They tell me it is quite curious. In fact, positively compromising.

MISS C.—Oh! nonsense, dear Lady B., what harm can there possibly be? *Besides, I've a large fan!* [*They go to the play. Curtain.*

Actresses are certainly very scarce. That is to say, actresses who can be safely relied upon to undertake important business at a very short notice. When Mr. Edgar Bruce determined to try, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Mr. Charles Coghlan's version of "La Morte Civile," with the author-actor in the leading part, he necessarily required an actress of position. Why not Miss Amy Roselle, who had created the part in the provinces? Unfortunately, Miss Roselle was already engaged at the Court, and had thoroughly rehearsed the second rôle in "Adrienne Lecouvreur." If Miss Roselle was to play at the Prince of Wales's in Mr. Coghlan's play, who was to take her place at the Court? Why Mrs. Bernard Beere, of course; but then, as ill-luck would have it, Mrs. Bernard Beere was already engaged at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and had been lent to the Adelphi for "The Green Bushes" and Geraldine.

So the three clever managers put their heads together, and settled the matter by mutual concession, and in an amiable frame of mind. The Brothers Gatti gave up Mrs. Bernard Beere, and promised to find another

Geraldine. Miss Amy Roselle undertook to play the Princess in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" for a week, and then to transfer her services to the Prince of Wales's Theatre for Mr. Coghlan's play, and Mrs. Bernard Beere will become the Princess to Madame Modjeska's Adrienne when "La Morte Civile" is ready.

"La Morte Civile," in which Mr. Coghlan has arranged to appear, is celebrated because it is one of the favourite plays in the répertoire of Salvini. A year or so back I happened to be in Paris and went to see a French version of this Italian play, in which Pujol appeared, he having determined to show that he was not the comedian of the Gymnase but the tragedian of the Odéon. I honestly confess that the play was so dull or the acting so uninteresting, that I found I could not shake off sleep, and left long before the curtain had finally fallen. I never saw Salvini in this part, and I don't care to see Pujol any more. But I look forward with interest to Mr. Coghlan.

It has been stated that Mr. Boucicault is leaving England and bidding us a long farewell, because "the press betrays prejudice, if not unkindness, towards him personally." The remark has been made before by every actor, actress, author, or manager, who, having been lauded to the skies for years, makes one of those harmless errors in judgment, to which all men and women are liable; but the authority for the statement is not of the most trustworthy kind, and it is not a fact.

At Christmas time all who love fun and a good pantomime never fail to visit the Britannia, where Mrs. S. Lane welcomes everyone most hospitably to her splendid and hospitable house. A little dinner in the City—say the Ship and Turtle for choice—a short ride in a swift hansom, and then one of the sights of London, a house crammed to suffocation with a happy and contented audience. The Britannia pantomime this year has been written by Mr. H. Spry, and is founded on the French Féerie called "Five Hundred Devils." It is called "Harlequin Love's Dream; or, The Daughter of the King of the Kingless Kingdom." Mrs. Lane will play the principal part in the pantomime (Mephistophino), and will remain true to her original plan of abjuring music-hall tunes and hackneyed melodies. All the chief songs in the pantomime are taken from the French, and are remarkable for their grace and liveliness. Let no one neglect a visit to the Britannia if they care to see a beautiful spectacle and first-rate fun.

And there is another lady who gives every Londoner a cordial welcome —the manageress of a suburban theatre known as Brighton—Mrs. Nye Chart. A suggestion has been made to run a special train from Brighton to London this year, immediately after the pantomime, to enable London people to get back to town after the transformation scene. Mr. Knight, who is indefatigable in the cause of Brighton, will no doubt see that it is carried out. But be that as it may, the Brighton pantomime ever holds up its head beside its much-vaunted London rivals, and Mrs. Nye Chart's theatre is the nursery of clever artists.

The Gaiety Christmas amusement will be "Ali Baba," written by Mr. R. Reece, and acted by Edward Terry, Nellie Farren, Mr. Dallas, Miss Connie Gilchrist, Mr. Squire, and Miss Kate Vaughan. We are to

have, of course, the "jar" scene, a wonderful dance of Morgiana, new scenery, handsome accessories, and gorgeous dresses. Need anything more be said?

Seeing that "orders" are now so common at many of our theatres, it becomes a question whether the holders of such have permission to give vent to adverse feeling concerning the play presented. If the person admitted free feels that he should not hiss, he may also have respect enough for himself not to applaud if he deems the play to be bad. The story is told of an author who distributed orders lavishly, and the holders of these deemed it their duty to cheer his play. By degrees, however, so bad was the production, all desisted from applauding, except one, who kept up alternate applause and hissing. "Is it possible," inquired one of his neighbours, "that you can approve and disapprove at the same time?" "No, no," was the reply, "that is not the case; I know that this play is the most execrable thing that ever was performed; but I came in with an order, and have a great regard for the author; and so, that I may neither wrong him nor my own judgment, I have abused the piece out of justice to myself till I am hoarse, and clapped it to oblige him till my hands are sore."

The Dilettante Club has resolved to extend its wings, and has blossomed into the high and mighty sounding "Arts Promotion Society, Limited"—the latter word referring to the monetary condition of the society, and not to its artistic one. The new capital is put down at ten thousand pounds, three of which have been subscribed. The new scheme is simply to enlarge the old one. It may prosper, seeing that the Shakespeare and Burns Society has, for want of better hunting-fields, wedged its way into Argyll Street—though a celebrated circus (Hengler's), where all the children ought to go at Christmas, has been there long before either were thought or heard of.

When it is the time to decorate the Christmas-tree or to remember friendship with a New Year's card, I should advise a visit to Mr. Rimmel's scented shop in the Strand. Anyone can tell where it is from the sweet perfumes that rise up in the neighbourhood of Beaufort Buildings, close to the site of Mr. D'Oyley Carte's new theatre. It seems to me that the enterprise in scented gifts for the Christmas-tree of 1880–81 is richer and prettier than it has ever been before. Books containing sly bottles of scent, mutton-chops stuffed with Jockey Club, apples and oranges secreting "White Rose," little wooden sabots with bottles of perfume in them, exquisite hampers with scent-bottles neatly packed—will hang from many a lighted tree to delight the children; and as to the Christmas Cards, there is this additional value in them, that, when they have arrived by post, they can be used as a *sachet*. This is a veritable toy-shop of scents.

Mr. Davenport Adams asks me to correct a slip which crept into his article last month on "Chrononhotonthologos." "Tom Thumb" was first performed in 1730, not in 1751, as stated on page 338. The mistake was made in the hurry of transcription—the whole sentence in which it occurs being intended as a "Note," not as a portion of the text—and being hastily inserted at the last moment.

Two more corrections should be made in the December number of THE THEATRE. On page 369 of our last volume, "An Old Master" was

produced on the 6th November, not on the 6th of December; and on page 378, the last line but one, for "The Favourite of Fortune" read "A Hero of Romance" (produced at the Haymarket, 14th March, 1868). Please correct on bound copies, which I trust are safely deposited on many a bookshelf by this time, for it must be remembered that The Theatre complete for 1880 is an illustrated History of the Stage in 1880, and, by-the-bye, makes a capital Christmas Present. I shall be very much obliged for early information where errors are detected in our pages, for a record is nothing unless it is accurate.

I wonder if many people know that they pass and repass, who shall say how many times a day, a perfect fairy palace in Oxford Street; a palace so artfully contrived that you emerge from a dimly-darkened approach into a positive blaze of light, a fairy palace with jewelled roof and lined from end to end with glittering glass—glass on the walls, glass in the foreground and the distance, jewelled glass, rock crystal glass, glass from the island of Murano near Venice, glass from the midland city of Birmingham, glass for ornament and use, great blocks of glass like cut diamonds full of rainbow hues. It is a fairyland of glass, and the arrangement of it are due to the skill and taste of Messrs. F. and C. Osler, who once upon a time asked Owen Jones to design them a cabinet for their glass treasures, and here it is open to every beholder, rich and poor; the rich can buy and the poor can long. But the reason for my calling attention to it is with a view to pointing out the effect of a recent device that combines glass with brass in chandeliers, brackets, and decorative lamps with astounding success. Theatrical managers are always looking out for new ideas, and those who admire the stage are constantly taking hints from the theatre. Nothing more brilliant or artistic could be found than this new union of glittering metals. They do wonderful things on the stage; but if anything more fantastic in transformation scenes can be found this Christmas than at Messrs. Osler's, 45, Oxford Street, I shall be astonished.

PIANOS FOR THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.

The chief exhibitors of British pianos at the Melbourne Exhibition are the celebrated firm of John Brinsmead and Sons, who, by-the-way, at the recent Sydney Exhibition, gained the highest award and a special mention above such eminent firms as Erard, Steinway, Chickering, Kirkman, and seventy-eight other competitors. Following up the successes they have gained for our country in Sydney, Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons propose to even improve their pianos, even if (being the highest) they cannot improve their position, for Melbourne. A few weeks ago they gave a public recital at St. James's Hall, on the pianofortes they have sent to Melbourne. These pianos are not specially manufactured for the occasion. They are, indeed, taken "out of stock," although they are doubtless among the best of Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' ordinary manufacture: such, in short, as are not expressly made for exhibitions, but as are sold to the general public.

The first piano is what is called a "full-concert grand," and is, in fact, the piano used for concerts. It is in an oak case, and it has various patented improvements which we shall proceed to describe with, as far as possible, an avoidance of technicalities. The "check-repeater action" allows each note to be sounded as rapidly as the nimblest pianist can play it. The "sostenente sounding-board" allows the whole sound-board to be used instead of only a small portion of it, and it greatly improves the sustaining and other powers of tone. The "sound-sustaining pedal" allows one or more notes, or a chord, to be sounded for a minute or more,

the hammers and dampers being held from such notes, while the other notes can be sounded independently.

Other pianos to be sent to Melbourne are a grand, suitable for drawing-room use, with the sound-sustaining pedal before described, and with bridges of reverberation; a short iron grand piano, a grand oblique piano, the strings of which are placed obliquely, and which, having gained a medal at Philadephia, is called the "Centennial Oblique"; an overstrung grand oblique piano with the newly-invented tone-renovator, which we shall presently describe; and an upright iron grand. All these pianos have a complete iron frame which makes the piano last a lifetime, and they all have the "sostenente sounding-board" and the patent "check-repeater action" already described. The special invention to be exhibited at Melbourne is, however, the patent tone compensator and renovator, by which the pianoforte, which has hitherto been at a disadvantage as compared with other stringed instruments, may be so modulated as to preserve a definite and equal quality of tone, which can easily be renewed at any time. It should be remarked that when, for instance, the tone of a violin deteriorates through age, or from other causes, which have nothing to do with the original soundness and perfection of the instrument, the strings have to be adjusted to a different height from the body of the instrument by means of a new bridge of greater height. A similar effect is produced by the compensating mechanism in these pianos; the strings pass over the top of the compensating bars and then on to the bridge of the sounding-board, and a series of screws regulate the position of the bars as may be required for the purpose of securing or restoring complete unity and fulness of tone, the adjusting pressure-bar so controlling the pressure of the strings on the bridges as to increase or diminish it at once. It would be difficult to attach too much importance to this invention, especially as it can be applied equally well to the overstrung oblique and the upright as also to the horizontal grand pianos. An equally valuable consideration is the fact that after many years of service a piano constructed on this principle can in a few minutes be restored to its original purity and power of tone.

We may add that Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons have, owing to the large increase of their business, been obliged to commence the building of an extra and large factory at Kentish Town. The new factory will have five floors, 140 feet long by 35 feet wide, divided into fifteen workshops. The roof will form a magnificent flat for drying timber, this roof being served by a hydraulic lift capable of lifting or lowering two tons of wood.

The Theatre.—No. 14, Third Series.

Woodburytype.

"Now I speak"
Sincerely yours
Myra Holme

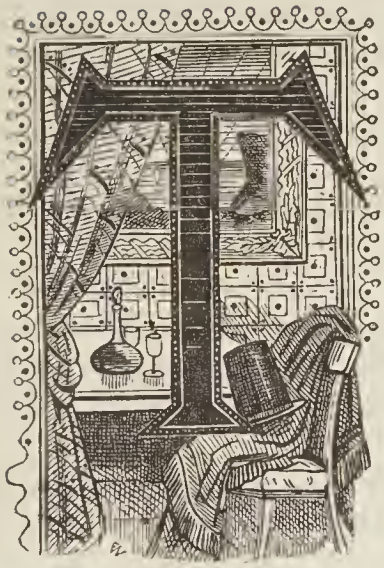
"Mighty-Dollar."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOCK & WHITFIELD, 178, REGENT STREET, W.

The Theatre.

FEBRUARY 1, 1881.

MISS MORTIMER.



By W. F. Waller.

THE bills proclaim her an Amazon Queen in the sort of "fakement" to which Bowker, lessee and manager, finds his Millchester audience of bloated cotton swells, used-up "hands," and heavy Dragoons, can most promptly and profitably be got to "tumble."

Penthesilea's golden hair shimmers under her helmet with metallic reflections of its own. She has a sort of cream-laid complexion, which a blush would have seemed to blister, but which stage-paint makes to bloom provocative. Seen even at close quarters, the sharp contrasts of red and white on cheek and chin, the gray eyes pencilled into dark, the over-ripened under-lip — all this rather enhances than otherwise the strong, though quite unæsthetic, attraction her face has for men.

A supple glittering cuirass moulds like a corset the lithe exuberance of her form; exiguous folds of tawny leopard's skin drape her from one shoulder; and then pink silk and buskin boots "end admirably all."

The great glass in the green-room reflects this full-length for a moment or two, till, with a slow smile and a little nod of approval, she turns away at the shrill summons of the call-boy:

"Miss Mortimer, please!"

Outside the green-room someone lurks about, expectant of her—a stunted Caliban in a grimy jacket and paper cap, whose countenance exhibits an uncouth arrangement of the objectionable passions in dirt and white.

Caliban shambles away to the door which opens on to the stage, and holds it back for her to enter. Her gloved hand gives him a sort of pat.

"Thank you, Ned," she says as she passes through.

She has given him, as it were, his nightly dram. Dram! where is the gin that would fill him with this fire? For a touch of her hand she might have his life, or what other man's life she chose to ask for. The dram working in him, he lurks about the wing, watching her. To the clash of cymbals and the clatter of drums she enters—incedit regina—superb, splendid. She is the rage at Millchester; she has "bit 'em," as Bowker has it.

Symptoms of the rage are strongest, as usual, in the great stage-box occupied in force by a detachment from the barracks. Penthesilea's glance goes straight at one man in this box—a man fair to see, who stands, a head above his fellows, in the background, silent and making no sign. His white teeth shine out though at her now under his reddish moustache, and the cold blue of his eyes warms up sufficiently to satisfy her no doubt, for she smiles again as she takes up her part.

Caliban, in the wing, has "spotted" this little byplay—not for the first time. By-and-by, when the can is passed round his gang, one of them, I fear, drinks damnation under his breath to a certain captain of Dragoons—not for the first time either.

* * * * * *

"Good-evening, Captain Harford."

He has come lounging into the green-room, as is his wont, during the wait.

She might be in her street-dress, and holding out her hand to him in the street, such profound unconsciousness is there always in her tone of being that temptation to him in her stage-dress which she is, and means to be. And this unconsciousness is only another irritant. And, at last, this cool hand is brought to declare himself.

He produces something which his experience has taught him may materially assist his declaration. It is a shagreen-case, which, opened, discloses a diamond bracelet.

She makes a little movement, cat-like—woman-like—as though to pounce upon it.

"Just so," thinks the captain.

But it is not just so. She checks that little movement in time, and it is the back of her hand which touches the captain's offering. She wants a good deal more from him than a diamond bracelet.

"No, thank you, Captain Harford. There are plenty of men in Millchester to give me that sort of thing——"

"Of course," he agrees unpleasantly.

"If I chose to wear it; but, you see, I don't."

Between the tip of her glove and her shoulder-strap there is certainly nothing whatever on either of the grand arms she holds out to him.

Now he has noticed this absence of votive offerings already; and it has somehow flattered his vanity very much—as it was intended, perhaps, to do.

"I thought though," he says, mollified, "that you'd let me give you something."

"So you shall. You shall give me something worth having—that flower."

He stares at her.

"Sentimental?" he wonders. "By Jove!"

"And you shall keep that bracelet for me."

"Till when?"

"We'll talk about that to-morrow. Here, fasten this thing again for me. Quick! I must go!"

And she goes with the scarlet flower out of his button-hole set between the clasps of her cuirass.

The cool hand quits the green-room, feverish.

"What the devil is she driving at?" he speculates, as he makes his way back to the little private door which gives access to the box-corridor from the stage. Up aloft in the flies, Caliban, watching him, wonders, if he were, by accident, to let fall the handle he holds, whether it would be quite heavy enough to kill the captain.

* * * * * *

To-morrow comes; and she comes along the quiet road, her hair shimmering now under a felt hat, and the cuirass and the rest replaced by an ulster and a home-spun skirt; and he walks beside her with his horse's bridle over his arm; and the dénouement comes also.

"The reason," she says quietly, "why I don't take diamond bracelets from other men is because I care—for you."

"Virtuous tack?" the captain marvels, whilst he squeezes her hand, and makes a mumbling indicative of rapture.

"But you wouldn't take mine," he reminds her presently.

"Because I don't know how much you care for me."

"Scruples? Delicacy?" he marvels again. "What the devil is she driving at?"

How much he cares for her? He swears, hotly enough, that he cares more for her than for anything or anybody besides.

"Will you marry me, Captain Harford?"

This is the dénouement, is it? This is what she is driving at. It is as much as he can do not to whistle. Marry her? What does she take him for? What does she suppose he takes her for?

"Well?" she asks.

He commences to explain that there are reasons why——

"Why you can only care for me more than for anything or anybody besides? Very well. Then there are reasons why you and I had better say good-bye."

All his arguments fail to demonstrate the non-existence, in fact, of any such reasons. He is fain to admit at last that she means what she says, when he finds himself held steadily, coldly at arm's length, with never a chance of breaking down this woman's guard.

And he cannot, as after a fashion he has tried to do, get away from this woman—from the thoughts of her and his temptation; he cannot just let her slide, and leave the regiment, and conciliate the old man, and marry Claire Foulis, and cultivate his cabbages and the home affections,

according to the programme. The programme has small attractions for him; he is possessed by this Mortimer woman—"bit," as Bowker puts it—and at last he gets half wild and fit to do queer things.

Miss Mortimer in this business is, of course, only playing the cards it has pleased Providence to deal her in the way she thinks most calculated to win her game. And her game most decidedly is to marry this Harford. She likes him as well as any man she has ever seen. He is handsome, and a gentleman, and a captain, she sums up. And he will be Sir Ranniear Harford by-and-by, and she would be my lady. Of course he didn't jump at marrying her when she asked him; she couldn't expect he would. But he will come to it after awhile, she thinks; and if he doesn't, why there's no harm done.

Only, when she has worked him into a fit state to do queer things, she fancies he is fit to do the thing she has asked him; and so negotiations are reopened.

He explains his position; how much the old man has in his power; the other, and very decided, opinion he entertains as to his heir's matrimonial arrangements; the row there would be if he were ever to know of this arrangement. And so forth.

Now the Mortimer is aware that she is playing for very high stakes, and that she must not be too particular. So eventually she agrees to London and the civil ceremony.

They are to go up by a morning train, and come back, married, in the afternoon. She is to play as usual that evening, and nobody is to be a whit the wiser. Details she does not ask about much. But one thing she does ask him.

"You mean straight?"

Of course he does.

"Upon your word of honour as a gentleman?"

Upon his word of honour as a gentleman. If she had ever had a a doubt, she has none after this. She still retains a superstitious belief in that formula.

But one night Bowker, with strong language only just off his tongue, has to come on, and, in his most conciliatory tones, announce that, owing to sudden and serious indisposition, Miss Mortimer will be unable to appear.

* * * * * *

These are not the days for belief, superstitious or otherwise, in any formula.

His word of honour as a gentleman!

She lashes him with this as a woman will, in these cases; and he stands it as a man must.

Will she listen to him? he asks, when he thinks he has stood about enough. But the old special pleading avails nothing with her. She keeps to the point.

Will he keep his word?

He will do anything and everything she asks him.

Will he keep his word?

Anything and everything she asks him—but that, he has to explain with all soothing circumlocution.

Her gray eyes are hard on him as flints; her small sharp teeth show, set; her cream-laid complexion turns a shade or two paler. It is perhaps as well there is no more lethal weapon under her hand than an hotel table-knife.

Having, however, no dagger to use but the daggers of speech and look, and recognising at once the uselessness of weapons like these, she turns from him without another word, and leaves the room.

She is back again directly in her hat and ulster; and she is going. This is rather startling.

"Going?" he repeats. "Nonsense."

"You thought I would stay here after this?"

He certainly had thought so.

"I wouldn't stay here now to be your wife. . . . Ah! don't touch me. . . . Keep away. . . . You'll come with me? If you come a step I'll call out to the first man I meet who you are and what you have done."

And he sees that she actually would put this remarkable threat into execution; and he appreciates the hideous esclandre that would follow.

"As you please," he says at last, shrugging his shoulders, biting his moustache, and glowering at her. "If you really prefer to go, and to go alone, why, I suppose you must. Only, hang it! I don't know that I'm going to give you up altogether like this."

"Leave me alone, if you are wise, Captain Harford, after to-day. If you ever come near me again, I won't answer for your life."

She looks dangerous enough as she leaves him with this warning; but to him it only means that she is a very angry woman. Justifiably angry, no doubt. He grants, à part lui, that he deserves to be knifed or shot for what he has done, if it were the fashion to knife or shoot men for this sort of thing; but then, it isn't. Still, being gone, he had better let her go. What is the good of an esclandre?

But she leaves in his heart behind her, rage, mortification, vicious vindictiveness—all exacerbated by the sting of a certain sense of shame which he has never felt before.

* * * * * *

The whirligig that brings about revenges goes on much as usual.

There being nothing else for it, he has adopted the main items of the programme which has such small attractions for him. That is to say, he has left the regiment, he has conciliated the old man—and buried him into the bargain—and he has married Claire Foulis. As a cultivator of cabbages and the home affections he does not seem likely to excel. He has evinced no symptoms of settling down yet; and when, one dismal December afternoon, Sir Rannicar—he is Sir Rannicar now—and Lady Harford arrive, after a long sojourn abroad, at Robbin's Hotel, my lady, still fond, and always rather foolish, sea-sick to-day and heart-sick these many days, finding herself once more left to dine alone, collapses suddenly behind the soup-tureen in the sight of a scandalised waiter, and is borne off by her maid to tea and tears in her bedroom.

The Mortimer reads this arrival amongst the rest in "The Mirror" next day, as she sits in the pretty little morning-room of the pretty little house, to which the sueeess whieh invariably attends talent sueh as hers has entitled her by now. And, as she reads, that same expression whieh Captain Harford saw on her faee last, eomes on it again.

It passes from it swift as a breath passes from a polished blade at the sound of a knoek and ring at her street-door. Her faee shines again for him who, young, bright, blushing, eager, eomes, in a eouple of his long strides, from the hall-door into her presenee, with a bouquet in his hand that has cost him a "fiver," and an artless exeuse on his lips for coming so early, the enuneiation whereof costs him eonsiderably more.

The faet is, though, that it is sueh a lovely morning that he thought Miss Mortimer might like to ride, and—and—— She will? How jolly! And he has told them to bring round the mare. And he has brought this bouquet. And the bouquet is eharming; and Mr. Carbery is very kind; and she will go and dress. Auon they ride away together in the sunshine; and the first man almost they meet is Sir Rannicar Harford, who takes off his hat and nods a rather insolent salute.

Sir Ranniear has heard all about Miss Mortimer at the Club the previous evening. How, having reeovered from her severe indisposition and reappeared in Millehester, she has "bitten" various other provineial audienees; how, the fame of her having reaehed the metropolis, she has beeome the bright partieular star of the Royal Philander Theatre, and "bitten" all London also. And how this rieh young Australian, Carbery, has suffered so severely from the effeets of the bite that it is currently reported he is going to marry Miss Mortimer.

"Marry her!" sneers Sir Ranniear, who has le vin mauvais as a rule. "Regular mania that woman has about marriage."

Harford had known her at Millehester, hadn't he?

"Oh yes," laughs Sir Ranniear; "I knew her there well enough. But," he breaks off abruptly, "hasn't the young fool got anybody to look after him, and put a stop to this business?"

The general impression is, however, that Carbery is by no means a fool, and quite able to take care of himself. If he marries Miss Mortimer, it will be à bon escient. He knows all about her.

"Does he?" Sir Ranniear sneers again.

And he believes she's all right.

"Of eourse he does," the other laughs.

And who says she is not? There have been lots of fellows after her; but nobody ean say she's gone anything but straight.

"Sure of that?" Sir Rannicar inquires.

Well, he knew her at Millehester; ean he say anything? Never mind. Will he say it to Carbery? Why not? Here is Carbery.

The Australian eomes into the smoking-room. He stands a eouple of inches over Sir Ranniear, he weighs a eouple of stone heavier, is half as big again round the ehest, must have an arm like a blaeksmith, and, it appears, a knack of using it. On the whole, when the two are made aequainted presently, Sir Ranniear does not say much. All that Carbery

hears is that Sir Rannicar had the pleasure of knowing Miss Mortimer when she was in the provinces.

In the man who takes off his hat and nods that rather insolent salute, Carbery of course recognises Miss Mortimer's soi-disant old acquaintance, and wonders why she does not.

"Don't you know that fellow?" he asks.

Does he know him? she asks herself. Know which man? she inquires aloud. The man who took off his hat and nodded? She didn't see him. Who is he? Sir Rannicar Harford? Of course she knows him. Why, they are quite old friends.

And she brings her mare round, and rides up to her old friend, and holds out her hand, and is so glad to see him with her lips, and so steadily fearless of him with her eyes, that she rather discomfits her enemy by this manifestation of pluck and àplomb, and rides away with the best of this bout. With that idea of hers confirmed, though, that her enemy does mean the mischief she wots of, and that she will never marry Frank Carbery, if Sir Rannicar Harford can prevent her.

Now, she means to marry Carbery; and therefore, if Sir Rannicar—— Ah! the liar! the coward! Let him look to himself well, if he tries to do this thing!

* * * * * *

Lurking at the wing, as usual, one evening, a certain stunted Caliban, who has followed Miss Mortimer through the provinces up to London, sees the man he has been told to look for in the stalls, and drinks to an old toast of his again presently.

Sir Rannicar has taken an early opportunity of coming to see his old friend in her new piece, which is of the old pattern—only "more so." Penthesilea that was, is the Anadyomene that now is, who rises from the fifteen-feet depths of the mezzanine through a sea of azure gauze, her yellow hair shimmering unbound upon her shining shoulders, and her magnificent self robed diaphanous in iridescent sea-foam.

One of her audience thoroughly appreciates Anadyomene, and is less minded than ever to see her marry this Carbery. But he no longer feels called upon to put the dots on the i's for this wild Australian, who might indeed do anything rather than thank him for it. Another feeling—not a good one, naturally—has got the better of his vicious vindictiveness for the time.

She, with all her faculties keenly alive to the situation, perceives this, and laughs that silent inward laugh which never bodes good. She laughs because she knows she has got him again; that he has delivered himself into her hand; that the dots will never be put upon the i's at all; and that she will be Mrs. Carbery.

And so she leads him on, cleverly, coolly, remorselessly to the end. He is barely half an hour from it at last.

That night he has come into the Philander green-room as usual, and she and he are alone there; and there, in a voice thick and husky with wine and passion, he tells this Anadyomene, who has maddened even him, what it is he means. He means she sha'n't marry this Carbery. He

means she belongs to him, and that he never has given her up, and never will.

"I see," she returns, keeping her eyes upon the ground lest he, drunk as he is, should chance read some irrepressible sign of her purpose there, and so escape her. "But if I told you I meant to marry Mr. Carbery, when he asks me, all the same?"

"Well—he wouldn't ask you, Bel; that's all."

"You would tell him? You really would, upon your honour as a gentleman?"

"Upon my—— Eh?" he breaks off, staring at her. "I'd stop it anyhow."

"Very well," she says; "then I must come to terms, I suppose."

He supposes she must too.

"What terms, Bel?"

"We'll discuss that presently—at supper, if you like."

Nothing he would like better. Then let him wait where he is till the piece is over, and she is dressed. Let him come round and knock at her dressing-room door in half an hour. By that time she will be ready. In half an hour? All right. He will come.

For a second her glance falls on him full and fell. He might have read his fate by this flash. But he reads nothing of that kind, and smiles back at her triumphant as she goes to finish her part.

In the dim-lit narrow passage at the back of the scene yawns the mouth of a pit of Acheron. Caliban sits there with his lantern, to light her down. It is through this opening that Anadyomene has to descend to the mezzanine, thence to arise before the footlights.

She touches her attendant with her hand, and says: "Now, Ned."

The two descend.

Caliban emerges again alone from the depths, and sets down his lantern to show the opening according to regulation.

Half an hour passes. The piece is over, the audience dispersing. Someone comes along the dim-lit passage on his way—a way he has trod before to-night—to knock at Miss Mortimer's dressing-room door. Caliban and his lantern disappear.

Sir Rannicar comes on, intent upon that discussion of terms; gets halfway round; and then—feels the flooring fail suddenly beneath his feet, and, with a cry and a curse and a clutching of the air, falls into the dark, and there lies crushed, senseless, bleeding! And then a grimy hand holds up a lantern, and Caliban's face peers down over the top of the pit.

* * * * * *

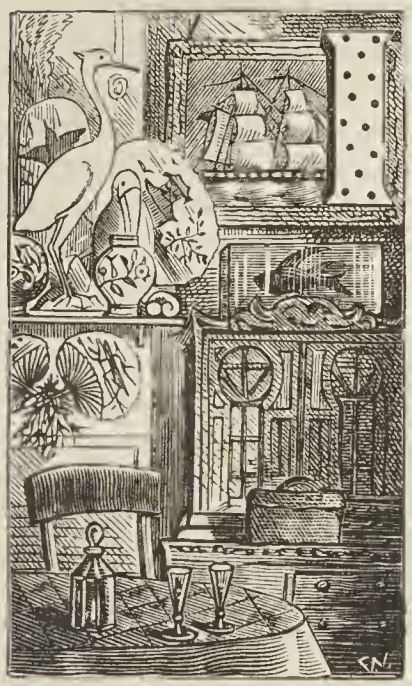
Not dead when they get him out. A paralysed cripple, though, with a damaged brain, who never speaks coherent speech again. His wife nurses him.

How he got down there no one understands. The opening was properly protected—Caliban proves that.

"And I warned him myself," says Mrs. Carbery.

SIX DAYS IN NEW YORK.

By Kyrle Bellew.



CAN hardly presume to think that in these days of rapid travelling, when it is a matter of little surprise that Mr. Irving should open a bazaar at Birmingham in the afternoon, and avenge his "Corsican Brother's" death the same evening at the Lyceum—that Mr. Toole should play in Hastings at 2.30 p.m., and London at 8 p.m.—my recent rapid journey to New York and back can afford matter sufficient to attract the attention of more than my personal friends. However, it may be otherwise, and on the chance of this being so, I give my experiences during a six days' sojourn in the city of New York.

I believe I am what I have heard called a "creature of impulse." To my mind this means a man who acts first and thinks afterwards. Be this as it may, my journey to New York was actuated by impulse, for on receipt of a telegram from Mr. Palmer, of the Union Square Theatre, in New York, I thought no more of the matter than to pack up my traps and start at once by the next outgoing steamer from Liverpool—the "Arizona." A word to intending visitors to America on the choice of ships. The "Arizona" is at present the fastest merchantman afloat, and—I have many years' sea experience to constitute an opinion of value on the subject—certainly one of the steadiest going vessels that ever put to sea. Anyone sailing by this magnificent ship will find Captain Murray a charming companion, and the "Arizona" all that can be desired. She is better ventilated than the largest theatre in London would be, if its boards were occupied during a summer season by a tragedian as foreign to "Hamlet" as "Hamlet" was to him.

We arrived in New York at four in the morning; my first view of the harbour and city being obtained as the light air drove the mists away to the southward, and left nothing but a bright cloudless sky above, and an atmosphere as clear as crystal. What did it look like? Well, like nothing else on earth I have ever seen. We steamed down a bay whose sides were moderately high land, apparently well wooded and sprinkled liberally with buildings, from the Italian villa to the grain-elevator style. The former you know; invert one of those square-sided Australian beef tins, and you have the latter. I have noticed in New York that the ornamental, except in the case of feminine attire, gives place to the useful. We landed, after passing through a maze of shipping, conspicuous amongst which was the ubiquitous steam ferry—the most hideous structure ever designed by human being, but,

they tell me, one of the most paying. New York being built on an island necessitates the presence of these steaming screaming abortions which, as they move swiftly here, there, and everywhere, with their beam-engines high in air, and their white painted hulls, look like so many sections of small streets which, being crowded out, have taken to steam, and are moving away to another part of the world. There is nothing interesting in the landing-places of New York—they resemble most other quays; and the custom-house arrangements are much the same as our own, only the survey is much stricter. Actors can now (the resolution empowering them to do so was passed the day before we landed) pass their theatrical wardrobe free; ladies should remember this especially. By the courtesy of Mr. Moss, the acting-manager of Mr. Lester Wallack's theatre, who met me on my arrival, I was quickly what they called "through," and driving to my destination, the Westminister Hotel, off Union Square, suggested to me by Mr. Dion Boucicault. My first impressions of the streets of New York were not favourable. I thought Dublin knew something about dirty "side-walks;" but in this, as well as in neglected roadways, New York can put that dear dirty old city up to "wrinkles." The city struck me as looking very French, with a nondescript mixture of Holborn and the Westminster Bridge Road about it. There are tramcars everywhere, and—oh shade of Ruskin! (at least I hope it may be long before we invoke that) elevated railways down the principal avenues that intersect the city. Oh those railways! How hideous—how awful—but how convenient! They carry you through the length of New York for the small sum of ten cents. I haven't the remotest idea what ten cents represents, but I am told it is a small sum. If you can travel in New York by tramcar or elevated railway do so, for if you have occasion to hire a "coupé"—Anglicé, the common cab—it is necessary to explain to the driver that you have no desire to purchase the vehicle, his horse, and a Government annuity for his wife and children. I discovered this after being called upon to pay five dollars for a "coupé" from my hotel to the steamer, a distance of about two miles. A dollar represents four shillings. It being still early morning, I dressed myself afresh and descended to breakfast. A word here on New York hotels. On entering, do "a trade" with the hotel clerk. In other words, say: "I want to stop here such a time; I want all the meals you serve per diem; I want my morning tub; my boots cleaned" (it is necessary to be particular about these latter items); "how much?" A sum is then fixed upon, and no more is charged. This is about the only advantage I found in going to an hotel kept on the American principle. If you do not do this, you will need a long purse to pull you through. An American hotel is too sudden a change for a not particularly well-balanced English mind, and mine is not, so they say. The meals are only served at certain hours, and love or money wont purchase them at any others. This to an actor is awkward. Perhaps I was unfortunate in waiters; but mine seemed to wish to impress me with the idea—theirs not mine—that it was a great privilege to be attended by an American waiter, and very little account being an English visitor to the hotel. I struggled hard to grapple with the idea, but it slipped me. I hope I did my duty

as an English subject in that hotel; but the gentlemen who kindly condescended to attend to my discomforts, made me feel the actual necessity of many adjectives which it is etiquette in England to consider obsolete. I had almost forgotten what they were, but in the privacy of my room I looked them up. After breakfast I visited Mr. Palmer, the manager of the Union Square Theatre, at whose invitation I had come out. I found an extremely courteous gentleman, who received me reservedly but gracefully. That interview, and subsequent ones, in which we exchanged views on matters theatrical, were rendered pleasant by many little revelations concerning the American stage which were highly interesting. I did not complete any engagement with Mr. Palmer, for by so doing I should have, I believe, endangered interests which I count too valuable to trifle with. To those who do not know New York, I can say Mr. Palmer's Theatre is one which relies upon the French drama almost entirely. He keeps a very fine stock company, and has the longest seasons of any manager, I believe, in America. The theatre is commodious, the stage arrangements and mounting excellent and careful. I saw there "The Banker's Daughter," known here under the name of "The Old Love and the New." Though admirably acted, I do not believe the piece as originally written would have been successful in this country—for reasons which Mr. Bronson Howard evidently appreciated. A London audience is entirely different from a New York one. On leaving Mr. Palmer I returned to my hotel, where I found a note asking me to visit Mr. Wallack's Theatre as soon as was convenient. Accordingly, as the building was within a stone's throw of me, I made the best of my way there, and in a few minutes was cordially welcomed by one of the most agreeable and kind-hearted men it has been my lot to meet. With a few hearty words, and a grasp of the hand that spoke volumes, John Lester Wallack tendered a sincere welcome to me as the son of his old acquaintance, my father; and, with a slight allusion to my career, showed me that though we had never met I was not quite a stranger to him.

I am proud of the friendship that commenced then, and of the sincerity of which Mr. Wallack gave me many proofs during my brief stay in America. The rehearsal of "Forget-me-Not" was in progress, and I entered the stalls with Mr. Wallack to watch it. Miss Rose Coghlan was hard at work with Stephanie de Mohrivart, in which part a few nights after she was destined to create a furore. A few minutes was sufficient to convince me that at Wallack's Theatre "things," as they say, are "done well." The mounting of the piece was admirable, the stage management very careful—this department resting in the hands of Mr. Gilbert, a gentleman whose name is still familiar here, but whose connection with the English stage dates back farther than the experience of the present generation of playgoers. But as at our Lyceum, so at Wallack's, the master-mind is the manager himself. While on the subject of American theatres, I cannot help mentioning a comparatively new one, at present under the management of Mr. Steele Mackaye. The Madison Square Theatre, as it is called, was built by two clergymen who are practically effecting that unity between the Church and Stage which a

certain moribund guild in our country has long but fruitlessly aimed at attaining. Verb. sap.! "Hazel Kirke," the piece now running there, has already held the boards for over a year, an abnormally long run in New York. The attraction of the theatre is great as an architectural and constructive curiosity. The many novelities introduced—such as a double stage, the lighting of all gas by electricity, the ventilation, and cooling of air by refrigeration, an orchestra placed above the proscenium, and a dozen others—render the place unique. The saving of labour in this theatre is immense, and the saving of time consequently proportionate. Mr. Mackaye does not raise his curtain until half-past eight, a great boon to late diners. Mr. Mackaye, under whose direction this model theatre has been constructed, is called over there a "visionary;" he is a visionary, however, who has achieved success. I had the pleasure of being his guest at a supper the night I visited his theatre, and was flattered by receiving an offer of engagement to join his company at once. At this same supper—one to be long remembered—I met Lieutenant Schwatka, the hero of the recent Arctic exploration This man requires a chapter to himself; suffice it to say here that the appreciation of his magnificent services is so small by his own Government, that he expressed a decided wish to change "flags" with England if in our talked-of expedition he were offered a command. He is, like all really great men, the most simple and modest creature in the world. Amongst the social gatherings to which I was courteously invited, I look back with pleasure to a dinner given on the Sunday before I left at the "Lambs" Club, of which Mr. Wallack, whose guest I was on the occasion, is the president. This club—an artistic one—was started mainly by, alas! the late Mr. H. J. Montague, whose name, heard here so seldom, is in New York still on every lip—a household word. Is it that our feelings are grown dull and old with our country, or are we really forgetful in England of our dead? Over there "Poor Harry Montague" is so kindly remembered—so tenderly spoken of—that the loss of his smiling face and cheery voice is made to seem the loss of yesterday. We had a brilliant gathering and a charming evening, enlivened by the efforts of many of the artists present to amuse us with music, recitations, and anecdotes. As a visitor, introduced in a few generous and flattering words by my kind host, I was called upon to contribute in my humble way to the general entertainment, and am of opinion that my little effort that evening had much to do with the subsequent offer from Mr. Lester Wallack to enter into negotiations with me, which will determine the direction of my future path upon the stage. At the Lotos Club—another literary and artistic institution—I was also cordially received as a member of the Savage Club in London. American gentlemen, I found, melted much quicker than we do in England, and a visitor is made at home in a New York club in less time than in England it would take to have him proposed and seconded. One thing struck me as curious: everyone seemed to be a General, a Colonel, or a Judge, but I never heard of, or saw, a single "private" the time I was there. A visit to one of the great stores in New York, a dinner at Brooklyn with the family of a charming fellow who was my fellow-passenger on the voyage,

a breakfast at Delmonico's, the Criterion of New York, a drive behind an American trotter, and a final visit to Wallack's, which seemed almost like a home to me, and my visit to New York was at an end. I will not take you behind the scenes with me that night, but I still feel the pressure of kindly hands, and I shall long remember the kindly words that were spoken, by the many friends with whom I look forward to standing, at no very distant date, again behind the green baize of Wallack's Theatre.

On regaining my hotel I found a letter from Mr. Maguire, of San Francisco, proposing an engagement to open in that city as soon as I liked. My arrangements being complete to leave for England next morning, I declined the offer, though I must confess with some reluctance, for the terms tempted me sorely.

On my way down to the ship that night I met "Jimmy Scanlan" and his wife, and over a parting glass in his rooms on Broadway chatted of old times and old faces that memory mellowed from the country I was soon to see again. "Jimmy's" friends—and they are many—will be glad to hear, as I was to see, that he is, to use his own words, "as fit as a fiddle;" and, having parted with Sarjeant, is carrying on his "agency" himself.

I entered New York in bright sunlight, but with the first turn of the "Arizona's" screw on the home passage commenced a blinding snow-storm and a gale from the eastward that kept us company the whole way home. Oh that passage! I unfortunately met with rather a severe accident that made it worse to me than perhaps it was to others; but, except for regret at leaving some pleasant companions—amongst them the Rev. Knox Little, to whom I was as a lad partly indebted for my initiation into the mysteries of "hic, hæc, hoc," and with whom I had never since crossed paths—and Mr. Fraser Rae, a gentleman too familiar in literary circles to need an introduction—(what is there Fraser Rae cannot talk about, and give you the exact statistics concerning, from the last Esquimaux census to the latest scandal in Pekin?)—and that most able and charming of sea-going men, Captain Murray—I don't think there was anything but a feeling of thankfulness amongst us when the "Arizona" dropped her anchor in the Mersey as the clocks were chiming midnight, and the bells commenced to peal in a welcome to the "Glad New Year."

THE MYSTERIOUS BANGLE.

A Story of a Fog.

By Frank Schloesser.

I WONDER whether there is anyone who really likes a fog? I cannot say; but this much I do know, that, as a Londoner born and bred, I have never heard any fog so universally condemned, or known one so disastrous in its effects, as was that of the 31st of January, 1880. It was a memorable night, not only on account of the fog, but also because

of the opening of the new Haymarket Theatre. I had taken a ticket long before, and so was not much inconvenienced by the crowd, which was tremendous: the house was literally crammed from the floor—robbed of its pit—to the gallery, crowded with the discontented pitites. It may be remembered that the early part of that evening was cold but tolerably fogless; so that, after having been delighted with the house, charmed with the acting, and amused by the noise and speechifying, I was considerably astonished on coming out of the particularly brilliant interior to find a thick curtain of fog hanging down immediately in front of the portico. I missed the familiarly hideous Opera Colonnade opposite, and my first impression was that some gigantic practical joke was being perpetrated; but I remembered that Mr. Bancroft had other things to think of, and that Sothern was no longer at the Haymarket, so I dismissed the thought and—tried to get a hansom. The driver of the first one said he would not take me anywhere under a couple of sovereigns, whilst the next, on being asked to drive towards Bayswater, declined to move without a sovereign down and subsequent payment for damages. As the usual fare is eightcenpence and I am no Crœsus, I respectfully but firmly declined both offers, and girding up my loins figuratively, I set off to walk. It was not so very bad, and I easily made my way up the Haymarket, past the Criterion into Regent Street. Here it was clearer, and I think I should have made Cabby reduce his fare; but I trudged on, past Oxford Circus, and I was halfway up Oxford Street before I had done thinking about my evening's entertainment. Here it got bad, very bad; I could hardly see where the pavement left off and the road began. Two or three times I stumbled; but at last, after helping an old gentleman out of the gutter, where he had accidentally been dropped, I reached the Marble Arch. Here I found lots of people about; some newspapery-looking boys were hawking torches—how they could have been manufactured on the spur of the moment was a mystery to me!—others were offering themselves as guides, and not a few fog-struck wanderers were staring about in a peculiarly helpless manner, utterly bewildered and literally befogged. I declined the offer of torches and torch-bearers; for though it would have looked imposingly mediæval to be seen walking home amidst a train of torch-bearers, yet they all seemed to wear a singularly dishonest cast of countenance, and would, I dare say, have had no objection to carry your watch as well as your torch. Just at the beginning of the Bayswater Road I met a brougham with horse, coachman, and boy complete, stranded high and dry upon the pavement: and had it not been for the gnashing of the horse's teeth that I heard from afar, I should assuredly have walked into the jaws of the infuriated beast. The coachman asked me to lend a hand behind whilst he and the boy led the horse off the pavement. This was done; but not until we had bent a lamp-post somewhat out of the perpendicular. The coachman thanked me profusely, so profusely indeed, that I thought he was drunk; but it seemed that his master was a tyrant who would have dismissed him, if he had damaged the brougham. He told me, confidentially: "You know, sir, we ought to have fetched master and missus at a quarter to eleven, and

it's now a lot past twelve; it ain't no use going after 'em now. I only 'ope as they're 'ome afore I am, else he'll say I was afraid to go howt 'cos o' the fog."

So I plodded on; but now the chapter of accidents seemed to be in full swing, and one adventure followed another with startling rapidity. At the next corner a gentleman, whose diction had not been improved by liquor, addressed me with the words: "I s—say, guv'ner, wh—hat's the way to—to Siving Dials—hic?" I assured him that I was a stranger in London, just taking a turn to inspect the beauties of the city; but he did not appear to appreciate my sarcasm, and I left him embracing a pillar-box, and affectionately addressing it: "Dear—hic—Bobby."

The next adventure was not so pleasant, and might have ended seriously. Some way farther on a man came suddenly out of the fog, I can't say from where, and, catching hold of my arm, said gruffly: "Look here, sir, I'm a poor man, and hard up; but I'm desp'rate hungry, and I don't care what I do, so long as I get some money. If ye don't hand over a quid right off, I'll brain ye! Look sharp!" I was naturally rather annoyed at this interruption, not to say horribly frightened; but almost without knowing why, I put my other hand into my coat-pocket as though feeling for a purse, pulled out my pipe-case, with the bowl part in my hand and the stem pointing over my first finger, and said sharply: "I've got a pistol here, and if you don't leave go my arm, I swear I'll shoot you through the wrist. Be quick!" I must say I hardly thought that this ridiculous threat would be of any use; but he dropped my arm as though I had already discharged my weapon and made off into the fog, leaving sundry oaths behind him, mingled with a flavour of gin.

The whole thing passed so quickly that I was more frightened than surprised, and more pleased (that it was over) than amused; but now that I was alone again, I tried to hurry on, as I could hardly expect that the pipe-case dodge would answer twice; and there might be some more gentlemen in the same line of business about. But hurrying was no easy matter, as the fog became, if possible, worse at every step, and I found the only way to keep myself moderately steady was to tap with my stick against the railings of the houses; and I felt that I only wanted a dog and tin tray to complete the picture. Slowly and most unsurely I worked my way along the pavement, and was congratulating myself on being near home, when I heard a little way on in front a low moaning and a perfectly audible shiver. I thought it might be a trick to catch me, for I had grown wary; but the shiver was distinctly female, so I took half a dozen steps forward and knelt down. I saw it was something white I was kneeling on, and it felt furry; I saw a woman lying on the pavement—a lady, by the look of the lining of the cloak—she was moaning. She looked up at me, and then tried to crawl on, but fell back with a moan; she did not speak, and I saw at once that it was something serious. She was very well dressed: a dark dress, with something red round the neck; a large fur-lined cloak with an old silver clasp; well-gloved and many-bangled. I could see she was young, and guessed she was pretty. I hardly knew how to begin; it was such an awkward position for a

naturally shy young man. Still kneeling, I said quietly: "I am afraid you have had an accident; you must allow me to assist you. Can you stand?" She looked up quickly, and answered at once: "I think I've sprained my ankle; it hurts me very much. I think, if you help me, I can stand." I did so; and she stood, but not without difficulty. "I lost my maid close to the Marble Arch in the fog; but I think I can get home, if you will kindly call me a cab." I told her that no cab would take her anywhere in the fog; but that, if she would allow me, I would try and support her home. She was leaning on my arm, and clinging to the railings with the other hand. As she tried to move, something dropped off her hand and fell into my pocket. I forgot all about it directly and tried to help her to walk. Without support she found it impossible, so she took my arm; but that was not much better, so I said: "If I put my arm round you I think you will get along better;" she only bowed, and like this we managed to make tolerable progress. All at once a thought struck me. I did not know where she lived: she said she lived in Notting Hill, so I had a good half-hour's walk before me —still in pleasant company it would not be so bad. She seemed to feel better now, though still in pain. I tried to keep up her spirits by miscellaneous talking, and she appeared pretty lively. I was in a funny position: the whole evening had been such a chapter of strange experiences, and walking past my own house in a dense fog with my arm round the waist of an unknown young lady, was, to say the least, a peculiar finale. I told her that I had come from the Haymarket which had been opened with great éclat; but she seemed to know all about the decorations and the play better than I did, although she said she had not been there. She seemed to take a great interest in it, and asked a lot of questions as to whether it had been a success. It had struck me when she first spoke—and now I was sure of it—that I knew her voice very well, that I had often heard it before; but I could not place it. We had been walking some time now, and she was doing most of the talking; she was very much up in matters theatrical, and spoke of the different actors and actresses in the most familiar style. As we passed the abode of the great Toole, she asked whether I did not adore "that dear darling of a Toole," I all the while wondering how it was that I knew her voice so well. She was getting along famously now, and said her ankle did not pain her much; she showed herself to be a very well-informed young lady, in so far as she knew all about the theatres, talked on music, criticised Wagner, admired Burne-Jones, doted on Leighton, took an interest in politics, confessed herself a Radical, had read all the latest novels, and adored dancing. We had now very nearly got to her house, and I told her how glad I had been to have had this occasion of making her acquaintance, and that I hoped we should meet some day somewhere.

"Oh yes, I'm sure you will see me again, perhaps before you think—that is, if my ankle gets well again soon." Then she said with the most graceful movement imaginable: "I think I can manage alone, if you will take away your arm. Thanks, I know my way now; that is my house just opposite. I can't miss the road now. I do hope I have not brought you

THE VICARAGE.

George Clarke (Mr. Bancroft). Mrs. Noel Haygarth (Mrs. Bancroft). Rev. Noel Haygarth (Mr. Arthur Cecil).

George Clarke.—The Russians are the only people who understand tea; they drink it in a small glass, flavoured with lemon.

far out of your way. I am really very very much obliged for your kind attention; I won't say good-bye, only au revoir." She lifted her veil as she said this and hobbled across the road, but not before I had recognised her as little Miss Dawson of the Queen's Theatre. Of course now I knew how it was that her voice had struck me as familiar from the first—I certainly ought to have known it well enough by this time. It was a very strange coincidence that we should have met like this, and that I should have been walking with her for over an hour; how I wished I had known who she was, for this same Miss Dawson had been the object of my adoration for some little time past. This was how it happened. About a month before I was at the Queen's, during the last two acts of some sensational melodrama, and had been struck, delighted, and enchanted by a little actress, who was making her first appearance in London; a little pink-and-white-china-looking face with lightish hair and dark eyebrows, a head like a Greuze, and modelled like a Dresden shepherdess, minute hands and feet, and a general appearance that was truly ravishing. I was, as I said, delighted with this little girl, so I went to see her again the next night, when I became rather more enchanted than before; then I went night after night for three weeks, to the indescribable disgust of my relatives, who, I think, rather pitied my infatuation. I finished up by imagining myself deeply in love with the fair Miss Dawson, and, like most other fools in a like predicament, did not take advantage of my good fortune when it was so close at hand. How very strange our meeting had been, and how awfully charming she was! If I had only guessed! But I knew where she lived, and there could be no harm in calling next day to ask how she was after her accident. Comforted by the idea of seeing her so soon again, I went home to bed, happy with bright thoughts, in great contrast with the dark night of fog which still hung over the early morning.

II.

I woke up in the morning after a dreamless sleep. This was particularly annoying, because when a young gentleman is under the impression that he is desperately in love, nothing is more consoling than continual dreaming of his beloved one. I made up for it, however, by thinking of Miss Dawson all the next day, which unfortunately happened to be Sunday; and on the Monday afternoon, as early as was permissible for a morning call, I went to the fair one's abode, with the object of asking after her dear ankle. An old housekeeping-looking party opened the door, and handing her my card I asked how Miss Dawson was. The old lady stared vacantly, looked at the card, and, putting her hand to her ear, said: "Excuse me, sir, I'm rather 'ard of 'earing." I accordingly bawled out "How is your mistress this morning?" This time I was understood, and she answered at once: "Very well, sir; she went to the theatre, sir, 'arf a hour ago, sir, for rehearsal, sir." I thought this seemed to be a very quick cure, but as she was out there was no help for it, so I again politely yelled to the old lady to say that I called and was very glad to

hear of her recovery. Distressed, and yet happy at having actually spoken to one so near to my adored one as her housekeeper or perhaps her cook, I hailed a hansom and jumping in told him to drive to the club, and in the meantime tried to console myself with a cigarette; I put my hand into my pocket for my case and pulled out a foreign object, nothing more nor less than a bangle. Of course I knew it could only belong to Miss Dawson, and happy in the possession of anything that had come from her, I went to the utterly ridiculous length of kissing it. I must have made an absurd exhibition of myself, but I was carried away by the impulse of the moment. I noticed something engraved on the inside of the bangle, and read: "From Fred to Eva." This distressed me very much indeed; to think that any young man—of course he was young—should be on sufficiently intimate terms with the object of my admiration as to present her with jewellery, was, to say the least of it, provoking. Still, "finding is keeping," as we used to say at school, and I would return the bangle——when I thought fit. In the meantime, in order not to lose it, I slipped it over my hand, not without considerable trouble and shaking my arm, and managed to fix it somewhere about where my muscle ought to have been. Now, for a young man to go about with a bangle round his biceps may seem very ridiculous to any ordinary mortal (I do not refer to those extraordinary ones, whose chief delight in lawn tennis is to display their silver armlets), but in my amorous state of mind it had a soothing effect, and I liked to feel its presence. The next day I had to go away on business and did not get back for a fortnight, during which time I used to think of Eva (I had dropped the Miss Dawson now) about every quarter of an hour, more or less. At the end of a fortnight I was back in town, and among the letters awaiting me was one in a strange female handwriting. Could she have written? I tore open the envelope—ecstasy! No, misery! it was only a card for a dance on the next night, at a house where I had been introduced a month before. I wrote a note accepting, and excusing myself for not writing before; and the next evening found me duly pumped, gloved, and flowered going into the dancing-room. I found a nice house, an agreeable hostess, and a teazing cousin; one of those female cousins who take an especial pleasure in saying nasty little truths and giving one unpleasant five minutes', and presume on their relationship to place one in awkward positions. Of course I had to ask her for a dance, another cousinly trait. She began the conversation by saying: "Aren't you awfully obliged to me for getting you this invitation? I am going to introduce you to an object of your especial admiration—can't you guess who I mean? Miss Dawson. She's here, and I will introduce you directly." I never expected this. It was passing strange; I had not the slightest idea of meeting her here, but still it was very nice, and could not be more opportune. Almost before I could gather myself together and express my thanks, my cousin was saying: "Miss Dawson, may I introduce my cousin, Mr. ——?" She bowed just as she would to a stranger. This was funny; did she not know me? I did not like to begin; but still she could hardly have

forgotten. Perhaps she did not recognise me; I forgot the fog, most likely she did not see me at all, at least not distinctly; I would try when our dance came on; I put down a scrawl for No. 13. There was nothing earlier, so I was forced to wait.

At last I was able to say: "This is our dance, I think, Miss Dawson." She smiled and took my arm. I proposed sitting in the conservatory, as the rooms were very full. She consented, and we sat down behind a lot of big palms. I opened fire at once, though I must confess in rather a commonplace way.

"There is a great improvement in the weather; don't you think so?"

She followed my lead directly:

"Yes, I am so glad those wretched fogs are over; I do hate them so."

"They are so dangerous, too," I added.

"Yes; I had a most romantic adventure in one of them; quite a thrilling drama."

"Now it's coming," I thought, "she evidently has not the remotest idea who I am."

She continued:

"On the 31st of January—I remember the date, because of the opening of the Haymarket—I lost my maid and my way in that dreadful fog; and in trying to get home alone, I slipped and strained my ankle. I was, of course, horribly frightened, and should most likely have lain there all night, if a gentleman had not passed, helped me up, and been most attentive, holding me straight and almost carrying me home; he talked very well, and took a great interest in the theatre; he was awfully good-looking, very tall, with a splendid moustache."

This was getting rather embarrassing; I am by no means a tall man, I am commonly known as "the Zulu," and my moustache won't grow, do what I will; besides, a fellow does not like being flattered, at least not to his face. I ventured to remark cautiously: "You are sure he was tall. How tall do you think? Taller than myself?"

"Oh yes, I think so—yet I don't know—perhaps not; I don't think he was so very tall after all. He was so beautifully attentive; he called to ask after me, but I was out."

My hopes revived; perhaps she might ask me to visit her. Had she any idea who he was?

"No. My stupid servant mislaid the card. I was so sorry, I should so much have liked to thank him again for all his kindness. And then I wanted to know whether he had found a bangle that I must have dropped, I valued it very highly."

Confound that "Fred," now he was in the way; my heart sank, it could not be her father?—hardly—no—and not her uncle. But there was no help for it. Happy thought, perhaps he was in India, or Australia, or America.

"Would you know the bangle if you saw it again?"

"Of course I should, it had my name engraved on it, 'From Fred to Eva.'"

Damn this "Fred," but I could hardly keep it now; perhaps when she saw it again all would be set right. I still had hopes. I shook my arm violently, and the bangle slipped down on to my wrist. I said quietly:

"Was your bangle anything like this?"

"That's it. Where did you get it from? Oh, I am glad. It was never you—you don't mean to say that you were my guardian angel?"

"Yes I was, I had that honour; I am that unhappy mortal."

"I had no idea of it. How very stupid of me! I must really beg your pardon for not recognising you before; of course, I remember you now. I do thank you so very much for your attention and kindness; you can't think how grateful I am to you; and you kept my bangle too."

My spirits rose; perhaps, after all, it might only be a brother or cousin. I dared not say anything yet, but I felt somehow a great deal easier, and struggling with the bangle, I pulled it off and gave it her.

"I hardly thought we should meet so soon, though I knew who you were when you said good-bye, or rather au revoir. I was looking forward to seeing you act this week. Of course, if you value the bangle I must give it you back, though I should very much like to keep it."

She smiled as though she knew what was coming.

"Oh no, you must not keep it, I value it very much, my husband gave it me when we were engaged."

Horror! misery! despair! her husband! I never thought it was as bad as this; all my hopes dashed to the ground; she was married! Dreadful thought! What had I been doing? Almost proposing to a married woman; how I cursed my fate; she was married! I could only congratulate myself that I had not as yet committed myself in any way, by making any foolish declaration, which would have placed both of us in an awkward position; I hardly knew what to say, I was struck all of a heap, figuratively. I could only blurt out the thought that kept buzzing in my head.

"But you call yourself Miss Dawson."

"Yes, we always retain our maiden name on the stage for a good while after we are married."

"But my cousin called you Miss Dawson."

"That was some freak of hers: perhaps she wanted to surprise you."

"And she has surprised me, I can assure you. I had no idea you were married; excuse my saying so, but you don't look it."

"I know that, Fred is always teazing me about it; but you must let me introduce you to my husband, he will be so glad to know you and to thank you for your kindness to me. Will you give me your arm? Thanks. That is Fred in the crowd at the door."

I shall drop the curtain here, there is nothing more to tell. I was introduced to the husband, and asked to their house, where I am a pretty constant visitor; and my admiration for Miss Dawson has in no way decreased since our strange meeting that eventful night in the fog.

Poem for Recitation.

A SONG OF A SLAVE.

I'm only a slave, sir, don't you mind,
  Though I think I came of a decent race;
'Tis pleasant to hear you speak so kind
  To a poor little girl with a dirty face.
The missus is lady-born, I hear,
  And is proud of her dresses and tiny feet;
She gives me five pounds ten a year,
  And when she is pleasant—her scraps of meat.

I'm not so strong as I used to be,
  Though sixteen summers are all I've seen;
Four lodgers, and one poor wench like me,
  And missus—don't tell her—is awful mean.
If I was a lady I'd like to faint,
  And lie on a couch or in easy-chairs;
But I'm scrubbing for ever at filthy paint,
  And dragging the scuttles up ninety stairs.

It's quickly over, the time called night:
  By six I've got on my only gown,
By seven I've three good fires alight;
  The parlour's early and off to town.
At eight the drawing-room ladies ring,
  I'd sooner wait on a score of men;
And when they are eating I've time to sing,
  And a minute to rest at half-past ten.

There's a lady above—she's forced to teach—
  Next door to the top-floor back, who's wild,
And when he's tipsy she hears him screech
  And say what she never should hear, poor child.
I knew what she was from the scraps of lace
  That peep from under her gown of gray;
For one of the smiles from that angel face
  I'd run to her dozens of times a day.

We haven't got winter the whole year round,
  Sometimes in my kitchen I see the sun,
And it travels like gold on the dirty ground
  Till it rests on the hearth where the beetles run.
I know that they think I can steal and pry;
  I am waiting, so young, for a workhouse grave,
And I pray—but I haven't got time to cry,
  For life is a lodging and I'm the slave.

C. S.

"THE CUP."

A Tragedy, in Two Acts, by MR. ALFRED TENNYSON.
First performed at the Lyceum Theatre, on Monday, January 3rd, 1881.

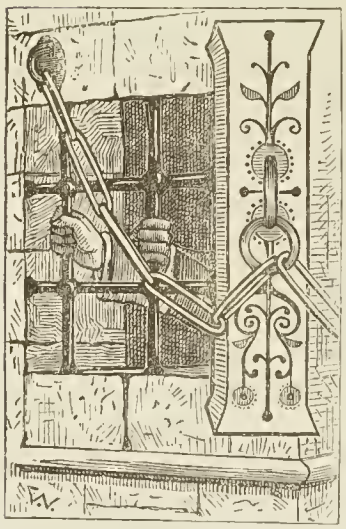
Galatians.

Synorix	MR. IRVING.	Boy	MISS BROWN.
Sinnatus	MR. TERRISS.	Maid	MISS HARWOOD.
Attendant ...	MR. HARWOOD.	Phœbe	MISS PAUNCEFORT.

Camma ... ... MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Romans.

Antonius	MR. TYARS.	Nobleman ...	MR. MATTHISON.
Publius	MR. HUDSON.	Herald	MR. ARCHER.



IT is not strange that Mr. Tennyson should at last have been overtaken by the desire to excel in drama. It is only strange, as it seems to me, that his essays in this kind have been so long deferred. The advance from the lyric to the dramatic note is in itself natural enough. The egotism of youth subdues all forms of expression to its own service: all outward facts, and even the fate and fortunes of other lives, are for a while deeply stained with the colour of the poets' own thought and mood. He may believe that he already possesses the power to go out of himself, and to present the feelings of distant and distinct individualities; but while the mood lasts he only cheats his own purpose, for the original theme will constantly interrupt and overmaster the larger harmonies he seeks to frame, and, wander how far he may, he still finds that every path leads him home. But the mood may change. There is no enduring enmity between lyric and dramatic poetry. Sympathy succeeds to egotism, and sympathy is one of the secret springs of drama. It is surely, then, a misleading criticism which would have us believe that Mr. Tennyson is disabled for dramatic writing because he has won distinction as a lyrical poet. Whether he really possesses the gift which can ensure success for the stage is still open for discussion, but whatever degree of failure has to be admitted must assuredly be traced to a different source.

Let me say at once that there is no question of failure in respect of "The Cup" in the form in which it is presented at the Lyceum Theatre. Its success is beyond dispute, and the causes of its success are obvious enough. It is superbly mounted, it is admirably acted, and it treats of a legend which, even in the most unskilful hands, could scarcely have been robbed of its dramatic force. Mr. Tennyson's poetic gift is of a quality too fine to inflict injury upon a noble theme. He may not possess all the resource needed to endow a story with the fulness of life which drama has the power to bestow, but he has at the least a faultless instinct towards simplicity. If he can add little of his own, he at any

rate takes nothing away from the beauty and influence of the original idea as he has received it. The motive, which he has borrowed from Plutarch, leaves his hands decorated with graceful verse, and shorn of none of its pristine strength. His defects as a dramatist are almost entirely of a negative order. He strikes no false or jarring note; he shocks us with no inconsistencies of character or insignificant outbursts of sentiment. All that he does is well done, the only fault is that he scarcely does enough. In the hands of a great dramatist even such a powerful story as this becomes completely transformed in the process of re-creation. We are made almost to lose the sense of narrative in the deeper interest that is aroused by character, and finally character itself becomes so complicated with circumstance and fate that it eludes all attempts at precise and exhaustive definition. I may illustrate my meaning by reference to the work of the one unapproachable master of dramatic art. In the "Tales from Shakespeare," so admirably and so simply told by Charles and Mary Lamb, no one can fail to experience a certain sense of surprise at the impression of novelty which seems to belong to things that are assumed to be familiar. We are made instinctively to feel that some ingenuity has been required to detach from the rich complexity of character and action the undercurrent of plot and story upon which the poet has based his work. We wonder how, upon such slight foundation, there has been raised such a noble and imposing structure. But in Mr. Tennyson's essays in drama, and in "The Cup" no less than in earlier plays, we are left without any such reflection. The story is so far skilfully handled that it impresses the spectator as it has impressed the author; but the impression, if it were not for the earnest intervention of the actors, would not pass beyond the limits of narrative. This is specially true of the second act of the new play. In the first the action is restrained and tranquil, the characters are permitted to introduce themselves without preface, and that they should frankly and simply exhibit the particular bias that is ultimately to determine their fate in the drama, is a virtue rather than a fault. There are the signs of genuine instinct for his craft in the speedy directness with which Mr. Tennyson conducts us to the very centre of the situation; and the sequence of incident is well contrived, for it leaves us in eager expectation of what is to follow. But the second act makes a very different call upon the author's powers. Here the subdued relation of one character with another is to be exchanged for open conflict. The situation is quickly apprehended, and cries for energetic and passionate utterance. The plot is no longer a thing of interest in itself; it has become merely the means by which character is to be expressed and revealed, and the verse must leap with the altered mood, and become charged with the full colour and movement of individual suffering. Mr. Tennyson's verse, as it seems to me, cannot command these higher notes of passion. In its structure, as in its essence, it is idyllic and descriptive rather than dramatic, and in moments of crisis it therefore remains far below the height of the occasion. It serves the poet well in such a passage as that in the first act where

Synorix—half in reverie half in remembrance—recalls his first vision of the beautiful Camma :

She past me here
Three years ago, when I was flying from
My tetrarchy to Rome. I almost touched her.
A maiden slowly moving on to music
Among her maidens to this temple. Oh gods !
She is my fate, else wherefore has my fate
Brought me again to her own city ?

THE CUP. ACT I.
" Moon, bring him home ! bring him home
Safe from the dark and the cold ! "

And it serves him no less again in the lovely lines in which Camma pours out her prayer to the rising moon. In one case the idyllic, in the other the lyric mood fits with the particular moment of the drama. But when the two principal characters are brought face to face in the final scene of the play, when their speech should flash from one to another in lightning strokes, and words should carry the swift message of instant and urgent passion, then Mr. Tennyson's muse sinks with a kind of paralysis. For all that it has to bestow upon the actors in this climax of their fate it might almost as well be dumb. I have heard it stated that in the long prayer which Camma offers to Artemis, Miss Terry misses the opportunity which would be effectively seized by a great tragic actress. Miss Terry's art has its limitations, but her restraint at this point shows,

I think, the truest dramatic instinct. A priestess of the temple would not storm at the goddess, before whose shrine she stands, in the supreme moment of life. If there is felt to be a lack of passion at this juncture it is because the poet has left the actors unprovided with effective weapons for its display. He has brought them into contact, but he has left them unarmed, and in turning the current of feeling into an invocation to Artemis he tacitly confesses the failure of his powers.

THE CUP. ACT II.
"Thou art coming my way too.
Camma! good night!"

Indeed I think the author of "The Cup" has good reason to be content with the services of those who have undertaken the labour of presenting his work to the public. The taste and resources of Mr. Irving's management have never been employed with such splendid result as in the great scene of the temple in the second act. Its realism approaches almost to illusion, and yet is everywhere controlled by the finest sense of art. Nor can I think of another actor who could have given to the part of Synorix the impression of vitality which it assumes in Mr. Irving's hands. He has so handled the verse entrusted to him as to make the somewhat abrupt and bald confessions of his own unworthiness seem the natural outgrowth of the man's idiosyncrasy. They appeal to us as

belonging rather to the shortcomings of the character than to any defect in the poet, and in the earlier scenes with Camma the sinister softness of his wooing carries the subtlest suggestion of the inherent falseness of his nature. Miss Terry's performance of Camma is marked by all the familiar beauties of her style, expressed in a form that gives the fullest opportunity for their display. The invention and variety of her gesture, the exquisite grace with which she carries the difficult costume—difficult because it is associated in our minds with the motionless forms of classic art, whose matchless beauty presses hardly upon nature—and the unwavering sense of simplicity which she brings to the rendering of an antique theme, these are merits that might, indeed, have been expected of her performance, but which have never before been so happily and fully exhibited. But there are points in her acting that prove her to be possessed of resources that have yet to be developed. The sustained strength shown in the delivery of certain passages marks a decided advance in her command over the music of blank verse. The pathetic appeal to the shade of her dead husband was faultless in its intonation, and the loving prayer to Artemis, delivered with the formal cadence proper to a priestess invoking a goddess, nevertheless conveyed in its measured periods the suggestion of a controlled intensity of passion.—J. Comyns Carr.

FACE TO FACE.

HOLD fast my hands and look me through and through,
Search and re-search my heart, and strive if you
Can find therein a trace of aught but tears
In all its graven memories of these years
That late have flown. It lies, an open book,
Wherein one running needs not long to look;
But running still may read, and reading see
The depth of my true love and loyalty.
No trace of smiles, you say? Yet I suppose
That such have played upon my lips—God knows
What sickly sunless smiles! No memories sweet
Of music? Yet the well-loved rhythmic beat
Of mingling chords has sometimes stirred my soul
To happier thoughts. Then fresh on me have stole
The maddening memories of that long-past spring
Wherein glad songs my heart and voice could sing.
Yea, doubtless have I danced the livelong night,
Till on my hot flushed face the morning's light
Has shed its beams; ah me! 'twas better so
To slay the long dark hours than to and fro
To toss and turn mine aching sleepless head,
Upon the tear-stained pillows of my bed.
But song and smiles and dance—all these were vain;
No relics in my heart of such remain.
Ah no! for always, ever, back on me
Returned with tears the tide of memory:

Then all was veiled, all vanished like the mist
When brightest beams of orient sun have kissed
The scarce-awakened earth. Then, Sun of mine!
The golden memories of our love divine
Made music to my heart, and all else fled—
All thoughts of friends, yea, even of the dead
The silent memory paled; no pulse could be
Of other love where you reigned royally.
There has your image held imperial sway;
There with a fragrant flame, from dawn of day

Till dawn, the incense of my love has burned.
Oh, for your sake my yearning eyes I've turned
From proffered love, and pleasure fair and sweet,
Content to cast me weeping at your feet.
Now in this happiest hour wherein we stand
Once more together, and your well-loved hand
Lies linked in mine, oh, tell me what shall be
The guerdon of my long-tried loyalty?
Give me your heart! Then high, with love elate,
Our souls shall mount to Heaven's glad golden gate,
And, sorrows ended, evermore shall shine
The sun-lit sweetness of a dawn divine. H. Somerset.

A CHAT ABOUT THE LONDON PANTOMIMES.

JUDGING from the number of pantomimes produced this season, and the crowds who attend to witness them all, that style of entertainment is, without exception so far as I have seen, very far from losing in popularity in this country, at all events in the metropolis. Pantomimes of to-day, however, are certainly not what pantomimes of even twenty years ago were: not from the point of a lack of attractiveness, but from the change in the nature of their attractions. For my own part I prefer the older school, where the success depended almost entirely, if not quite, on thoroughly good genuine pantomimic business, where there was very little talk and a very great deal of action. Nowadays there is very little action and a very great deal too much talk; in fact the title "pantomime" is a glaring misnomer when considered in its true signification. The "pantomimes" of to-day are, almost without exception, seasoned with a very prevailing flavour of the "music-hall" element, a seasoning which may, nay, evidently does, suit the public taste mightily, but which is in my humble opinion a far less delicate and far less agreeable flavour than that of genuine pantomime, strong as that was, and is, at times, I am bound to admit.

I don't mean to say for an instant that the music-hall "artists" do not amuse; the roars of laughter with which their songs, catchwords, and sallies are received is an incontrovertible proof to the contrary; but I do mean to say, and I don't think there is a shadow of doubt about it, that the "music-hall element" (a term which I use in no way offensively, be it understood) is rapidly driving from our English stage the art of pantomime, which is perhaps the most difficult, and is certainly a thoroughly artistic form of histrionic talent—an art which does still exist, as nobody I venture to think can fairly deny, in association with such names as Payne, Lauri, Martinetti, Vokes, D'Auban, Gillert, and the Hanlon-Lees. It is not my purpose here, however, to indite an essay on the art of pantomime; but to give my opinion, such as it is, on the various pantomimes which I have been able to see in a limited space of time; but I am unable to resist the opportunity, as a true lover of pantomime proper, of expressing my wish that the art were more widely cultivated, and my regret that it seems to be only too rapidly becoming, if not absolutely extinct, small by degrees and only too unbeautifully less.

The following remarks upon the pantomimes are simply intended as an expression of the opinion of one of the general public in a condensed form, not as a minute criticism.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS; COVENT GARDEN PANTOMIME. 1880.

DRURY LANE.

"Mother Goose and the Enchanted Beauty" is written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, a sufficient guarantee that nothing is wanting as far as the book goes. I have personally never seen anything better in a pantomime than the Toy Scene—"Mother Goose's Farm in Lowther Arcadia." The toys are admirably contrived—the animals from Noah's Ark especially so. A dance of flaxen-haired wax dolls by the children of the National Training School of Dancing is simply delightful, and scarcely less so is a Watteau Dance by the same children in the Dresden Ballet.

Mother Goose is charmingly represented by little Addie Blanche, whilst the Goose is a special feature essentially pantomimic, and even outdoes the celebrated elephant in last year's pantomime at the same house, when Mr. John Ridley, who now does the Goose, obtained prominent notice in the delineation of either the front or hind legs. The company is a very strong one, comprising, as it does, the names of Messrs. Kinghorn, John D'Auban, Wyatt, Ross, Storey, Arthur Roberts, James Fawn, and Julian Girard; and Mesdemoiselles Emma D'Auban, Kate Santley, Louisa Payne, and Ada Blanche. It will be seen that the music-hall element largely prevails in this cast—in fact the only true pantomimist amongst them is Mr. John D'Auban. There is an attempt at a good old-fashioned rough-and-tumble scene in the Royal Nursery, but the pantomime is far too rapid, and there are so many at it at once that the result is they kill one another's business and confuse the spectator. Messrs. Arthur Roberts and James Fawn score a great success with a topical duet, "Oh good gracious!" and the former gains the most applause of the evening by his singing Mr. Alfred Thompson's clever song, with equally clever music by Mr. Arthur Cecil, called "My Katty, kiss 'em." Mr. Julian Girard is grotesque as usual. Dancing is a very strong feature throughout—John D'Auban and Emma D'Auban being the most artistic, and well backed up by Messrs. Kinghorn, Wyatt, and Fred Storey—the latter particularly shining as an exceedingly apt pupil of the Vokes school. Miss Kate Santley sings two charmingly pretty songs composed by Mr. Fred Clay. Not the least attractive feature of the entertainment is the charming troop of cadets in attendance on the prince.

In addition to the Toy Scene mentioned above, there is a capital scene for children in the Royal Nursery, with its working nursery pictures. The scenery throughout is of a most elaborate description, there being no less than four mechanical changes. The harlequinade is chiefly noticeable for the fact that there are three clowns—at least one too many—a precocious pantaloon in the shape of Master Abrahams, who is admirable in his place as a dog in the opening, but quite out of place as a tumbling pantaloon, and an excessively ingenious and well-contrived "Grand Reflected Statue Ballet," which is as effective as it is novel, and well worth seeing. Mr. Augustus Harris has evidently spared neither time, trouble, nor expense upon the production of this pantomime, the chief fault of which is that there is too much for any one person to carry

away with him at one time, which necessitates at least two or three visits to appreciate all the good things with which it abounds. In this, however, Mr. Harris has proved himself a remarkably clever manager.

COVENT GARDEN.

"Valentine and Orson, or Harlequin and the Magic Shield," from the accomplished pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand, is far above the average of pantomime books, and is in fact too good to be lost, as it mostly is in the vast expanse of Covent Garden Theatre. The Vokes family are very much en evidence as usual; they are well supported by Mr. J. G. Taylor and Master C. Lauri. The latter as the Cub Bear is, to my mind, the feature of the pantomime. In addition to his athletic and saltatory abilities, which are extraordinary, he possesses in a high degree the talent of true pantomime. There is some good genuine pantomime business in the wood scene, culminating in a very funny duel à la Corsican Brothers between Mr. Fred Vokes and Miss Victoria Vokes, with Mr. Fawdon Vokes and Master C. Lauri as seconds; in the moving panorama, one of the most beautiful and artistic scenes ever painted for the stage, in the production of which the artist has out-Beverleyed Beverley; and in the "Boudoir in the Palace," in which amongst other things Orson shaves the Cub like a poodle, a very happy bit of business.

The scenery throughout is excellent, and in addition to the panorama above mentioned, his other scenes show that Mr. Beverley's right hand has far from lost its cunning. There is a marvellous change of scene from the wood to "The Hall of Chivalry in King Pippin's Palace," which must be seen to be realised and appreciated. Mr. Harry Payne still holds his own well, in my opinion, as the best and most thoroughly artistic speaking clown of the present day.

Admirably written, mounted, and put upon the stage, with capital scenery, plenty of fun and go, and full of bright songs and dances, "Valentine and Orson" is decidedly a good pantomime, and should continue to draw as long as the managers think fit to keep it before the public.

SURREY.

"Hop-o'-my-Thumb" is not, in my opinion, "the best pantomime that has been seen for years," as it certainly is not as good as its predecessors at the same theatre, not to go into invidious comparisons with regard to other establishments; but for all that there is much in it that serves to amuse and attract transpontine audiences. The guiding stars of the entertainment are two exceedingly clever diminutive members of the Adeson family, who have been very efficiently educated, and who seem thoroughly to revel in their parts. They speak their lines, dance, and sing with all the chic and abandon of experienced performers, and with all the freshness of their youth. Mr. George Conquest, junior, appears as the identical ogre he represented at the Grecian last year or

the year before, and the rest of the company is composed of music-hall artists, who practically introduce a succession of music-hall songs and dances, which are apt to get a trifle monotonous from their constant repetition. There is a soupçon of old-fashioned pantomime business in a scene representing the ogre's bedroom, but with that exception pantomime is conspicuous by its absence. Mr. Wattie Hildyard, the Surrey clown, is decidedly good in such business as appeared to be arranged, but there was an ambiguity about the harlequinade when I saw it which no doubt has been rectified long before this.

STANDARD.

"Harlequin and the Wideawake Sleeping Beauty" is the title of the pantomime at this theatre, in which the story of the Sleeping Beauty is fairly closely followed. No attempt is apparently made at traditional pantomime except in one scene which represents two floors of the palace, in which the king, queen, and court are asleep, and which affords Mr. Barnum, who plays a comic servant of the prince, an opportunity for pantomime, of which he avails himself to the best of his ability, but sadly lacks support. The interior of the king's palace gives scope for a grand spectacular display, in which the ballet represent living candelabra, the whole scene being brilliantly illuminated by countless jets of gas, the effect of which is decidedly good. The transformation scene is exceedingly pretty and exceptionally good. The harlequinade is a good one; Mr. A. Giovanelli, the clown, sticks to the old-fashioned line of comic business, and the result is decidedly gratifying to those who, like myself, prefer the old school. Mr. Giovanelli is much above the average of modern clowns.

GRECIAN.

Under the title "Harlequin King Frolic; or the Coral Tree, the Golden Key, and the Naughty Boy who was Wrecked at Sea," what is styled in the playbills "a grand comic Christmas pantomime" is the entertainment provided at this theatre. Beyond the title and the fact that there is a harlequinade and a transformation scene, there is absolutely nothing appertaining to pantomime in the entertainment. The opening is of the nature of an extravaganza, in which the chief characters are sustained by Messrs. Herbert Campbell, Arthur Williams, Monkhouse, Parker, and Sennett, and Misses Marie Loftus, Du Maurier, and M. A. Victor. The fun consists of the most extravagant buffoonery of not over-refined quality, but which succeeds in its object of producing laughter. Mr. Herbert Campbell, who is a great favourite there, seldom opens his mouth without a roar from the audience following, and Mr. Arthur Williams amuses in a quieter but not less effective manner. There is plenty of singing and dancing, in which Miss M. A. Victor joins with all the freshness and agility of a two-year-old. There is plenty of fun, but it isn't pantomime. The scenery and dresses are far superior to anything I have ever previously seen at the Grecian. Two clowns, without a corresponding double troupe of the rest of the characters in the

harlequinade, are, to me, an unnecessary innovation. Mr. J. M. Jones is in many respects a good clown, but has a bad voice, which is heard much too often. He has, however, the makings of a good pantomimist, if he will stick to action, which is his forte, and give up talking, which is his weakness. Mr. Reuben Inch, the other clown, is not so good this year as I have seen him. I cannot refrain from entering a vehement protest against a flagrant violation of all the canons of pantomime in the shape of an acrobatic policeman of the worst stamp. This monstrosity is made up on one side with the bespangled costume of an acrobat, and the other half as a policeman, and goes through the most revolting contortions imaginable. A contortionist pure and simple is to me a sufficiently painful object in itself, but when that object is combined with one of the leading characters in the harlequinade, which has come to be looked upon as second only in importance to the clown in these modern days, no words can be too strong in the way of protest. I sincerely trust that it will never be my bad fortune again to witness such a spectacle.

SANGER'S.

The public has a good deal for its money at this establishment. The programme commences with "Scenes in the Arena"—in other words, a circus—which is followed by the grand spectacular drama of "Mazeppa," and concludes with "The Grand Burlesque Christmas Pantomime" entitled "Harlequin St. George and the Dragon and the Seven Champions." There is nobody or nothing that calls for special comment, the performance being very creditable and very conventional—fairies, sprites, champions, comic servant, etc.; all of whom dance and sing in the stereotyped manner, until we come to the "Hall of Nations," in which the full strength of the establishment, including the animals, is put forth, and the result is extremely gorgeous. The transformation scene is also highly effective. Little Sandy as a clown would do better to stick to the ring, where he is unrivalled. The entertainment has special attractions for children.

PAVILION.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" is the simple title of what I consider is the only real pantomime (so far as anything which does not consist entirely of action can be called pantomime) I have seen. The story is familiar and lucidly carried out; the principal characters are sustained in a spirit of pantomime, the actors conveying as much if not more by actions than by words without exception; and there is an abundance of genuine fun, which, if not of a refined nature, is at all events harmless and inoffensive. The Alexander family are the moving spirits, and are well supported by Mr. George English, Mr. Henry Lynn, Miss Bessie Bonehill, Master F. Lauraine, and little Miss Julia Kent, a young lady not yet in her teens, who is positively charming from her freshness, ease, and grace. The harlequinade is quite in accordance with the old-fashioned spirit of the opening; the great Johnny Alexander being a capital clown. The pantomime is well worth a visit, despite its distance from the west, and is never dull for a moment from beginning to end.

BRITANNIA.

Mrs. Sara Lane, according to her usual custom, produces an original pantomime, not depending upon any of the familiar stories of our childhood for a subject. "Love's Dream, or the Daughter of a King without a Kingdom" is the title.

The opening scenes are carried out with unflagging spirit by Miss Pollie Randall, a vivacious young lady who doesn't hesitate to speak out her mind in the boldest manner against persons and institutions that have given offence to the inhabitants of Hoxton and neighbourhood; Mrs. Lane herself, who looks not a day older nor is less energetic in singing and dancing than when I first saw her, I won't say how long ago; Miss Maggie Weatherburn, who looks and dances charmingly; Messrs. Harrington, Lewis, Yarnold, Bigwood, and F. Lay, who, as a monkey in the opening, and afterwards as harlequin, executes some of the neatest and nimblest step-dancing it has fallen to my lot to see for a long time. The transformation scene is brilliant, and the harlequinade boisterously amusing, the clown, Mr. Tom Lovell, keeping things going with unceasing energy; he is a decidedly good clown of the "patter" class. One might go farther and fare worse than at the Britannia.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

Pantomime is "Aladdin," the brunt of which is borne by Miss Edith Bruce and Mr. Paul Martinetti, a thorough pantomimist, who is always worth going to see wherever he is and whatever he does.

THE ALEXANDRA PALACE

Has "Puss in Boots" for the subject of the pantomime, the onus of which is well sustained by Miss Caroline Parkes and the brothers Raynor, who are very clever and versatile.

Time and space prevent me from going into more lengthy comments on these two last entertainments, but they form especially attractive features in the variety of amusements presented to the public at those gigantic warehouses for entertainment for young and old.

There are other pantomimes, notably at the Marylebone and the Park theatres, which I have not had time to visit, but which, I gather from hearsay, both present many features of attraction.

I cannot conclude without a special tribute of praise to the most thoroughly artistic troupe of genuine pantomimists in London at the present time, namely, the Hanlon-Lees at the Imperial Theatre—though the piece in which they appear is not what is understood as a pantomime, yet the pantomimic art displayed by Mons. Agoust and the rest of the troupe essentially entitles them to be classed as the first pantomimists of the day. As a lover of genuine pantomime, I sincerely trust that the state of perfection to which these clever artists have brought it, and the success that has deservedly attended their efforts will stimulate others to follow in their footsteps, and tend to revive the art of true pantomime in this country.—W. Yardley.

THE PROVINCIAL PANTOMIMES.

"LIGHTLY skipping, gaily tripping," wafted hither and thither as the pantomime fairy directed me, I have been driven to nearly all parts of the provinces to see the Christmas productions, and, having witnessed the principal pantomimes, it is with feelings of pleasure and gaiety that I take up my pen to recall the most interesting events from them; for, if all the pantomimes are not an artistic success, they are a financial one, as is attested by the crowds of eager happy faces which have nightly cast their ray of gladness into the actor's heart, and sent the accompanying golden harvest into the managerial treasury. Having played "As You Like It" for five weeks at the New Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Miss Litton produced her first pantomime there on the 15th of December, which, for its beauty and complete harmony, deserves to rank first and foremost. It is called "Pretty Bo-Peep, and Harlequin Boy Blue and the Fairies who come blow your Horn," found him asleep in the Corn" (!), and has been written by Mr. Frank Hall, and localised by Mr. John Bannister; the latter gentleman plays the principal male part, and as Prince Lubin MacLubberkin has many excellent opportunities for displaying his laughter-provoking fun, which he uses to great advantage. Miss Marie Compton makes a dashing Boy Blue; and Miss Amy Grundy is a pretty Bo-Peep. The "Cornfields in Harvest," painted by William Glover, is one of the most beautiful stage pictures ever seen in Glasgow, and the artist is to be highly complimented. In this scene a most tasteful ballet of the seasons, arranged by Miss Rose Beckett, herself a graceful dancer, is introduced. When I say that the entire pantomime is as perfect as Miss Litton's revival of "As You Like It," I can give it no higher praise, and so hasten on to the next important production.

Mr. Fred. J. Stimson as Sister Anne, Theatre Royal, Manchester.

Mr. John Bannister as Prince Lubin, Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

Miss Annie Poole as Cinderella, Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

Ever ready to please the fastidious playgoers of Manchester, and sparing no expense over it, the management of the Theatre Royal in that

city has this season presented the pantomime of "Blue Beard," which, for its gorgeous and beautiful scenery and dresses, by far excels its predecessors. The company of actors and actresses engaged to represent it is also above the average. Madame Cave-Ashton sings charmingly as Fatima, and Selim finds an unusually vivacious exponent in Miss Marion West, who puts life and vigour into a small part, and looks exceedingly handsome. Mr. Fred J. Stimson, as Sister Anne, shows his wonderful low-comedy powers, and his impersonation is very funny without being vulgar. The humorous political lecture by Mr. Charles Collette (Blue Beard) is one of the hits of the pantomime, and calls forth roars of laughter; figures representing the principal political personages of the day are introduced, and satirically alluded to in a highly amusing manner. The climax to this episode is reached when the representatives of Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield enter, and, after shaking hands in the most friendly way possible, depart affectionately "round the corner."

Miss Marion West as Selim, Theatre Royal, Manchester.

Miss Alice Hamilton as Robin Hood and Miss Ethel Castleton as Maid Marian, Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool.

The pantomime of "Cinderella," at the Prince's Theatre in the same city, may be better described as a delightful opera-bouffe, but, although absolutely charming in its way, it lacks smartness and the necessary briskness to make it a financial success. As the heroine, Miss Annie Poole is an ideal Cinderella, and her singing goes far to secure her the position of the principal favourite, and indeed the mainstay of the production. The remainder of the cast is quite adequate, and some beautiful scenery has been painted, whilst the dresses are very elegant, and the music well selected and capitally rendered.

Miss Marie Stevens as Boy Blue, Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool.

Miss Katie Ryan as Bo-Peep, Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool.

The pantomime of "Robin Hood," at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, is largely composed of scenic effects, before which the acting of the piece disappears almost into insignificance. Perhaps the most successful of these effects is the storming of the Baron's Castle; at a given signal, an army of children, attired as archers, enter and prepare for the defence, whilst outside the castle the cries of the besiegers are

heard, followed presently by the assault; one by one the stones of the Baron's stronghold fall to the ground, slowly at first, then rapidly, and finally down come the apparently massive walls, and the stage, filled by crowds of glittering figures, surrounded by the clash and din of battle and a cloud of red fire, presents one of the most picturesque tableaux ever seen. As the heroine, Miss Alice Hamilton is graceful, yet full of spirit and vivacity; and Miss Ethel Castleton is very pleasing in the small part of Marian. Miss Laura Lawson has once more charmed the Liverpool public by her bewitching impersonation of the Fairy Florizel; whilst Miss Rozie Lowe, as the silly and somewhat unnecessary Prince John, and the Misses Meredith and Morley in other small parts are as satisfactory as possible. The Rajade Troupe cause much amusement by their stilt, yet not stilted, performance.

At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, the pantomime of "Little Red Riding-Hood, and her sister, Little Bo-Peep," is remarkable for having in its company a most charming young actress, who, out of a ridiculously small part, has made a decided success; thereby proving that small parts don't always mean failures. I allude to Miss Katie Ryan, whose impersonation of Bo-Peep is, I understand, referred to at length on another page. Miss Marie Stevens, who acted Boy Blue in Miss Litton's pantomime at the Imperial Theatre last season, takes the same part here, and her sprightly dashing representation of the hero has won her many admirers. As Red Riding-Hood Miss Polly Blake is simply perfect, her acting throughout being marked by much intelligence, grace, and childish naturalness. Mr. John S. Chamberlain showed much genuine humour as the Baron O'Bluster; and the author of the pantomime, Mr. T. F. Doyle, who did not make himself too prominent—as authors sometimes do—was fairly good as the Fox. The remainder of the company, which is principally made up of music-hall "talent," is not remarkably brilliant; but I may safely point out the Milton Troupe of contortionists, who, in their way, are as good as most of their rivals, and infinitely better than some of them. The movements of Miss Milton, in particular, are little short of marvellous.

Miss Kate Lovell as Princess Prettypearl, Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Miss Maggie Lewis, R.A.M., as Zorilda, Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"Sindbad the Sailor," as pantomimically represented at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has a charming representative in Miss Millie Turner, whilst the part of Zorilda, taken by Miss Maggie Lewis, is admirably portrayed. The acting and vocalisation of Miss Lewis have won her golden opinions—her splendid rendering of the ballad "Tho'

MARCUS ALFRED SMYTHSON

seas divide us," being specially beautiful. The Princess Prettypearl is fascinatingly presented by Miss Kate Lovell, whose song of "Pretty Primrose," by Pinsuti, is one of the musical successes of the pantomime.

Amongst the other bright particular stars in the provincial pantomimes, I may point out Miss Nellie Vane, who has been much praised for her acting of Lychee, in "Aladdin," at Mrs. Nye Chart's Brighton Theatre; and Mr. Vincent Sternroyd, who, as Clorinda, in "Cinderella," at Worcester, has made a great hit.

In the Christmas (January) Number of The Theatre I wished success to the pantomimes. That my wish has been granted is a source of great gratification to

Yours pantomimically,

Austin Brereton.

MARCUS ALFRED SMYTHSON.

MARCUS ALFRED SMYTHSON is well-known in connection with the musical drama, having filled the responsible position of chorus-master at the Royal Italian Opera for many years, and more recently at Her Majesty's Theatre; he was also with the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company, and latterly with Mr. Carl Rosa. This gentleman has, indeed, been identified with every operatic enterprise of importance in the metropolis during recent years, having been solely responsible for the choral portions in the production of all the great works of the most eminent composers, from the "Benvenuto Cellini" of Berlioz, to the "Mefistofele" of Boito. Mr. Smythson was a pupil of the celebrated William Michael Rooke, one of the most successful composers of his day.

Mr. Smythson is one of the sons of the late Benjamin Christian Smythson, whose name is doubtless a household word to many of our readers, having been proprietor of the Sans Souci Theatre in Leicester Square, and the Royal Pantheon in Catherine Street, where many of our best-known actors made their débuts.

Who that has once acted on the boards of the little Catherine Street playhouse, when Benjamin Smythson was the proprietor, can possibly forget him?—the indescribable costume with which he encased his portly figure, his expansive forehead, his frank and somewhat handsome open countenance, his expressive laughing eye, his good-humoured smiling mouth, his vivacious ready reply, and, above all, the round, full, sonorous tone, and the dignity of manner with which he rung out the simplest instruction. He was, however, no empiric professor of the art, having been a provincial actor of some repute for many years, and well recognised as a competent exponent of the leading characters in the old standard comedies. He had also, as a youth, played with John Kemble in his starring engagements, and would frequently relate amusing anecdotes of that marvellous tragedian, Edmund Kean, with whom he had on many occasions acted in the provinces some years later in life.

"Too frequently 'out at elbows,' I now applied," says Mr. Edward Stirling in his Memoirs recently published, "to Ben Smythson's agency for actors—The White Hart in Drury Lane. Kind-hearted considerate Ben! a real Samaritan, ever ready with food and kindly words to cheer and encourage the poor stroller. Ben, strongly impregnated with the

'Mysteries of Udolpho' school, was wont to use rather grandiloquent words for everyday purposes. His hostel—a very obscure one—became a castle; back parlours, smelling strongly of baccy—tapestry chambers; dilapidated staircases, lumber closets, and dark landings—galleries, crows' nests, and eagle towers. His beer-cellars were known as "dungeon-keeps;" Barclay's Entire at fourpence a-pot became nectar, like Mr. Dick Swiveller's 'rosy wine;' and his two serving-men, plain Bob and Dick, were transformed into Ricardo and Roberto. Every poor player that arrived footsore and hungered he styled according to their rôle—Kemble, Kean, Munden, or Siddons, knowing full well how pleasantly a little flattery tickles the palate. There was always a bed, supper, and breakfast, money or not, in this Mecca for wanderers. This liberality brought failure in its train, and The White Hart doors speedily closed on kindly Bob and his good intentions." *

His wife (Mr. M. A. Smythson's mother), was both an accomplished actress (having undertaken, with much success, many of the leading characters in both tragedy and comedy) and also a gifted writer.

I may add that Mr. M. A. Smythson, during his long professional career, has gained the respect and esteem of his colleagues, and the regard —we should perhaps rather say the affection—of all those who have been under his direction.

MISS KATIE RYAN.

MISS KATIE RYAN first appeared on the stage about four and a half years ago, at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, in "La Jolie Parfemeuse," under the management of Miss Emily Soldene, with whom she afterwards toured in the provinces for six months, playing small parts in opera-bouffe. She then played a principal part in the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe" at the Prince's Theatre, Bradford, which was produced under the direction of the late Mr. Charles Calvert, who thereupon engaged her for a period of two years; and at Easter, 1877, she appeared as Spero, the king's cupbearer, a part which was made a principal one specially for her, sustaining afterwards the characters of the Fool, in "King Lear;" Marion de Lorme, in "Richelieu;" and Nerissa, in "The Merchant of Venice."

After appearing at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the pantomime of "Aladdin and the Forty Thieves," Miss Ryan played Violet, in "Mammon," both at the Duke's Theatre, London, and in the provinces, with Mr. W. H. Vernon and Miss Louise Moodie; and on Thursday, May 23rd, 1878, she made her first appearance at the Olympic Theatre, in Mr. Henry Neville's revival of "Belphegor," playing the part of the boy Henri—the child who comforts his father when the mother has fled—with such an amount of earnestness and pathos as to secure a most favourable opinion from both the press and the public.

Miss Ryan has also played principal parts in the pantomimes at the Gaiety Theatre, Glasgow; the Theatres Royal, Belfast, and Cork; has toured for three months with Miss Kate Santley; and for two successive seasons has acted with Mr. Edward Terry on his provincial tours, during which she has played Lilian, in "Weak Woman;" Eliza, in "Paul Pry;" Emily, in "Jeames;" Kitty, in "High Life Below Stairs;" Marguerite, in

* See "Old Drury Lane: Fifty Years' Recollections." By Edward Stirling. Chatto and Windus, 1881.

"Little Doctor Faust;" Maritana in the burlesque on "Don Cæsar de Bazan;" and Diana Vernon, in "Robbing Roy." With Mr. Charles Collette, Miss Ryan has played Mrs. Featherstone, in "The Snowball;" Minnie Spencer, in "Bounce;" and other parts; and was the original Meerrie in Savile Clarke's burlesque on "Rip Van Winkle," first produced at the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, on March 29th, last year. Moya, in "The Shaughran;" Paul, in "The Octoroon," and Jenny, in "The Orange Girl," are some of the other parts that have been undertaken by Miss Ryan; and indeed, for the few years that she has been on the stage, her career has been singularly satisfactory, not to say brilliant.

Gifted with an intellectual and decidedly handsome face, and possessed of a clear melodious voice and a graceful figure, Miss Ryan adds to

MISS KATIE RYAN.

these natural endowments earnestness, much forethought, and a great discrimination in the acting of the various characters she essays. The elegance of her dancing in burlesque parts is much in her favour, and we may point out Miss Ryan as one of the very best young actresses in the lighter class of pieces which are now so popular, and we feel sure that before long she will again be acting in London, and winning for herself the exalted position in her profession in which the cultivation of her natural talents entitles her to rank.

Her last assumption, that of Bo-Peep in the pantomime at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, is most successful; all the local papers give her the highest praise, and her charming singing of "Eileen Alanah" and "Wedding Bells"—the latter with a pretty original dance—is encored nightly.

Our Play-Box.

FOR purposes of record I preserve the full casts of the following successful plays—viz. "Adrienne Lecouvreur," at the Court Theatre; "The Country Girl," at the Gaiety; and "Mefistofele II.," at the Alhambra. In all these plays there would have been much to say of the acting, which was of very special merit. The Adrienne of the gifted Madame Helena Modjeska is in many respects the finest and boldest thing she has done; the part of Peggy, in David Garrick's old play, fits Miss Litton like a glove; and at the

MADAME MODJESKA IN "ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR."

Alhambra we have in Miss St. Quinten an artist who is rapidly advancing to the front. The success of all these is undisputed.—C. S.

"ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR."

Revived, Court Theatre, Saturday, December 11th, 1880.

Maurice de Saxe ...	MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.	Princess de Bouillon	MRS. BERNARD BEERE.
Prince de Bouillon...	MR. J. D. BEVERIDGE.	Duchess d'Aumont	MISS WINIFRED EMERY.
Abbé de Chazeuil ...	MR. LIN RAYNE.	Marquise de Sancerre	MISS BLANCHE GARNIER.
Michonnet	MR. G. W. ANSON.	Countess de Beauveau	MISS DORINE O'BRIEN.
Poisson	MR. J. W. LAWRENCE.	Adrienne Lecouvreur	MME. HELENA MODJESKA
Quinault	MR. BRIAN DARLEY.	Mdlle. Jouvenot ...	MISS KATE VARRE.
Servant	MR. NEVILLE DOONE.	Mdlle Dangeville ...	MISS KATE LEESON.
Call-boy	MR. R. RIVERS.	Maid	MISS JULIA ROSELLE.

"THE COUNTRY GIRL."

Revived, Gaiety Theatre, Saturday Afternoon, January 8th, 1881.

Moody	MR. W. FARREN.	William	MR. M. R. SELTEN.
Harcourt	MR. E. F. EDGAR.	Miss Peggy	MISS LITTON.
Sparkish	MR. F. EVERILL.	Alithea	MISS HELEN CRESSWELL
Belleville	MR. J. T. STEPHENS.	Lucy	MISS MARIA HARRIS.

SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS: THE ALHAMBRA. MEFISTOFELE II.

"MEFISTOFELE II."

First produced, Alhambra Theatre, December 26th, 1880.

Marguerite ...	Miss Constance Loseby	Faust	Mr. Fred Leslie.
Mefisto	Miss St. Quinten.	Brander	Mr. C. Power.
Siebel	Madame Rose Bell.	Herr Tilling ...	Mr. Kelleher.
Lisette	Miss Emilie Petrelli.	Frosch	Mr. Bunch.
Martha	Miss Sallie Turner.	Will o' the Wisp ...	Mdlle. Rosa.
Soder	Miss Kate Lee.	Spirit of Passion ...	Miss Pattie.
Spirit of the Brocken	Madame San Martino.	The Three Graces	Mesdames Morini, Marie, and Taylor.
Valentine	Mr. Lionel Brough.		

"QUICKSANDS."

A Play, in Four Acts, adapted by William Archer, from the Norwegian of Henrik Ibsen.
First played at the Gaiety Theatre on Wednesday Afternoon, December 15th, 1880.

Consul Karsten Bernick	Mr. W. H. Vernon.	Krupp...	Mr. G. Raiemond
Sansted	Mr. Vincent.	Hausen	Mr. A. C. Hatton.
Astrup	Mr. Girardot.	Olaf	Master Arnold.
Nilsen	Mr. Freeman.	Mrs. Bernick ...	Miss M. A. Gifford.
Johan Hessel	Mr. Arthur Dacre.	Martha	Miss Fanny Addison.
Hilman Hessel	Mr. G. Canninge.	Iona Hessel	Mrs. Billington.
Dr. Borck...	Mr. T. Balfour.	Dina Dorf	Miss Cissey Grahame.

The characters, described in the original title as "pillars of society," are the leading merchants in a small Norwegian town, which prides itself upon its freedom from the commercial vices of "great communities," such as England and America. At the head of the little band of self-rightcous vestrymen is Consul Bernick, who is worshipped by his wife and sister, as well as respected by his neighbours. At a moment when Bernick has, as he says, need of all his reputation in order to carry his scheme of a local railway in the teeth of opposition, he is troubled by the return from America of his brother-in-law, Johan Hessel, whose name is in the worst odour in consequence of his misconduct before his exile, fifteen years ago. The crime for which Hessel has thus paid informal penalty was in reality Bernick's; and Bernick is terribly distressed to find that the reports which he has set about concerning the absent Johan are by no means forgotten. He cannot stop the stone which he has set rolling, and he lacks the moral courage to clear his brother-in-law's character. Just when his social danger is at its worst, a way of escape suggests itself. Johan expresses his intention of leaving Norway for a period of three months, at the expiration of which he will come back to demand the rehabilitation of his good name. He is going in the Florida, a vessel which Bernick knows to be a coffin-ship, almost certain to founder; and Bernick lets him go, without a word of warning. The crime, independently of the treachery towards a self-denying friend, is a terrible one, and for a while it seems as though it were to be terribly punished. On the eve of the presentation of a testimonial from his admiring fellow-townsmen, Bernick discovers that his little boy Olaf was on board the Florida when she sailed, and it is not until after a spell of agonising suspense that Bernick hears of his son's escape, and of the Florida's detention in port. On this he humbles himself in a speech addressed to the astonished deputation of admirers, and proclaims his intention of forthwith commencing a better life in a new country; but Bernick's cold-blooded villany appears somewhat inadequately punished.

In this play, tentatively produced and fairly successful, Mr. W. H. Vernon, Mrs. Billington, Mr. Arthur Dacre, and Miss Cissey Grahame, specially distinguished themselves.

"A NEW TRIAL."

Adapted from "La Morte Civile" of P. GIACOMETTI, by F. C. COGHLAN.
First produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Saturday, December 18th, 1880.

Corrado	MR. COGHLAN.	Gaetano	MR. CHARLES CECIL.
The Abbé	MR. FLOCKTON.	Rosalia	MISS AMY ROSELLE.
Don Fernando ...	MR. ERIC BAYLEY.	Annetta	MISS SOTHERN.
Dr. Palmieri ...	MR. JAMES FERNANDEZ.	Agata	MRS. LEIGH MURRAY.

THIS play is an adaptation, by Mr. Coghlan himself, of Giacometti's well-known Italian play "La Morte Civile." The piece holds the stage in Italy, chiefly, I should suspect, because the principal character is included in the répertoire of Signor Salvini. That great executive actor —greater as an executant than as a conceiver of ideal parts in poetical tragedy—has found in Corrado a part through which he can exhibit his

CORRADO AND THE ABBÉ. "A NEW TRIAL."

rare powers of passionate acting. I have not seen him in the character, which, indeed, he never played in London; but now, after having seen the drama, it is easy to conceive how great an effect Salvini could produce in such a part. In the English version the play is shorn of all tropes or imagery; two acts are compressed into one, and the work is reduced to the tightest limits of acting practicability; but this adaptation would seem, on the whole, to be carefully executed, by a practical playwright and practised actor. The play thus presented is sombre and gloomy in the extreme; but, through its somewhat morbid characteristics, it is possible, at least for one actor, to reveal power, passion, and pathos. Plays of this wholly depressing cast are not generally popular. Mr. Irving does not find his chief attraction in "The Bells." The greatest and noblest of all plays of this class—I mean, of course, Webster's terrible "Duchess of Malfi"—does not hold the stage, and has not been represented by any leading actress since Miss Glyn essayed to play the wronged and tortured heroine. Webster understood how to "move a horror skilfully." He rose above the turgid scope of mere acting drama. He elevated the

horrible to the terrible, and his awful play thrills with dark poetic power, with grave-gloomed and with madhouse-shadowed imagination.

"A New Trial" is an adaptation, not of high value, but of strong effect. It is not poetical. It relies upon incident rather than upon character. It seeks to move an audience, but is content to do so through somewhat vulgar means. The worth of the play consists in the opportunity for effect afforded to a player of peculiar powers; there is no analysis, either of action or of character; the work is not imaginative, either in conception or in treatment.

The story may be very briefly told: A young South Italian painter wins the love of a beautiful young girl. The relatives of the girl oppose the match. The lovers are married and are happy; they have one little girl. A year after the marriage, Luigi, the brother of the wife, attempts by force to take away his sister. A quarrel naturally ensues between husband and brother, and, in the sight of his wife, Corrado murders the

CORRADO AND ROSALIA. "A NEW TRIAL."

brother by a blow with a poniard. For the crime Corrado is justly condemned to the galleys for life. After some fourteen years of the miseries of a Neapolitan galley-slave's life, he escapes. He seeks and finds wife and child; but he finds them under suspicious circumstances—a benevolent doctor, one Palmieri, has adopted the child as his own, and has engaged the mother to act as governess to her own daughter; the wife repels the husband; the child ignores the father. Corrado feels that he is not wanted by either; he finds, moreover, that he stands in the way of the interests of both. In an agony of dull despair he commits suicide by taking poison, and dies in the presence of wife and of daughter; leaving the former free to marry Palmieri, and obtaining for the latter the advantage of such a father's position and protection.

Palmieri's plan for protecting the mother and her child is one that would occur to a dramatist rather than to a doctor. The position is difficult, but the best way out of it is not the one that is chosen; and the relations of the parties are so strained that the scandalous gossip of a Calabrian village is, not unnaturally, busy with the fair fame of the trio;

so that, when Corrado arrives, there is a movement on foot for chasing the wife, at least, out of the place. The chief agent in this persecution is a priest, called by the adapter, The Abbé. This ecclesiastic's zeal for morality is whetted by suspicion and embittered by a desire for persecution. Signor Giacometti probably intended him as a complete type-picture of the South Italian priest, but the adapter has weakened the intention of the author. The Abbé, I am told, has, in the original play, his own unworthy designs upon the virtue of Rosalia; but of this circumstance the adapter has left no hint.

Mr. Coghlan's first appearance as the escaped galley-slave is most picturesque and striking; and his fine acting soon sustains the impression made by his appearance. He is in the worn and stained dress of a Calabrian peasant, who has assisted the convict with this rude attire. Corrado was not an habitual criminal. He was guilty of one crime—of the Italian colpo di coltello, a blow of the knife, struck in passion; but he has spent fourteen years in the civil death—in the death in life—of a Neapolitan galley-slave, and Mr. Coghlan presents him as embruted, stupefied, as a man whose knees are bowed by fetters, whose wrists are galled by gyves, while the iron of the gaoler has entered into his very soul. His purpose of rejoining, of recovering wife and child, has, through all his long imprisonment, been a fixed idea, intensified by morbid brooding; but, when he appears, we seem to see that his purpose is clutched tenaciously in a mechanical grip, and is held by a sullen sluggish volition, which dominates a weakened mind. To my thinking, Mr. Coghlan's first act (the second act of the play), is as finely rendered as any part of his fine performance. His secret is soon wormed out of him by the astute priest, who is well practised in all the arts of the confessional; and Corrado learns that he is again near wife and child—near Rosalia and Nina.

Mr. Coghlan renders the part as one of emotion rather than of passion. At times he sinks into a sort of flatness of tone; he descends from the altitudes of passion and rises above the depths of anguish: he does not always sustain the tone of the part, with all its dark fire and sullen force; but this is the one slight drawback to a performance powerful, subtle, and most striking. The wan, gaunt, sickly misery of the unhappy murderer—through whose nature there yet runs a strain of dangerous savage fierceness—is grandly sustained; and he may be credited with a true art-success in this effective strong part. Corrado's sufferings have been still greater even than his sorrows. His crime, though great, was unpremeditated, and was committed in defence of his right, as the husband of a loving wife. He escapes the scaffold, he escapes from the galleys; but Nemesis comes, and his expiation is completed by a sentence pronounced after the law had dealt with the case. When we first see him, hope itself has become mechanical; the brain is weak, and the heart half crushed; fate is too strong for the hunted jaded wretch. He gets into one of those positions out of which death is the only issue; and the sentence which ordains the sacrifice of a weary life is spoken by a child and by a wife. His own act carries out the doom which they pronounce.

To Miss Amy Roselle falls the most complex part—the part which it is most difficult to harmonise, and to reconcile with the humanities. When Rosalia beholds once more the lover of her youth, and sees him in such piteous misery, she shows no passing touch even of womanly tenderness. Such conduct could only be explained by a passion for Palmieri; but this feeling is not expressed. Only a second love would so entirely drive out the first. Rosalia lies coldly to Corrado about the

identity of his and her child. Miss Roselle is not quite Italian enough. She looks like one of Miss Osborne's governesses, and is too chilly and too proper. She represents, mainly, the inconvenience of Corrado's return Still Miss Roselle played a very difficult character with grace, gentleness, and with refined delicacy.

Mr. Flockton is most happily suited by The Abbé—of the adaptation. His appearance and performance were alike admirable. It is rare to witness on any stage a more complete impersonation.

Mr. Fernandez represents Dr. Palmieri with singular finesse and delicate point. A dialogue between the priest and the doctor was given by these two actors in a manner which satisfied the highest requirements of stage art.

Miss Sothern played the young daughter with utter purity and innocence; and so lent to the play a performance of value and of charm.

It is difficult to predict a great popularity for the play: these doleful pieces, in which incidents and personages are used only for effect, without being touched to fine issues of art, do not always attract audiences. The piece has one great defect—no sympathy is possible for any one character in it. The hateful priest—the too logical doctor—the callous wife—the child in whom the "voice of nature" has evidently been imperfectly trained in a deaf and dumb asylum; all these fail to win sympathy, and even, sometimes, excite repugnance. Nay, Corrado himself is treated with so little ideality, that he fails to touch and charm an audience. But, be that as it may, let us waive the question of the popularity of the play; and so much, at least, remains certain, that it contains strong positions, and is most excellently acted by the four leading characters. Every person who loves the dramatic art should make a point of seeing "A New Trial."—H. Schütz Wilson.

"THE NINE DAYS' QUEEN."

By Robert Buchanan.
Produced at the Gaiety matinée, 22nd December, 1880.

The Princess Mary ...	Miss L. Willes.
Lady Jane Grey ...	Miss Harriett Jay.
Duke of Northumberland	Mr. Beaumont.
Duke of Suffolk ...	Mr. D. Fisher.
Lord Guildford Dudley	Mr. A. Dacre.
Earl of Hertford ...	Mr. Beerbohm Tree.
Sir John Brydges ...	Mr. R. Langford.
Feckenham	Mr. Girardot.
Gardiner	Mr. Butler.
Lord A. Dudley ...	Mr. Bindlos.
Duchess of Suffolk ...	Mrs. Leigh Murray.
Steward to Duke of Suffolk	Mr. Field.
Reuben	Mr. Williams.
Hetherington ...	Mr. Graham.
May Queen	Miss E. Costello.

The experience of those whose duty calls them to observe each change of programme as it occurs at one or other of the theatres, must inevitably lead them to the opinion that most new plays obtain in their representation at least as good a chance of success as they deserve. Occasionally a "White Pilgrim" or a "Man o' Airlie" or an "Oriana" misses, under the conditions of its performance, the mark which it ought to make. But they are the exceptions; and the fact that they are exceptions goes to prove the rule. To them must, I think, be added Mr. Buchanan's "romantic poetical drama," "The Nine Days' Queen;" so far, that is to say, as the unfortunate circumstances of its production are concerned. It did not obtain the chance which has commanded for many a far inferior and much less interesting drama something more than a doubtful succés d'estime. As a rule the fault may in such cases be fairly traced to the manager at whose house the inefficient or inappropriate representation has been given. In

this case, however, the responsibility of the result rests, curiously enough, with the author himself, who here undertook the direction of the performance and chose his own company. It was in his choice of company that Mr. Buchanan made his great mistake. The rôle of his heroine, an all-important one of course, he allotted to a lady who is understood to be one of his relations. Blood is, we know, thicker than water; but art is an imperious mistress, and is not to be served by anything like nepotism. Now Miss Harriett Jay, to whom was here allotted the "creation" of the chief character, has amply proved her intellectual ability by her clever novels. She has other advantages, in youth, good looks, and pleasant manner, which should stand her in good stead if she intends to become an actress by profession. But she is not yet an actress; and thus, although the ladylike suggestion of the heroine's essentially feminine nature is within her power, she fails to make Lady Jane impress those who witness her sufferings under terrible trials. Apart, however, from Miss Jay's incapacity to do anything like justice to such a part as this, there was manifest in the general performance a fatal lack of fitting preparation. A good many of the players did not know how to speak Mr. Buchanan's lines—a misfortune which would, it is true, have taken some time to remedy. But they might at least have been perfect in their text, and have been induced to elaborate the requisite stage "business" of their impersonations. More than one of them had evidently been unable to make up their minds as to the meaning and drift of the characters confided to their charge. They were, apparently, making deliberate experiments upon the corpus vile of a Wednesday afternoon audience. In these circumstances it seems best to say as little as may be of the details of a performance in which promising young actors like Mr. Tree and Mr. Dacre, as well as experienced players like Mrs. Leigh Murray and Mr. David Fisher, were seen at their worst, and Miss Harriett Jay herself was possibly not seen at her best. A word of acknowledgment is however due to the distinct individuality and histrionic force of Miss Louise Willes's Princess Mary, and Mr. Beaumont's Duke of Northumberland.

In a note appended to the programme the author of "The Nine Days' Queen" candidly admits that he has made free use of Nicholas Rowe's play on the same subject. The poet-laureate, however, of George I. is pretty well forgotten, together with his works, even though he enjoys the honour of a tomb in Westminster Abbey. And it is only justice to Mr. Buchanan to say that, though he takes something of the scheme of his drama from Rowe, the dialogue is his own, and is both dramatically and poetically a vast improvement upon that of the original "Lady Jane Grey." Like Rowe, Mr. Buchanan makes a point of illustrating Lord Guildford Dudley's success over a rival in his suit for the hand of Lady Jane. This rival he turns into the Earl of Hertford, for whose romantic passion there is, it is said, some historical foundation. However this may be, the scene between the two lovers, each anxious to behave honourably towards the other, is capable of arousing interest in the plot at its outset. The device moreover by which Hertford's mad resentment of Dudley's supposed trickery leads him to unwittingly compass Lady's Jane's destruction, is ingenious and effective. The episodes in the brief career of the innocent pretender here chosen for illustration are partly historical and partly imaginary. Lady Jane's well-authenticated swoon when Northumberland's plot was broken to her in the presence of her father and mother is of course introduced; but it needs to be led up to in a more natural manner. Then comes a hasty glimpse at her unwilling assumption of her dignity as Queen of England as

he takes possession of the Tower of London, approaching her future prison, in what might be a grand triumphal progress down the Thames. The timid reluctance of the girl struggling against her high and heartfelt sense of duty is gracefully indicated. While the play thus proceeds upon the lines of familiar history, its underplot retains its hold upon the attention. We see Lord Hertford warning the Princess Mary against a scheme in which he little thinks Lady Jane is implicated. We watch his remorse as he strives, in a frenzied appeal to Mary, to save her defeated rival from the doom hanging over her young head. And finally we are present at a fictitious meeting of the Queens in the Tower, where, in a striking situation, of which the most is not made, Lady Jane is, thanks to Hertford, allowed for awhile to hold her enemy's life in her hand. For my part I regret to see Mary exhibited in the conventionally repulsive light in which she appears both here and elsewhere in the play. It is certainly a mistake, according to my conception of the respective characters, to make the Queens bandy angry words with one another, eloquent though the mutual denunciation may be. But this passage, as well as many others in "The Nine Days' Queen," is written so vigorously, and sounded to me upon one inadequate hearing to have so much poetic verve, that it deserves retention at least as well as Schiller's quarrel between another Mary and Queen Elizabeth. As a whole, indeed, Mr. Buchanan's drama adds literary beauty and force to dramatic capability in a manner sufficiently rare to make it a matter for genuine regret if such work should be wasted on account of the blunders connected with its first introduction to the public.—Ernest A. Bendall.

"THE FOOL'S REVENGE."

A romantic Drama, in Three Acts, by Tom Taylor.
First produced at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, October 18th, 1859.
Revived at the Princess's Theatre, December 27th, 1880.

Bertuccio	Mr. Edwin Booth.	Serafino dell'Aquila	Mr. Chas. Cartwright.
Galeotto Manfredi	Mr. William Redmund.	Ascanio	Mr. John Gardiner.
Guido Malatesta ...	Mr. John Beauchamp.	Ginevra	Miss Violet Temple.
Baldassare Torelli	Mr. F. Charles.	Francesca Bentivoglio	Mrs. Hermann Vezin.
Gian Maria Ordelaffi	Mr. P. C. Beverley.	Fiordelisa	Miss Gerard.
Bernardo Ascolti ...	Mr. C. W. Garthorne.	Brigitta	Mrs. Lyons.

The popularity which Mr. Edwin Booth has achieved with a great proportion of London playgoers was amply evinced by the fact that, on his first appearance as Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge," on Boxing Night, the Princess's Theatre, in spite of the attractions of gorgeous pantomimes and other popular allurements of the Christmas season, was crammed in every part; and this all to witness the performance of a play which comes into the category of "the legitimate," or aims at so doing. "The Fool's Revenge" has never been a popular drama, although it obtained a certain success on its first production at Sadler's Wells, from the excellent acting of the late Mr. Phelps; and, consequently, it may be inferred that it was the name of the actor, and not the special attraction of the tragedy, which drew that crowded house.

That Mr. Edwin Booth, as the deformed jester, commanded a great success with his audience throughout the whole performance was obvious from the continued applause. But certainly, at first, the impersonation was somewhat awkward for a critical observer to grapple with. It was so novel, so original, so wild, so weird and strange, bordering on the grotesque, although never, it must be said, descending to the ludicrous, that judgment was at fault, and doubted of itself. It was difficult to shake off the strange

bewildering feeling of the first surprise. It was difficult to answer to oneself the mental question: "Do I really like this, or do I not?" In fact, it was necessary to become accustomed to the strangeness of the novel embodiment before coming to an issue with one's own understanding. It must be comprehended that Mr. Edwin Booth represented not only the deformed man, with a hump on his back, but the cripple with distorted legs, which lapped over each other in walking, impeded his gait, and frequently caused him to fall heavily on the ground. When the actor fell, however, it was always to assume some picturesque although grotesque attitude, which rather elicited applause than provoked laughter.

By degrees the critical spectator became accustomed to the wild peculiarities of the impersonation, and was able to form a better judgment on

THE FOOL'S REVENGE. ACT III.

"Revenge upon her wronger and his order.
Revenge in kind; to quit him—wife for wife!"

the art employed; at all events, he could not but acknowledge the consistency with which the peculiar embodiment was carried out, enjoy the artistic transitions from affected joviality to malice or savage eagerness for revenge, and watch every phase of the actor's art with rapt attention and interest.

The last act came; and Mr. Edwin Booth may be said to have carried off a veritable triumph. The force of his despair on finding that his beloved daughter—whom he has himself, unwittingly, assisted in abducting—was in momentary danger of death from poisoning, whilst he himself was powerless to aid or to prevent—chequered by wild hysterical efforts to assume the wonted manner of the jester, so as to deceive his enemies—swept away all doubts and hesitations, and decided that the performance was a very superior work of art. The word "art" is used advisedly. It was the elaborate art of the actor which decided the triumph of the evening; and when, in the altered version of the termination of the play, he leapt, with a yell, on the banquet-table at which his daughter was to have met her death, and he met his own, the applause was tumultuous. If, barring the novel and strange grotesqueness of Mr. Edwin Booth's Bertuccio, criticism can assert its rights, it may be in the suggestion that

in the scene with his fondly-loved daughter he was a little lacking in tenderness and pathos.

The success was Mr. Booth's own, and by no means that of the play; although in some respects he was fairly supported—notably by Miss

THE FOOL'S REVENGE. ACT III.

"I am right served,
I forgot fools in silk should take precedence
Of fools in motley. Lead the way, my lords!"

Florence Gerard, whose impersonation of the daughter was full of graceful tenderness and quiet charm, not lacking in force when necessary; by Mr. Redmund, who evinced much vivacity as the Duke, though perhaps some deficiency in courtly grace; and by Mrs. Hermann Vezin, as the injured and avenging Duchess.—J. Palgrave Simpson.

"THE MONEY SPINNER."

Originally produced, Prince's Theatre, Manchester, Friday, November 5th, 1880.
Produced in London, St. James' Theatre, Saturday, January 8th, 1881.

Lord Kengussie ...	Mr. Kendal.	A Porter	Mr. De Verney.
Baron Croodle ...	Mr. Hare.	Millicent Boycott ...	Mrs. Kendal.
Harold Boycott ...	Mr. John Clayton.	Dorinda Croodle ...	Miss Kate Phillips.
Jules Faubert ...	Mr. Mackintosh.	Margot	Mrs. Gaston Murray.

Readers of The Theatre are already familiar with the plot and character of Mr. A. W. Pinero's new, original, and successful play. The original Manchester success has been emphatically confirmed by a London audience; indeed it would be difficult to quote a precedent for the spontaneity of the enthusiasm awakened by the play as acted by as excellent a company as London has ever seen. All were seen at their very best. Mrs. Kendal, as the affectionate and womanly wife tempted to do an unwomanly thing; Mr. Kendal, as the chivalrous Lord Kengussie, who no longer commits himself to the jest of forgetting the name of Boycott; Mr. John Clayton, as the pale-faced terror-haunted man who has been unfaithful to his trust; Mr. Mackintosh, as the sly vengeance-loving detective who is so enamoured of his art that he ceases to be human; Miss Kate Phillips, as a vulgar, outspoken, downright good-hearted girl, without an atom of affectation in her

composition; Mrs. Gaston Murray, as a pleasant, philosophical, and talkative landlady; and even M. De Verney, with only a few lines as a French porter, were one and all at their best. As to Mr. Hare's Baron Croodle, it is so diverting a study, and a personation so charged with true humour and the spirit of the finest and most seductive caricature, that those who have not seen it have a rare treat in store for them. I, for one, envy them. It is interesting to note what is the main alteration made in the play by the author since its original production in Manchester. Then, as Mr. Austin Brereton told us, "the Money Spinner, to save her husband from disgrace, resolves to cheat her former lover, who is about to marry her sister." A most deplorable position. Now she sits down to cards determined to try her luck, and by a sudden impulse is tempted by the devil to cheat when luck has gone against her. I am unable to agree with the verdict of those who consider that to sit out a play in which the subtlety of sin is elaborated involves a certain social disgrace on the audience. I heard the other day of a young lady refusing the part of a tainted woman because society would in some mysterious way connect the actress with the simulated sin; but for an audience to consider they are endorsing immorality by witnessing a play in which sin, sorrow, and temptation are the main motives, is to my mind the sublimity of affectation. If the union of society with the stage so strangely mixes up personalities with art, the sooner it is severed the better. The drama must be reduced to a pulp of sickly sentimentality if the mainstrings of action and interest are to be arrested in this fashion, and if we cannot forget Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Hare in Lord Kengussie Mrs. Harold Boycott and the Baron Croodle.—C. S.

ON AMERICA: A GREEN-ROOM LECTURE.

By Harry Paulton.

LADIES and Gentlemen, Soubrettes, Jeune Premiers, Heavys, and Drolls—you have, of late, been much *America'd.* You will now be *more so'd.* I am desired to talk on America; and as I intend some time or other visiting it, I consider it a subject on which I may well claim to speak.

In commencing at this time of year on America, what more seasonable than to wish you all *Americarismas?*

Let us then turn to America. Turn your backs partly upon the ice-bound regions of the Frigid Zone, with the North Pole somewhat on your o. p., and America lies before you—a long way before you.

Every actor, who doesn't, should pine for the States; pant for the soft Western breeze; sigh for the pure *Balm of Columbia,* which restores grey or faded hair to its pristine beauty, promoting marvellously the luxuriance of its growth. Every comedian who wishes to *rise* should apply the *balm.* "*No actor need fear swallowing his mustaches,*" raised by the Columbia.

America is not on the Continent, but resembles it. Florence is a feature of the Continent. Florence is also a feature of America—so is Mrs. Florence. She has also features of her own, apart from America—

amusing features; to deny it were to be *mighty dolor*-ous and in-*cents*-able to mirth.

America sends us her actors—actors ranking; McKee *Rankin*-g in the first class, and what you *M'Call* her *Booth* actors—you *M'Jeska*'ll 'em what else you please. *Raymond* has been with us, and we may hopefully look for *Agnes* and the *bleeding Nun.* What wonder then that the mummystic mind, finding great actors hail from America, dwells on scooting to America to be hailed great actors!

In the States—there are *mainey* states, including the State of *Maine,* the wedded state, state of bliss, state of booze, etc.—every average comedian is worth at least sixty pounds per week. I have this on the unquestionable authority of several of the *averages* themselves. Do not forget to remember this, and stipulate for *four* benefits a-month. Be firm, or the unscrupulous manager will defraud you with but *two.* Accept three years' salary in advance and embark fearlessly, first obtaining the certificate of your birth—if married, twin births; and, having secured your *birth right* bunk!

And now let me ask you, let me beg of you before sailing for the Land of the Free, emancipate yourselves somewhat from your Old World habits, and acquire, if but a little, the manners and customs of the people whose dollars you are about to sack.

Accustom yourselves chiefly to sit with your heels upon the mantel-piece; it is deemed an insult to the man on whose hearthstone you sit not to place your feet beside his chimney ornaments. Practise constantly the graceful squirting of tobacco-juice through your front teeth; the spittoon, though never used, is the distinguishing article of all American institutions —the orator in Congress does not, as in France, ascend the tribune, he *steps into the spittoon.* Everything in the States is considered a conundrum; if you meet a friend or acquaintance, you "*guess* he's pretty well," or, "*guess* he looks bilious." When introduced to a lady, endeavour to *guess* her age—it is a breach of etiquette for a *guest* to omit this. States visitors are now seldom consumed by the natives, but it is well to arm yourselves with a few bowie knives and carry a revolver in each pocket.

Strange and peculiar as may appear these American manners and customs, they are none the more or less true. I speak on the testimony of travellers, some of whom have *witnessed the departure of American boats from Liverpool.*

Haste, then, brother mime, haste! Pack up your hare's-foot, and away! No more toil, study, and utilitarianism in *Stock* companies. You go to a land of *Stars* and Stripes. The American *Eagle* is *eagerly* awaiting you, gasping to behold your *talons,* to soar with you aloft, elevating your genius on his broad *'pinions* of the press. Stay not! delay not! Macready, pause not! but aboard the lugger! It is "the tide in your affairs."

Clutch with a hardy hand the halyard hawser, and hoist hastily the eager anchor from its dank slime in river's *bed.* The skipper may demu*rr,* but what *mattress?* Out with your spanker-jib-booms, and "spreading every stitch of canvas to woo the freshening breeze," with a well-hauled

keel, dash *prow*dly your well-ball*asted* brig o'er the foam-tipped crest of the ocean's corrugations.

Speak fearlessly to the *man at the wheel*, commanding the caitiff in well-balanced sepulchurals to "steer your bark to where, in" the language of the poet, "Methodic mediocrity's unknown"—the happy haven of perception, praise, pay, pinnacled prosperity, and *parts, per aspera ad astra*, Absquatulāte!

Our Musical-Box.

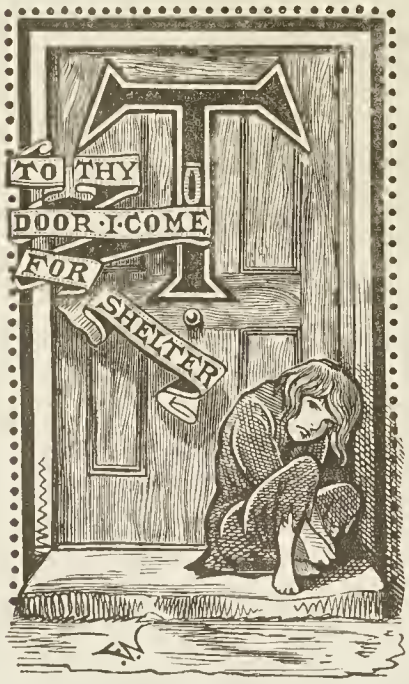
"LE CAÏD" IN ENGLISH.

"THE CADI."

A Comic Opera, in Two Acts, by Ambroise Thomas; English Version by Arthur Matthison.

First produced by the Carl Rosa Company at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on Wednesday, December 8th, 1880.

Virginie...	Miss Georgina Burns.	Fathma	Miss Lilian de la Rue.
Michel	Mr. Leslie Crotty.	Ali Bajou	Mr. Charles Lyall.
Aboul-y-Var	Mr. Snazelle.	A Muezzin	Mr. Beresford.
Birotteau	Mr. J. W. Turner.		



THE charming theatre at Manchester over which Mr. Charles Bernard so enterprisingly presides, has been the scene of many an interesting first performance, but of no first performance, we should say, more interesting to musicians and the musical public than that which occurred within its walls on the 8th of last December. Mr. Carl Rosa then produced—for the first time in England—the earliest success of M. Ambroise Thomas, the French composer whose opera of "Mignon" is now—thanks also to Mr. Rosa—one of the most highly-appreciated of such works among the British public. "Le Caïd," it so happens, has several points of interest apart altogether from its intrinsic merit as a musical effort. It is interesting, to begin with, as the work which first brought M. Thomas into prominence, and thus encouraged him to proceed with the composition of those later works which have made him famous alike in England and in France. M. Thomas's earliest effort of importance was "Angèlique et Mèdor," performed in 1843; but this was decidedly a failure, and for the next five years M. Thomas wrote nothing for the operatic stage. At last, however, on January 3rd, 1849, "Le Caïd" was given to the world, and so flatteringly was it received that the composer took heart of grace, and eventually provided "Hamlet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Wilhelm Meister" with those musical illustrations which have so effectually secured his fame. "Le Caïd" has, moreover, an historical interest as well as a

personal one. It may be regarded, and in fact it is regarded, as being perhaps the genuine original of French comic opera. To be sure, Auber had produced "Fra Diavolo" nineteen years before, and "Les Diamants de la Couronne" dates from 1841. Nay, it must be admitted that the influence of Auber is distinctly visible in the musical construction of "Le Caïd." At the same time, the last-named opera has more of the true spirit of burlesque than any of the works of Auber. "Fra Diavolo" and "The Crown Diamonds" are substantial compositions in their way, and have a raison d'être apart altogether from such parody as they contain. But "Le Caïd" is parody pure and simple; parody is its aim and parody is its nature. It may be admired, without reference to that quality, as merely a light and agreeable composition, overflowing with liveliness and humour. But assuredly in its origin it is a travestie of the romantic opera of the time; and, besides paving the way for the more extravagant opera-bouffe of Offenbach and Lecocq, it may be said to have done something to make possible the "musical drama," as opposed to the old-fashioned "opera," which Wagner has made acceptable in our day.

Intrinsically, "Le Caïd" is a most delightful work. It bubbles over with melody and fun. The key-note is struck in the tuneful and exhilarating overture, in which one leading motif is very brightly and cleverly worked out. Then comes the characteristic opening chorus, which, with the little scena which succeeds it—descriptive of the terror of the Cadi—at once seizes on the susceptibilities of the auditor, and puts him in the proper frame of mind for the proper enjoyment of the work. Nothing could be more melodious and brilliant than the opening solo of the heroine. The air is prettiness itself, and the vocal embroidery is suprisingly graceful. The travestie of Bellini and Donizetti is here strikingly apparent to the judicious hearer, but the number is highly enjoyable in itself, and could not fail to have its independent effect upon the most unlearned audience. Again, in the following duet between the hero and the heroine, we have another piece of admirable burlesque on the lengthy dialogues of Italian opera—with, for the multitude, the simple charm of the liveliness and grace in which the melody is couched. In the way of characteristic writing there could be nothing better than the first utterance of the Tambour Major, with its stirring drum accompaniment—unless, indeed, we give the palm to the clever bit of recitative in which Michel glorifies his profession and his particular position in it—in the latter the military colouring is very ingeniously introduced. For sheer comedy, again, commend us to the Intendant's drinking-song, in which the orchestral accompaniment to the vocalist's "Glug, glug, glug!" is truly delicious in its humour—a humour reminding us of some of the orchestral eccentricities which Mr. Sullivan gives us now and then. It is unnecessary, however, and would be unprofitable, to go through the whole opera. Suffice it that, musically considered, the work is one for which Mr. Rosa is to be thanked for making it familiar to the British public. It is musical champagne, but champagne of which the influence is abiding—a melodious draught, which cheers but not inebriates—a humorous libation, which puts one into a thoroughly good temper and keeps one there. The opera is not tuneful in the sense that Mr. Sullivan's are; it is not possible, perhaps, to go away humming any special air which will by-and-by be ground upon the organs. But the senses have been delightfully titillated for a time, and the general impression is one of keen satisfaction. It has been impossible not to admire and to enjoy at once the

grace and the comicality which the composer has managed to impart to the various numbers in the work.

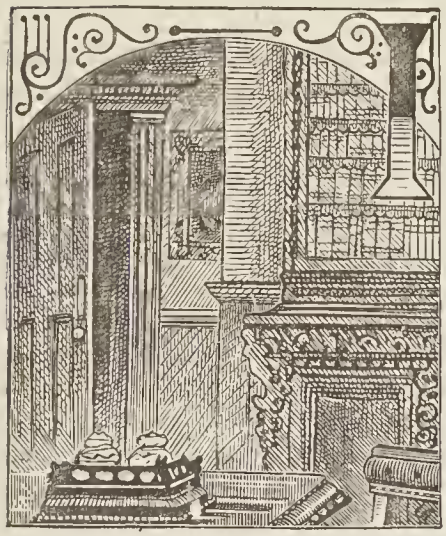
For the plot of the opera, and for the libretto generally, there is not so much to be said. M. Thomas's skilful music is built upon a very slender foundation. The action of the opera is slight, and it is not assisted by a "book" of any special brilliancy. The central character of the story is, of course, the Cadi, who, as an oppressor and a miser, is very unpopular in the Algerian village in which the scene of the opera is laid. So unpopular is he that he goes about in bodily fear of the villagers, who, in their turn, go about in the hope of getting opportunities of beating him. It so happens that Birotteau, a Parisian coiffeur, and Virginie, a modiste, have settled in the village, with the view of making there the fortune they have been unable to make in France, and of thus securing the necessary monetary foundation on which to marry. It occurs to Birotteau that he can make capital out of the cowardice of the Cadi, whom he undertakes to rid of his tormentors for the sum of 20,000 francs. The Cadi jumps at the idea, but, instead of paying so heavy a price for the accommodation, conceives the notion of turning Birotteau into a son-in-law, and thus satisfying that gentleman's demands. Birotteau is accordingly introduced to Fathma; but that young lady has already found a lover in the person of a handsome Tambour Major; Virginie also interposes somewhat vigorously; and Birotteau, who was inclined to be faithless to his sweetheart, is forced to decline the alliance that has been suggested. He succeeds, however, in securing the 20,000 francs, and, in return for them, he presents the Cadi with a bottle of his "hair restorer," the "lion pomade"—an unexpected dénoucment, which does not, however, altogether repay an audience for the attention with which it has followed the process of the drama. One is glad to know that Virginie and Birotteau have obtained their marriage-money, but it is impossible to avoid the sensation that the game has not been worth the candle.

It should be mentioned that, prominent in the opera, though scarcely indispensable to the plot, is the Cadi's Intendant (or superintendent, as he calls himself), who supplies what may be called the low comedy of the work. This character is enacted by our old friend Mr. Charles Lyall, who contrives to make him, on the whole, an amusing figure. Admirably dressed and "made up," Mr. Lyall gives all possible force and unction to such witticisms as he has to utter, and his singing is made all the more humorous by the clever advantage that he takes of his own vocal deficiencies. This is especially seen in the drinking-song above referred to. For the rest, Virginie has in Miss Georgina Burns a thoroughly competent interpreter, both vocally and histrionically. The lady invests the rôle with all desirable mock tenderness and mock indignation, and her vocalisation throughout is what the æsthetic would no doubt call "consummate." The part is full of the musical embroidery to which allusion has been made, and in this species of work Miss Burns, who boasts a most agreeable light soprano, is a thorough artist. I do not, personally, care for the quality of voice of which Mr. J. W. Turner is the possessor, but it must be acknowledged that it is well adapted to the rôle here undertaken, and that, in the matter of technique, Mr. Turner is too experienced to go wrong. His acting is altogether excellent. Mr. Crotty looks the Tambour Major to admiration, and is an able vocalist, but his lower register is not strong or full enough to allow him to do perfect justice to the music of his part. Nevertheless, there are occasions during the opera on which he is decidedly successful. Mr. Snazelle has not quite so prominent a place in the performance as might be supposed, but he

makes the most of his opportunities, and in certain situations his acting is especially praiseworthy; his singing is careful and acceptable.

On the whole I do not anticipate for "Le Caïd" in English a very great popular success. It is hardly what the British public is accustomed to, and for that reason alone it may fail to draw good audiences, either now or by-and-by. The playgoer of to-day has been educated in the schools of Offenbach and Sullivan, and he requires not only bright and lively music, but a story which shall have plenty of "go," and a libretto which shall have plenty of vivacity. He has got used, besides, to plenty of the female element, either among the principals or in the chorus; and in "The Cadi" the chorus is not only wholly masculine, but comparatively in the background of the piece. In other words, the attractiveness of "The Cadi" lies almost entirely in the music, and will consequently appeal almost entirely to those who can appreciate that sort of thing so highly as to be willing to close their eyes to the shortcomings of the plot and the libretto. I sincerely hope that such people are sufficiently numerous to induce Mr. Rosa at any rate to keep "The Cadi" in his répertoire, and to produce it as often as circumstances may allow.—W. Davenport Adams.

Our Omnibus-Box.



HAVE received the following congratulatory letter from a cheery Irishman, which I am vain enough to print as an example of some consoling jam to make many a pill of disappointment go down: "As a reader of The Theatre since it first appeared in monthly numbers, perhaps you will allow me to thank you for the really excellent Christmas Number of that periodical. I had long cherished a hope that some day I might hold in my hand a Christmas Number of The Theatre, and at last that hope has been realised in a manner which exceeds my most sanguine expectations. I must confess to a pang of regret on noticing the thread of disappointment which is woven through 'A Word from the Editor,' in the December number. I find by it that the subscription list is not what it ought to be. Why this is so, I cannot conceive. Surely it is the interest of every reader of The Theatre to establish it on a firm footing, for the simple reason that he can then look forward with confidence to a monthly fund of information and unalloyed pleasure. For those who, like myself, love the dramatic art, and hold its exponents in the highest esteem, I consider it should be to them—as to me—a self-imposed duty to extend the circulation of a magazine which is a credit to a noble art, and likely to place that art in a proper light before those to whom, as yet, its charms and healthful influence are unknown. But then there are grumblers in the camp—persons who, if they got The Theatre gratis, would have the audacity to ask for payment

for the favour they conferred on the proprietor by taking it! These are the kind of people who ask for two photographs. Would they kindly use their brains—I do not say they have not got the like, but their complaints would seem to indicate as much—and solve the conundrum: How can you get four shillings' worth (to say nothing of letterpress or autograph) for one shilling? When there were two photographs in THE THEATRE, I was always of the opinion that the Editor must have been some relation of a countryman of mine, who, when asked how he managed to sell his butter one penny per pound under cost price, said that it was the quantity he sold made it pay! And, indeed, I'm afraid the present Editor is too open-handed, for how THE THEATRE, in its present form, can be issued—even in these days of cheap literature—for a shilling, is still a mystery to me. However, thank goodness these grumblers can be counted on one's fingers, and their miserable drivelling goes for naught. But still, when one is doing one's best to please, it must be hard to find even a few malcontents howling. Let us hope, however, that we have heard the last of these complaints, and that with the February number we may hear the glad news that the circulation of THE THEATRE has been doubled." I hope so too.—[C. S.]

The play of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," as performed by Madame Modjeska, has been adapted by Mr. H. Hermann, the acting-manager of the Court Theatre, and member of the Dramatic Author's Society; but I believe that Mr. Hermann is not responsible for the verse translations of Lafontaine's fable, "Les Deux Pigeons," or the denunciatory passage from "Phèdre."

Miss Clara Vesey, so long connected with Miss Emily Soldene's opera-bouffe company, has been recently married to a Mr. Hoffmeister, the son of a wealthy Hamburg merchant.

Mr. Lester Wallack has purchased the site for a new theatre farther "up town" than that which at present bears his name. The proposed building is to be completed and opened in October.

The first night of Mr. Merivale's "Forget-me-not," in New York, was the occasion of a brilliant gathering within the walls of "Wallack's." The play, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm, afforded Miss Rose Coghlan the opportunity of making a distinct hit as Stephanie de Movarirht.

Now that everyone is talking of Miss Litton's clever performance of Miss Peggy in "The Country Girl" at the Gaiety—a personation brimming over with sparkle and humour—it may be interesting to hear what the critics thought of Mrs. Jordan when she resumed the part of Peggy at Drury Lane on the 17th of September, 1807: "Her person is a little decreased in size, but her inimitable powers are still the same. Nature speaks through her, and there can be no satiety in the enjoyment of her acting. The nature which appears in her will be found, however, by the critical eye not to be that portion of it which is strictly consistent with the age of Peggy. Mrs. Jordan's study has been children, and you see her in 'The Country Girl' and in 'The Trip to Scarborough' full of those childish acts which are peculiar to froward schoolgirls not exceeding the age of twelve or thirteen. This is the principle of her action; the copy is perfect. Parents remember it with delight, and all men recognise the truth of these

traits of infantine character with so much admiration as to forget they do not belong to the time of life of Peggy or Miss Hoyden. To those who thoroughly consider the subject no hyper-criticism will appear in these remarks, nor are they calculated to detract from Mrs. Jordan's merits as not to leave her an actress unique in excellence. It seems to us that a little rouge would not be out of character on the cheeks of a country girl." The critics of those days were, I fear, a little ruder than they are in our own. For instance, it is said: "Mr. Holland was pompously announced in Belville for the first time, after having been two years at grass. The provincial farmers have sent him up in good condition."

I do not think it is generally known that the historical dramas written by Tom Taylor have been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus of Piccadilly, and may be obtained in a handy and readable form. In the series will be found "The Fool's Revenge," recently acted at the Princess's Theatre, so students can compare it with Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse," and contrast the jester Triboulet with Bertuccio.

Another charming little book has just been given to the world by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, namely, the lighter "Songs and Poems," written by the late Mr. J. R. Planché between the years 1819 and 1879. "If the book," says Mrs. Mackarness, who has strung together these beads from her father's song necklace, "is only bought by those who loved the author and appreciated his talents, both mine and the publisher's aim will be fully realised."

If the poor little children are sick, and in consequence miss the treat of the pantomime this year, some one should hurry off to Fleet Street (Messrs. Dean and Son, 160A, Fleet Street) to buy the whole series of the Home Pantomime Toy Books. They are capital fun, and I am an eye-witness to the fact that they delight small and big children as well.

I have been asked to preserve in The Theatre a brief critical comparison between the Adrienne Lecouvreur of Sarah Bernhardt and Helena Modjeska. "The love of Maurice de Saxe, as shown by Sarah Bernhardt seemed an excitement: with Modjeska it is a relief. The French actress who played an actress loved with all the fever, the hunger, and the abandon of her nature. Her restlessness found its pleasure in new distress. It soothed her to get away from the stage in order to plunge in more dissipation and intrigue. Her nature wanted the romance that such distractions occasionally give. It was not stage-love she sighed for, but an enthusiasm or heart-feeling that would be very like the stage. The love for Maurice de Saxe, however, as displayed by Madame Modjeska, is something very different indeed. To indulge in it seems to take her away from the tinsel and tawdry surroundings of the profession of an actress. It makes her breathe a purer atmosphere, and think of something real and not artificial. It satisfies her like gazing on a beautiful landscape, or inhaling the fresh air of the country. It removes her from the heavy mist she breathes daily, the jealousies, the arrogance, the bickerings, and the intrigues that cling to the art she practises; and when she loves the young lieutenant who has rescued her, she comes out of herself, and so far as innocence is concerned is regenerated and becomes a child again."

An enthusiastic article on Modjeska appears in the January number of the "St. James's Magazine," signed "John Forbes Robertson." Bold metaphor is employed in the description of the death-scene in Adrienne Lecouvreur: "A white lily buffeted on its stalk by a cruel wind might symbolise her agony, as the leaping up against a darkling rock of a shapely storm-swayed jet of sea-foam might on its subsidence be likened to her death."

Mr. Henry Neville has accepted an engagement at the Princess's Theatre, and will probably play a round of his favourite characters, such as Bob Brierly, Harry Dunbar, and Lord Clancarty, at the termination of the engagement of Mr. Edwin Booth, which will not close until March.

Everyone will wish good luck to Mr. Edward Compton, who starts for a round of the provinces with a capital comedy company and a selection of good old plays. Mr. Compton proposes to appear as Malvolio, Touchstone, Dr. Pangloss, Ollapod, Mawworm, Acres, Tony Lumpkin, etc., fortified with the traditions and method of his excellent father. Mr. Edward Compton's Malvolio was very successful indeed in America. Stratford-on-Avon will be visited, if all be well, on Shakespeare's Birthday.

A book entitled "Old Drury Lane," that begins: "I was born at Thame, in Oxfordshire, in the year 1807, and received my education at Queen Elizabeth's Latin School, Southwark"—must of necessity be a curious production. It is not until the reader gets to the 213th page that he discovers anything about Drury Lane, being meanwhile inclined, whilst wading through disconnected anecdotes, to be as rude as Hamlet, and say: "Begin! leave thy damnable (pre-)faces and begin." Mr. Edward Stirling has, however, tumbled together a mass of facts and personal recollections that only require arrangement, order, system, editing, and a wholesale peppering of dates in every chapter. The spelling of some of the names is extraordinary. Ben Smythson becomes Smithson; Canaletto is Canaletti; we have Nitocrius for Nitocris; Mr. Wallerstein is called Wallenstein; and poor Arthur Matthison is called Matthewson. The book is published by Chatto and Windus, and the index is excellent. I look in vain for an account of the Drury Lane Fund.

"Michel Strogoff" will be produced at the Adelphi early in March. All so far looks remarkably well and promising for a drama of spectacle, sensation, and interest. The Brothers Gatti have in this matter distinguished themselves as diplomatists. First of all it was emphatically a wise step to engage Mr. Charles Warner for a character that seems made for him, and which he has studied from the novel of Jules Verne and from frequent visits to the play as represented in Paris. Next, Mr. James Fernandez is the man of all others for the really fine part of the villain; Miss Gerard and Mrs. Hermann Vezin could not be excelled in this instance as the representatives of tender sympathetic interest and passionate force. But best notion of all was it to ask Mr. Henry J. Byron to adapt the play, and, not only that, but to take the part of the journalist, on whom the comic interest of the drama depends. Mr. Byron, as author and actor, cuts the Gordian knot of difficulty. He is an actor; he has been a journalist. He understands the stage as well as any man living, and whatever he does will

assuredly be in the best taste so far as the professions of acting and journalism are concerned. Mr. Byron's services are invaluable in this curious predicament; and he is emphatically the right man in the right place. The elaborate scenery will be by Mr. Beverley. Mr. Warner will undertake the stage-management of the drama, with Mr. John Cormack—the veteran—to assist him with the drilling and grouping of supernumeraries.

London is at last to have a panorama worthy of a great metropolis, and Leicester Square promises to revive the glories of Burford's Panorama of old. The site of the grand panorama of "Balaclava" is old Saville House, and it will be produced on a magnificent scale, similar in design and idea to the wonderful panorama of the siege of Paris in the Champs Elysées. I have already seen the preliminary touches of the noble canvas, reproduced from sketches by Gerome and the Parisian artists MM. Poilpot and Jacob; but when the effects are turned on and we perceive the full art of deception, when real properties are added in the intervening space between spectator and canvas, I expect sightseers will be startled and delighted. The enterprise is due to Parisian art and Parisian commerce. The painting will be completed at the end of the month, and the opening-day will follow soon after. Mr. Alfred Thompson is aiding the directorate in giving London a really magnificent show.

Saville House was formerly the residence of the patriotic Sir George Saville, who introduced the Catholic Relief Bill, which led to the Gordon Riots in 1780. It is frequently confounded with Leicester House, which it adjoined. The house in the Gordon Riots was stripped of its valuable furniture, books, and pictures, and the iron rails were torn from the front of the house and used by the mob as weapons. Saville House was rebuilt early in the present century, and became an exhibition place. Miss Linwood exhibited her needlework here from 1800 to 1845, and it was called the Linwood Gallery. Various shows followed, including a moving panorama of the Mississippi River and a series of views of New Zealand. For upwards of sixty years Saville House owed allegiance to the showman, and in my younger days I often dined at The Shades, and, seated on the top of a four-wheeled cab, I saw the place burned down in two hours in 1865. The proposed Denmark Theatre and Winter Garden on the site never came to anything, but now the Panorama of Balaclava will fill an empty space, and be one of the attractions of London. Burford's panorama was on the north-east corner of the square, on the site now occupied by the Roman Catholic church dedicated to Notre Dame de France, under the ministration of the Marist Fathers.

At this time of the year children, old and young, are taught to dance. Parents are eagerly seeking for professors of deportment who can instruct the girls and boys and make them proficient in the vacillating valse, the seductive schottische, and the peripatetic polka. I fear that my dancing-days are over, but if I were asked to recommend a professor of the terpsichorean art and an academy equally distinguished for its neophytes and negus, I should certainly give the address of Mr. Samuel Slithery, of King William Street, Strand. This eminent professor has changed his name recently, but was originally known as Mr. J. L. Toole, of the Folly Theatre. He gives lessons every evening and each Saturday afternoon throughout the holidays; his terms are moderate, and the moral tone of the establishment is unexceptionable.

I have received an admirable little book that will delight all who are patrons of the "Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room." It is called "Home Theatricals Made Easy; or, Busy, Happy, and Merry" (Roberts and Co., Essex Street, Strand), by two extremely clever young ladies, the Misses Frances and Alice Callow. The authoresses of this useful text-book are at once dramatists, artists, and practical stage-managers. They give you words to learn, pictures to look at, and inform you how to turn a parlour into a playhouse without any damage whatever or ruinous expense. A cheerful, homelike, unaffected tone pervades the book; and though I venture to think that some of the speeches in the charades are too long, the practical hints at the end of every play are invaluable. "The Girls of England," to whom the book is dedicated, ought to be very much obliged to their bright and clever sisters.

Miss Genevieve Ward, on landing in America, published the following "card," so you will see that the "Forget-Me-Not" excitement is not yet at an end: "To managers, actors, and the public.—I have crossed the ocean at this inclement season to protect my purchased right of exclusive production of 'Forget-Me-Not' against the deliberate piracy of Lester Wallack and Theodore Moss. I am preparing papers for an injunction against them, and shall push my legal redress with vigour. Meanwhile, I beg to say that neither Mr. Wallack nor Mr. Moss has any right to 'Forget-Me-Not,' and further, I will enjoin every manager and actor in the country who attempts to play my piece. I have this day concluded to play the piece in all the large cities, beginning in the City of New York, at an early date, under the management of Colonel William E. Sinn.—Genevieve Ward. Dated December 27th, 1880."—Why not settle the matter by a compromise? Miss Genevieve Ward might play Stephanie de Mohrivart and Miss Rose Coghlan Anne-Mie. Nothing could be better.

Mr. William Winter, poet and critic, of New York, a writer with a charming style and ever-graceful fancy, has sung in his own gentle way about Lilian Neilson, and calls her "Fidèle." This tender lyric is printed in William Winter's poems, just published by Osgood and Co., of Boston.

FIDÈLE.

Died August 15th, 1880.

With fairest flowers,
While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidèle,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Shakespeare.

And oh, to think the sun can shine,
The birds can sing, the flowers can bloom,
And she, whose soul was all divine,
Be darkly mouldering in the tomb.

That o'er her head the night-wind sighs,
And the sad cypress droops and moans;
That night has veiled her glorious eyes,
And silence hushed her heavenly tones.

That those sweet lips no more can smile,
Nor pity's tender shadows chase,
With many a gentle childlike wile,
The rippling laughter o'er her face.

That dust is on the burnished gold
That floated round her royal head;
That her great heart is dead and cold—
Her form of fire and beauty dead!

Roll on, gray earth and shining star,
And coldly mock our dreams of bliss;
There's little glory left to mar,
Nor any grief more black than this!

Miss Harriett Jay, authoress and actress, has arranged a provincial tour during the spring of 1881. She will appear in "The Queen of Connaught," a drama founded on her own novel, and in Mr. Robert Buchanan's poetical play, "The Nine Days' Queen."

Mr. D. H. Harkins, an American actor of repute, who has for many months been performing successfully in the English provinces, appeared "for the first time on any stage" as Virginius, in Knowles's play, at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, on Friday, December 24th. The performance was unequal here and there, but on the whole it ranks at any rate with the representations given by Messrs. Dillon, Creswick, and others in this country. I understand that Mr. Harkins, when in America, played Othello to the Iago of Mr. Booth for one hundred nights consecutively, and it would have been interesting to have seen him in that character at the Princess's. Mr. Harkins returns to America in the autumn.

There is something trustful and pathetic in the announcement that Miss Isabel Bateman, in accordance with her dead mother's wish, will carry on the management of the Sadler's Wells Theatre. So young a manageress has seldom stepped forward to brave the storm of chance and circumstance. Apart from the respect in which the Bateman family is held, all loyal and chivalrous playgoers will no doubt make it a matter of duty to give a helping hand to so modest and accomplished a young lady.

On the Thursday preceding New Year's Day, the Hampstead Amateur Dramatic Society gave an invitation performance at St. George's Hall. This society, which has been in existence but three or four years, has already achieved great success, and may now be justly considered one of the leading clubs of the metropolis. The pieces selected for representation were the farce, "A Dodge for a Dinner," and Horace Wigan's adaptation of "Nos Intimes," entitled "Friends or Foes." In the former Mr. Mark Keogh, as the adventurer Hopkins, was the life of the piece, keeping the audience in continuous laughter from the rise to the fall of the curtain. In the comedy, Mr. F. Macey, as Mr. Union, deserves much praise. He is possessed of unusual pathetic power, which he knows well how to use. The part of Yielding, played by Mr. Gottschalk, was a remarkably clever piece of character-acting, yet without exaggeration. Mr. G. Fox was very good as Dr. Bland. Miss Carlotta Addison, in the rôle of Mrs. Union, was admirable —in fact, the part seemed written for her, so well did she catch all the telling points. The other characters were ably filled. An excellent amateur orchestra, under Mr. A. Deane, added greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

Many of our actors and actresses have distinguished themselves in other ways besides their histrionic art, notably painting and drawing, but few seem to have come before the public as novel writers, and I am glad to see that Mr. Edmund Leathes has made a step in this direction. His novel, "The Actor's Wife" (Samuel Tinsley and Co.), will interest most people, and especially those connected with the stage, as he mentions several well-known characters under assumed names. It is written in rather a straggling style, and would have gained by being condensed into two volumes instead of three. He is also rather fond of leading one's eyes

to a tableau which ends in nothing, and of coining new words, which are decidedly not euphonious, if descriptive. The following passage is curious enough:

> I always contend that a seat on horseback, like handling a foil or throwing a fly, and I could give several other parallels, comes naturally to some people who are born with a large bump of instinctive stickonitiveness.

The eldest son and youngest daughter of Dion Boucicault are destined for the stage, and purpose following it as a profession. Dot Boucicault has already broken the ice successfully, and will probably blossom into an Irish comedian after his father's pattern. Miss Boucicault is only fourteen, and is said to be "a tall likeness of her mother, with decided promise of tragic power." In another year the young lady will commence active study of her art. Unless I am mistaken, the popular Dion has several Irish dramas in his portfolio.

A man who had been in Sheridan's employ, but whom he had been compelled to discharge on account of habitual drunkenness, one day met Sheridan, and in whining tones begged a small sum, as he was "cleaned out.' "What is the use of my giving you a small sum?" asked Sheridan; "if I give you anything you will spend it in drink." "Not this time, sir," returned the man. "Look, sir," showing his tattered coat, "I want to get a decent coat." "Coat?" said Sheridan. "Ah! well, you see I can't trust you with money. Be here to-morrow morning, and I'll bring you a coat." Accordingly, the man came, and Sheridan, accompanied by a friend, soon made his appearance, and he handed the man the promised coat. The man put it on, and found it would fit, but was very short. However, he thanked Sheridan and walked off. "Yes," said Sheridan's friend, "it's a good coat, but it's so confoundedly short." "That's true," returned Sheridan, "but it will be long enough, I'll warrant, before he gets another."

It was not likely that Lilian Adelaide Neilson would be allowed to rest long where they recently laid her in the Brompton Cemetery without some fitting memorial to mark the spot of her abiding-place and to denote the affection in which she was held. An old and valued friend has generously taken upon himself to perform the sacred duty, which others must envy him, and for many weeks past—long before Christmas—a very handsome monument has headed the grave of this beautiful and accomplished artist. It consists of a bold and imposing cross, hewn out of white granite, very simple indeed, but in admirable taste. Equally to be commended for grace and simplicity is the short and touching inscription at the foot of the cross:

In Loving Memory of
ADELAIDE NEILSON.
Died August 15, 1880.
Gifted and Beautiful.
Resting.

Mr. David James will be out of the bills at the Vaudeville for a month, and when he returns will revive that capital drama, "Tweedie's Rights," by Mr. James Albery.

A friend has copied for me the following epitaph on James Quin, in Bath Cathedral, by David Garrick :

The tongue which set the table in a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more;
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spake, before the tongue, what Shakespeare writ;
Cold is that hand which, living, was stretch'd forth
At friendship's call to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin; deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould, however cast,
To this conclusion must thou come at last.

Link by link the chain of pleasant memories is broken. In the bright sunshine of our brief summer was Lilian Adelaide Neilson laid at rest, she so young, so beautiful. As the grave closed over her there passed away another celebrated actress, Mrs. Charles Kean, ripe in years, loved and respected. How strange! The youngest and the oldest of these queens of tragedy fell, as it were, side by side. Then an accident, and poor Charles Harcourt was carried from the theatre to the hospital, from the hospital to the grave. Zealous and hard-worker as he was in his profession, he yet found time to play another part. Many of those hours which might have been given to rest or pleasure must have been his busy working-time. To help the cause of the widow and the orphan, the aged or the sick, he was ever ready to work with true love and charity. Of these their record has been given in verse and prose.

Ere the year closed upon us the reaper hurried on his work. From New Zealand came the news of the death of Mrs. Edmund Fitzwilliam. As Ellen Chaplin she made her début at the Adelphi Theatre in 1841; she acted Ganem in Albert Smith's burlesque of "The Forty Thieves," when Mr. and Mrs. Keeley made that venture in management at the Lyceum which proved such a great success. When Mr. Buckstone became manager of the Haymarket Theatre, Ellen Chaplin, then Mrs. Edmund Fitzwilliam. joined the company, and became the soubrette of all the old comedies, There was a sprightliness and archness of manner about her which fitted these old plays. When, in 1875, the Haymarket company acted at Croydon, their own speculation, Mrs. Edmund Fitzwilliam made her first trial in a new line of character, exchanging Lucy for Mrs. Malaprop, Lady Sneerwell for Mrs. Candour. Her success induced her to accept an engagement with Lewis, of the Academy of Music, Melbourne, for "first old women;" there she remained twelve months, and subsequently joined Mr. and Mrs. Lingard's company, her first and last appearance with them being Clarissa Champneys, Miss Larkin's character in "Our Boys." Ill-health necessitated rest at times, but her energy tried hard to battle with it. The last night she acted she was ill and feeble; but, once on the stage, she went through her part with much of her usual cheery voice and manner; the play over, she fainted. The end was near; she prayed that it might come while those kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lingard and their company, were still at Auckland. It came; and they buried her, with all loving tenderness, far away from home and kindred.

Miss Oliver—no; we all called you Patty Oliver—for some long time —too long—we have missed your pretty face, your pleasant smile, and now

we know that we shall never look on them again. In those old Lyceum days of Vestris and Charles Mathews we remember you so pretty and so graceful. We followed you with that compact little party, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Roxby, and Charles Mathews, when you migrated to Drury Lane. We saw you at the Strand in those early days of the Swanborough management; and we have often—ah, very often!—visited you at your little home, The Royalty, where you made such a pleasant hostess. "Pretty See-usan don't say no" comes back to us; it haunts us. We hear that trill upon the p-r-r-r-etty, and we remember how we applauded you; how you sang the song again and again until you were fairly tired out. You shed an air of refinement over all you did. Such was your artistic life. Those who knew you in your home knew you as a thorough gentlewoman in heart and feeling.

And yet another death to thin the ranks on the last day of the year. Mr. Stoyle has gone from his merry playfellows. Acting on the 30th; dead on the 31st. Laughter holding both his sides, and then suddenly hushed. Mr. Stoyle was originally a local favourite at Bradford in Yorkshire, and first appeared at the Strand Theatre in Mr. Craven's drama, "Milky White;" he showed strong comic humour, as well as marked power in character-acting; but combining singing with his acting he found a wider range for his talents by joining the English Opera Company. As Prince Paul in "The Grand Duchess" he made a marked success, singing the music so perfectly. At the Alhambra he was a favourite in some of their spectacular burlesque operas. At the Imperial his last success seemed as if it would be his greatest: "Billee Taylor" was running merrily along and "All for the sake of Eliza" was whistled all over London. Mr. Stoyle will be missed and regretted; but as we drop out of our places others fill the gap. Let kind-hearted readers send what they can afford to Mr. Edward Ledger, "Era" Office, Wellington Street, who is the treasurer to a fund for the support of poor Stoyle's widow and children.

Alas! our death-roll is not complete. To it must now be added the name of Mrs. Sidney Frances Bateman, the manageress of the Sadler's Wells Theatre, who has gone to join her popular husband, the good old "Colonel," as he was called, and who leaves behind her an affectionate family and an honoured name. If ever a woman loved the art and worked for it with a man's energy and high purpose it was Mrs. Bateman. The good work she began at the Lyceum she intended to finish at Sadler's Wells, and just as she was beginning to see the promised fruit of all her industry she was cut off, to the unspeakable sorrow of her family. The stage can ill afford to spare such good and sincere friends to it as was Mrs. Bateman. Her heart was in her work—too much so, in fact, for she broke down under a burden that was almost too great for any woman to bear. We shall miss her bright expressive face and earnest hopefulness as she talked of a future for herself and loved ones without a shadow of despair. Mrs. Bateman and her husband rest with us in old England far away from the "Maryland! my Maryland!" to which their hearts often turned in their exile.

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The Theatre.—No. 15, Third Series. *Woodburytype.*

"I am sincerity itself" Mefisto
Lizzie St Quintin 1881.

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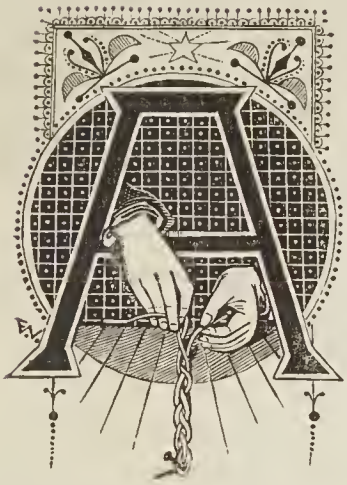
The Theatre.

MARCH 1, 1881.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

By Henry Neville.



CHAPTER I.

A SHABBY-LOOKING room, the usual kind of den for your obscure provincial manager of old. It has two windows, one very small and very dirty and very high up in the wall, the other a brand-new, staring, nine-paned, ordinary casement, which has yet the fresh-looking mortar around it, and which seems to be in a perpetual state of wonder as to how it got there and how long it is likely to remain there. It looks out of place and uncomfortable, as if it had come there by mistake, a feeling which seems to be shared by the gaudy green and red drugget which adorns the floor.

Did either window or drugget possess sentient qualities they ought to be considered as evincing ingratitude, for they are included in the "improvements" just effected in the Theatre Royal, and which are destined to make an important flourish in the play-bill, and inspire confidence in the stability of the "active and enterprising manager, Mr. John B——," as the local newspaper hath it.

Walk in, my good readers, let neither the brilliance of the drugget, nor the flood of sunlight which pours through the new casement, daunt you nor dazzle you. The sunlight only brings out the pitiful shabbiness of the poverty-stricken surroundings, and a gleam of it falls across the scanty grizzled hair of a good-natured-looking, middle-aged man, who sits at a table with a few letters before him.

But there is another occupant of the room, a woman about five years his junior, rather stout, with a face that might once have been pretty, but which now wears a grave and care-worn expression. Such are Mr. and Mrs. John B——, the sole lessees and managers of the Theatre Royal.

It is useless to disguise from you, my readers, that chronic impecuniosity is the normal state of Mr. John B——. The "active and enterprising" manager is constantly suffering from the paltry want of pence, which sadly vexes public men and spoils many a grand idea; and on this afternoon in June, as he and his wife are sitting in the room, they are wondering where on earth they are to find the requisite money to "go on with."

"Come! come! don't be down-hearted, my dear," exclaims Mrs. B—— in a cheerful voice, which her careworn expression sadly belies; "you know we've often been in just as great straits before, and somehow or other, we have always managed to get out of them." So they have, "somehow or other."

The manager says nothing, the past is no material aid to the future. He just dives his hands deeper into his pockets, finds nothing in them, and looks straight before him—looks out through the new window, whence he has a beautiful view of house-tops, of a quay in the distance, and of the tall masts of the crowded shipping; and away in the dimmer distance the shimmering sea, with here and there on the horizon, a ship coming up from, or going down to, the mysterious under world; but no good ship comes his way. "Ah!" he says with a sigh, "I made a mistake. I ought to have gone to London when I was young and to have made a name for myself in the profession there."

Like many another mediocre and unsuccessful man, Jack B—— believes that fate, and not his own natural gifts, prevented his success in life. Never! let his training have been what it might, could poor good-natured Jack B—— ever have attained a higher rank than that of a decent utility man, except in his own theatre.

"Well, there's no use in crying over spilled milk," retorts his more practical better-half, "we must see what can be done now, and here. There's the silver tea-pot and kettle-stand my grandmother left me. You know we can always raise a few pounds upon them."

"Yes," he replies, taking her suggestion quite in the way of business; "I forgot them." Albeit he always remembered them, but John clung to the family plate as to his respectability.

"You'd forget your head, if it were not for me," says his good-natured tempter, glad to have given her husband a momentary gleam of comfort, even at the sacrifice of her family plate. "I'll go myself this evening and mysteriously pop them; and never you fear, old man, we'll rub along somehow."

The manager sighs an absent sigh, and continues wistfully, "We must manage to put that new melodrama, 'The Mate of the Malabar; or the Wife's Rescue,' on the stage. It would create quite a sensation, and start our season gloriously."

"There's no use in thinking of it," says Mrs. B—— in the same regretful tones. "We have no one who could play the part of the wife; I'm too old—and too stout too," she adds candidly, as she surveys her ample proportions in a dingy mirror which adorns the opposite wall.

"It's a pity, for it's a fine play, with plenty of touches for the pit

and gallery. There are several ships due, and paid off at the end of next week: we couldn't have a better opportunity if only a suitable wife turned up."

Suddenly he looks up, and gives an exclamation of surprise:

"By the Lord Harry, what do you want?" he said to a composite being—partly painter, tumbler, carpenter, dancer, call-boy, and fiddler—who dashed into the room at that moment.

"Please, sir, there's a lady wants to see you."

"A patron or an actress? What's her name?"

"Don't know, sir. She wouldn't tell it."

"Is she good-looking?"

"Lovely, sir."

"Show her up directly. How dare you keep her waiting?"

Beauty is an universal introduction, although Mrs. B—— didn't quite approve it.

A very prepossessing, well-formed young woman, in a quiet-looking, tight-fitting, pearl-grey dress, with a little toque to match, plain linen collar and cuffs, and no jewellery of any kind, presented herself before the managers of the Theatre Royal in their shabby room with the staring new drugget and the glaring new window, where Jack and his wife sat in all their glory.

They see before them a young woman with the unmistakable stamp of birth and breeding upon her rarely noble and beautiful face. Her rich chestnut hair billows away in frizzy curls from beneath her becoming little toque, and, as might be expected, a slight flush oversprcads her usually pale face, as she says,

"Mr. B——, I presume?"

"Yes, how do you do?" he replies. "I am very glad to see you," holding out his hand in a most friendly manner. "Let me introduce to you my wife."

The interview is a long one. Mrs. Garson is reserved about her family affairs. She has a small, a very small income, and one child, a boy, and therefore wishes to supplement her resources by going on the stage—the usual story. The managers are disappointed to learn that she has never been on the stage, that she has nothing to recommend her but determination, and all that sort of thing.

"No, I am not a widow," she replies, in answer to an indirect query of Mrs. B——'s, "and I do not wish to act under my own name."

This was too much for Mr. B——, who saw that acting in her own name was his only chance of making capital out of her.

"It can't be done; I must have experienced artistes about me. You must go away and study. I cannot jeopardise the fortunes of my theatre by encouraging nameless nobodies on its boards," choosing the hardest words he could find for the dignity of the occasion.

This sounded very dreadful to the poor trembling, heartsore creature, who had not been used to disappointments and harsh words, save once, when it seemed to her to be for a life. "When the little heart is full a little sets it off." She whispered a few words of thanks, and apology for

the intrusion, and made for the door; but nature could hold out no longer, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Then came the manager's wife to the rescue:

"Oh, my dear, I am so sorry! My husband isn't such a brute as he appears; forgive him—he didn't mean to distress you, my dear."

"Never mind; I shall be better presently. I have been made to suffer so cruelly, and my heart is so full—— Life seems so hard to live when everything fails, that we hope to do for the best."

"You are not a widow? Then where is your husband?"

Here a tender chord was struck, and the poor creature wept bitterly.

"I do not know—he deserted me—I shall never see him again—every one deserts me."

It was becoming too painful for poor Jack; for of all the noble sentiments that animate Jack's breast, a lively sympathy for "lovely woman in distress" is the most powerful. Help her? Of course he would. Why didn't she say at once that she was in distress? "Ye gods!" he exclaimed, "she's a genius—the very woman to play the wife in 'The Mate of the Malabar.'" So it was all arranged, and they parted the very best of friends.

Almost unconsciously Jack gave his wife a kiss, and she kissed him, for there was genuine sympathy between the two, engendered by years and troubles. His faithful, energetic wife was his right hand, his comforter in many a bitter hour of trial.

"We must hope for the best with Mrs. Garson, poor thing," his heart sinking a little; "suppose she's a dreadful failure, my dear."

"There's no such word as fail, and then it wouldn't be the first, nor will it be the last: don't suppose anything of the kind. I am always telling you not to run down the street after a dark cloud. Let us make up our minds that she will succeed, and make the public believe it: at all events, if she doesn't, we'll have had an excitement at the theatre, if 'for one night only.'"

CHAPTER II.

And it comes to pass that Mrs. Garson is announced in the bills as "Miss Stella Cornwall." Every day she attends rehearsal, and every day are they more and more delighted with her. Good-hearted Mrs. B—— is very kind to the young beginner, and her boy Willie rapidly becomes a prime favourite.

The piece is one of the ultra-dramatic school. The plot not very striking nor very probable, but the situations good. The great scene for Miss Stella Cornwall is where the smugglers are carrying her away. She calls upon her husband, "the mate of the Malabar," who, as is always the case in melodrama, opportunely appears upon the scene with some friendly weapon, rescues her, and they live happily ever afterwards.

"She'll take the house by storm, Polly, I know she will," exclaimed the delighted manager as he comes home from rehearsal on the afternoon of the evening upon which the piece is to be performed; "she's splendid

in the Smugglers' Scene. It does one's heart good to hear her call upon her husband."

"Didn't I tell you she would be just the thing for you," replies Mrs. B—— sententiously, as if she were always right. (She lavishly helps her spouse to the beefsteak and onions, which his soul loves.) "You know you're always right when you take my advice, dear."

"Yes, Polly," he replies confidently. "The ships were paid off yesterday, and the town is full of sailors, so that I daresay we shall have a good week's business."

Jack's predictions were verified. The first night is filled from pit to gallery, with an appreciative, if not too critical, audience. The manager is in ecstacies: never before does he recollect to have seen the house so full. There are sailors of every nationality, and all seem to understand the play, which is exactly up to their standard. Miss Stella Cornwall looks bewitchingly lovely, first as the village maiden, then as the young sailor's wife, and is called before the curtain at the conclusion of each act.

At length comes her grand scene with the smugglers. She surpasses herself, and holds her motley audience spellbound. She calls upon her husband to rescue her, and the actor who personates him is about to come forward, when a scene occurs which is not in the programme.

"My husband!" she cries, "my husband!" and at that moment a stalwart son of the sea bounds upon the stage and clasps her in his arms.

In utter consternation the actors look one at the other. The audience cheer, believing this to be some new sensation which the manager has prepared to surprise them. But some one on the stage sees that the actress has fainted in real earnest, so the curtain is forthwith rung down.

* * * * *

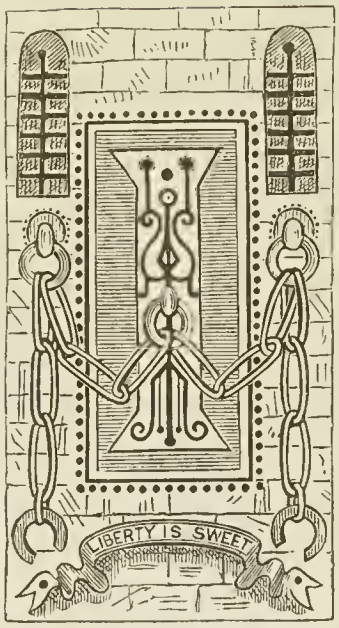
Yes. The unexpected supernumerary was no other than Alice Garson's husband.

There is no need to go into details as to how the whispering tongues, and busy slanderers, who poison truth, had contrived to separate them, and it was only when away under tropical suns that Rupert Garson had heard the real truth concerning the wife he had never ceased to love, but deserted so cruelly.

A rich man now, he has left the sea, so he tells them, and has a share in a coffee plantation, so there is no need for his wife to work. With tears in his eyes, he thanks good Jack B—— and his kind-hearted partner for all their goodness to his wife and child. He does more than thank them with mere words. He leaves them a handsome remembrance in the shape of a balance at the bank, and an order to draw upon him should they ever again find themselves in such sore straits as those which led them to engage Miss Stella Cornwall, although it was but "for one night only.

CÔTELETTES À LA POJARSKY.

By Genevieve Ward.



EXPERIENCE some difficulty in putting pen to paper at your request, because my experiences of the world, of the drama, and of society, have been so varied, and relate to so many countries on the earth's surface, that I suffer more from an embarras de richesses than from any lack of interesting episodes of some kind or another, on which I might say something more or less of an interesting nature. I might tell you stories relating to my experience of the lyric drama in Italy, or in the far-off Spanish Antilles. I might take you half across the American continents, entertain you with dramatic stories pertaining to New England; make a pilgrimage, on Thespian thoughts intent, through the Middle States, or relate moving adventures that happened to myself or my colleagues on the remote shores of Lake Michigan, the boundless prairies of Nebraska, or the rugged slopes of the Rocky Mountains. There is one vast empire, however, with which I was particularly acquainted some years ago, and in which I passed some of the most momentous days of my life, concerning which I might have something interesting to say. That country is Russia. Now while recalling my reminiscences, it occurred to me that the accomplished contributors to The Theatre must necessarily, to a very great extent, harp on the same string; and thus it struck me that a little variety might with advantage, perhaps, be infused into your entertaining magazine, were I to give you a brief specimen of the opinions of a tragédienne, not on the theme of the Russian drama, the Russian opera, or the Russian ballet; not on the minstrelsy of the Moscow gipsies, or the peasant ditties sung to the sweet yet mournful strain of the balalaïka; but—oh, most prosaic of subjects, yet full of art!—Russian cookery. I can assure you, mon cher rédacteur, that the Muscovite cuisine is not half so barbarous, nor half so unpalatable, as those who hate Russia merely because she is Russia are so anxious to make people believe. I pledge you my word that I never ate any candles, tallow, paraffine, or otherwise, during my stay in the dominions of His Majesty the Czar. I can assure you that I never drank any train-oil, and that my Russian maid scrupulously respected the Rowlands' Macassar in my dressing-case. As for the bear, I've often seen him dance, but have never eaten him. Seriously, your English bill of fare might be appreciably improved by the introduction of a few Russian dishes; and please to understand that a national Russian dinner in nowise resembles that which in your wisdom you call a Diner à la Russe in England.

Now this is the kind of repast you will obtain at a first-rate traktir in St. Petersburg or Moscow. What do you say to a sakcuska, or collation of hors d'œuvres, consisting of caviar-balyk, or dried sturgeon and raw smoked goose, washed down with a glass of alash (kummel) or liskofka. What think you in the way of soup of akroshka, a cold iced potage, of which the stock is kweas, and the garnishing herrings and cucumber? Or perhaps you would like potage batvinia, which is also cold, with thin delicate little slices of raw salmon in it, and of a cheerful green colour? Or finally, do you think you could enjoy the thoroughly national stchi, a formidable soup of beef and cabbage? Then there are your little patties —your rastighi; perhaps you would not object to porosinich—pod khrenom—cold boiled sucking-pig with horse-radish? And do you think you could resist barani-bok-skashoi—roast mutton stuffed with buckwheat and onions? Finally, pregiatissime signore, I would direct your attention to the gem, the Koh-i-noor of the Russian cuisine, the Pojarsky cutlets, or côtelettes à la Pojarsky. Jules Gouffé is aware of that superb dish; Urbain Dubois has celebrated it in his Cosmopolitan Cookery; and Francatelli wept that Ude and Carême should have descended to the tomb before the beneficent invention of côtelettes à la Pojarsky was communicated to an admiring world. If you would wish to know what a côtelette à la Pojarsky looks like, I may hint that it outwardly resembles a most delicately-dished-up veal cutlet, carefully egged and bread-crumbed, scientifically broiled, and accommodé with a piquante sauce. If you ask me what it tastes like, I may whisper that it tastes like—well, we don't know the exact taste of heavenly things, yet awhile at least. You would like, perhaps, to know who invented this sublime dish? Thereby hangs a tale—the tail of the cutlet, in fact; and the telling of the tale of Côtelettes à la Pojarsky is my sole excuse for inflicting this little bit of gossip on you.

Many years ago, some time during the reign of the Czar Nicholas, the vast Russian empire was ruled entirely by the will of one man, with the aid of the bayonet and the stick. Long before the vast regions between St. Petersburg and Odessa were traversed by railways, the old post-road to Moscow ran through a village of some fifteen hundred inhabitants, called Ostashkavo, between Spirovo and Torjok. There were two houses of entertainment for travellers in the village—one, a wretched little log-cabin, of which the proprietor was the starosta, or headman of the community, and which was a mere cabaret or dram-shop, where, by selling bad brandy and worse tobacco, the starosta aforesaid contrived to transfer the few roubles and kopecks of the wretched moujiks of a noble and absentee proprietor from their purses to his own. The dram-shop was decorated without with a very pretentious and very dirty sign, The Souvarov's Head; but at the other end of the village street there was a really comely, cleanly, tidy little hostelry, by the sign of The Three Golden Angels of Kiev, the landlord of which was one Fedor Fedorovich, who had a pretty little wife and a prettier daughter of a marriageable age. The starosta who kept the dram-shop, and who was an unconscionable old hunks, hated Fedor, because his house was

clean and because he was sober and industrious and Free ; for Fedor had been a Crown Peasant, who had served long in the army, and had made enough money as a sergeant attached to the commissariat to start an inn at Ostashkavo. His spouse was a notable housewife, and made the whole establishment most spruce and natty : so that it might have been a cottage in the clean village of Broek, near Amsterdam. His pretty young daughter waited upon and fascinated the customers, while Fedor's own civility and honesty won him golden opinions from all sorts of people. Unfortunately his landlord was the noble absentee proprietor, and that landlord's agent was the avaricious starosta.

He began his plot for ruining the landlord of The Three Golden Angels of Kiev by allowing him to get behindhand with his rent, and even by lending him small sums at exorbitant interest. In the course of a couple of years nearly all poor Fedor's possessions were mortgaged to his merciless creditor, who threatened that, on the first occurrence of failure of the interest due to him, he would seize upon Fedor's chattels, send him as a prisoner to the debtors' jail at Moscow, and turn his wife and child into the street. To meet these continuous demands the unhappy Fedor was obliged to part with the few articles of jewellery in the possession of the family. He was even forced to sell a silver shrine of his patron saint which he had brought from the holy city of Kiev. He sold his two horses, his pigs; and on the morning this story—this very little story —opens, the poor wretch had sold his remaining cow and calf, which had been driven off to the market at Torjok. Three hours afterwards, just about noon, a cavalcade of horses and carriages, escorted by a pulk of Cossacks, their lances glittering in the noontide sun, came pounding (if a body may use so sporting an expression) through the village street, and drew up with a tremendous clatter before the door of The Three Golden Angels. Cossacks dismounted ; couriers, aides-de-camp, orderlies hurried to and fro ; and amidst clattering of sabres and clinking of spurs, a tall, almost Colossal Figure, in a long gray great-coat, and wearing a helmet surmounted by a golden spike, alighted from a travelling carriage and stalked into the inn, followed by a great crowd of officers in splendid uniforms, and all bareheaded. It was His Imperial Majesty Nicolai Alexandrovich, Czar of all the Russias, King of Poland, and Grand Duke of Courland and Lithuania. Had the carriage broken down ? Had a conspiracy against His Majesty's life been discovered on the road ? Not a bit of it. It had only happened that the Czar felt hungry at an unusually early hour, and that his Autocratic Will was to breakfast at Ostashkavo instead of Torjok, where the Imperial repast had been ordered by couriers in advance.

The miserable Fedor Fedorovich would have sooner expected to see the Man in the Moon coming down too soon, and asking his way to Norwich (if he had ever heard of it), than to see the Emperor Nicholas ; and he felt as a man might be expected to feel who was going to be hanged when General Count Coatov, amicably seizing him by the collar, informed him that he was about to appear in the Emperor's presence. Of course Fedor went on his knees, and thus awaited the Imperial orders.

"Is this the man of the house?" asked the Czar, speaking at Fedor, but not looking at him. "It is, your Majesty," replied the general aide-de-camp, still retaining his hold on the innkeeper's collar, and giving him an amicable little shake, as if he had been a dog. "Tell him," continued the Autocrat, "to prepare breakfast for myself and suite—eight persons—and to provide suitable refreshment for the rest of my followers, and forage for the horses. As regards breakfast—omelette (there's no fish, I suppose?) and veal cutlets for eight; breakfast to be served at one o'clock. General, take my stop-watch, and see that strict military time is adhered to. Let him begone." Thus spoke the terrible Nicholas, whose word was law. The general aide-de-camp courteously conducted Fedor

"THE GENERAL AIDE-DE-CAMP STROLLED AWAY TO SMOKE A CIGAR TILL BREAKFAST SHOULD BE READY."

Fedorovich downstairs, even to the threshold of the kitchen. He had relaxed his hold on his collar, and held him quite in a caressing manner by the left ear. "Son of a mangy cur," he smilingly observed, "you've plenty of time to cook a succulent breakfast; His Imperial Majesty is particularly fond of veal cutlets." "But," gasped the unfortunate innkeeper, "there's not so much as a bit of veal in the whole village; the last calf we possessed was driven off to Torjok this morning." "You'll particularly see to the egg and bread-crumbing of the cutlet," pursued Count Coatov. "But there's no veal," whined Fedor Fedorovich. "Let there be a piquante sauce to the cutlet," continued the implacable aide-de-camp. "But, oh dear! oh dear! I can't get any veal!" sobbed Fedor, fairly breaking down. "And serve a lemon cut in slices with the veal cutlets," went on the inexorable aide-de-camp; "and let it be very fresh

veal!" Fedor Fedorovich sank on his knees: "Mercy, mercy!" he cried, clasping his hands in supplication; "for the love of The Three Golden Angels of Kiev, mercy! Oh, little father, take mutton, beef, pork (I can get some at the starosta's," he said to himself). "Oh, spare me the veal, for veal I have none." "Omelettes and veal cutlets for eight," replied the imperturbable aide-de-camp, "at one o'clock to the minute by His Imperial Majesty's stop-watch," which he held in his hand. "Five minutes late, one hundred blows of the stick; ten minutes late, two hundred; failure in any essential particular, especially as regards the veal cutlets, the knout, branding on both cheeks, slitting of the nostrils, and immediate deportation to the mines of Siberia, there to be chained to a wheelbarrow for the term of your natural life; and let the veal be very tender." So greeting the kneeling Fedor with a friendly kick, the general aide-de-camp strolled away to smoke a cigar till breakfast should be ready.

I must draw a veil over Fedor's feelings; I must not say what he thought; I can only briefly narrate what he did. At one o'clock precisely, military time by the Emperor's stop-watch, breakfast was served. Omelettes, dish of cucumber, some small birds, a filet, some sound Crimean white wine, and His Imperial Majesty declared that the veal cutlets, with piquante sauce, were the very best that he had ever tasted since he had dismissed Boustifaille, the French cook at the Winter Palace, for drinking too much dry Heidseck in the forenoon. "These cutlets," said the Czar, "are fully equal to the proudest achievements in veal of Boustifaille, and I have a great mind to send the landlord of the inn to the White Palace at Moscow, and appoint him one of my assistant-chefs. Let him be sent for that I may reward him." Once more in the most amicable manner Fedor Fedorovich was conducted by the general aide-de-camp into the Imperial presence. "An excellent breakfast," His Majesty condescended to say; "the veal cutlets in particular most toothsome. Let him be paid one hundred imperials" (an imperial is ten roubles); "that will cover, I should say, the whole bill; let him have my stop-watch as a recompense for his punctuality and good cookery." "The dog is in luck," murmured the general aide-de-camp, as he prepared to hand over to Fedor the glittering horologe, which he had fondly hoped to keep for himself; for when Sovereigns ever part with anything that is valuable, they rarely get it back again. But Fedor Fedorovich was above all things an honest man. Plump on his knees he went; and again raising his hands in supplication, he ejaculated: "Oh, my father! Oh, my Czar! Oh, my sweet lord and master—I cannot take the money, although Heaven knows I need it sorely enough; I cannot take the watch, although it would shine bravely at the waist of my wife. Let me have five hundred blows of the stick; let me have the knout this very moment; let me be branded on both cheeks; let my nostrils be slit and my ears be cropped; send me to Siberia and chain me to the wheelbarrow—for I deserve it all!" "Is the dog mad?" exclaimed His Imperial Majesty of All the Russias. "What does he mean?" "Are you mad, son of a measly pig?" asked the general aide-de-camp, pointing his interrogation with a kick

"I am not mad," blubbered the innkeeper; "I am only an impostor and a cheat. The cutlets were not made of veal; there was no veal in the house; there is no veal in the village; and the aide-de-camp said veal or the knout—veal or Siberia. In despair it occurred to my wife that the flesh of four chickens, carefully minced and arranged in the form of cutlets, with little sham shankbones carefully egged and bread-crumbed, and accommodated with a piquante sauce, might serve at a pinch in lieu of the veal cutlets demanded by your Majesty, when veal there was none. But I am—at least I was—an honest man. I abhor deception. Your Majesty's munificence disheartened me, and I confess the fraud of which I have been guilty. Now send for a knout and a wheelbarrow, and have me executed on the spot." But to the astonishment of all present, the

"OH, MY FATHER! OH, MY CZAR!"

Czar did not even frown. He burst, instead, into a hearty fit of laughter. "A capital ruse," he said, "and a most successful one. Let him have another hundred imperials for his honesty, and this diamond ring for his wife to wear on her saint's day. What is his name besides Fedor Fedorovich?" "Pojarsky, may it please your Majesty." "Then," continued the Emperor, "we grant him permission publicly to announce his simulated veal cutlets as Côtelettes à la Pojarsky, as patronised by our Imperial Self." Ten minutes afterwards, amidst renewed clatter and bustle, the Imperial cortège swept onwards on its way to Torjok, leaving Fedor Fedorovich Pojarsky with the two hundred imperials, the evening stop-watch and diamond ring in his pocket, for the moment probably the happiest man in Russia. Of course thenceforward everybody who passed through the village of Ostashkavo,

stopped at the sign of The Three Golden Angels of Kiev, and partook of côtelettes à la Pojarsky. Of course Fedor Fedorovich made a little fortune through the preparation of the delicate viand. Of course the price of chickens went up, while the price of veal proportionately decreased in the market. But when the railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow was completed, passing several versts from Ostashkavo, and leaving that village "out in the cold," Fedor Fedorovich removed to St. Petersburg, and started a traktir or restaurant in the Gorokovaïa, or Street of the Peas. Either it was Fedor's wife, or his daughter, or his son-in-law, or one of his wife's relations, who was not in later days quite so scrupulously honest as the upright innkeeper of the Three Golden Angels of Kiev had been; for I have heard that in the whole city of St. Petersburg—most luxurious and most expensive of capitals—there existed no restaurant where the prices were so extortionate as they habitually were at the Pojarsky Traktir.

Nevertheless, everyone will allow the cutlets proved to be "weal," not woe, to him. I humbly beg pardon of my readers.

"NANA."

THAT the instincts of the French nation have a natural tendency to the coarse and the obscene is so well-recognised a fact, that it requires either in a literary work or in a dramatic representation some very startling flight of fancy or unprecedented exhibition before even a feeling of passing surprise is excited. Those who are ever so little acquainted with their literature or the ethics of their theatre know that in each only one subject is dealt with, and that according to the degree to which that subject is intensified is likely to be the measure of success. But what is almost as well established as that indecencies of some sort or kind will exist in every vein and fibre of the work, is the knowledge that the French language, partially from its facile idioms and neat turns of speech, will always act more or less as a safety-valve, and that a certain number of the actresses of burlesque and light comedy, by the exercise of a peculiar airy grace which is termed "chic"—a word that we have adopted because we cannot translate it—contrive to convey without offence the subtlest and often most indelicate thoughts of the author, which, when assisted by humorous situation and witty dialogue, plant the sting without making the wound felt even by a susceptible nature. But it is not so much that "the vice seen too oft, familiar with its face, they pity first, then pardon, then embrace." They love it for itself and its own sake alone, and having never seen anything in it either to pity or to pardon, embrace it from the first. Moreover, it is not merely the old tale of faithlessness

and frailty, which, when artistically set forth, may well claim the interest even of the bigot and the prude, that always seems to hold in such a giant's grip the public taste; but a morbid and an unwholesome relish for the repulsive and the unclean, which goes on growing by what it has long fed on, until it culminates in a condition of affairs that actually affords an attraction by reference to, and representation of, such things as might cause the most warped and debauched mind, from sheer humanity, to recoil.

Thus M. Zola has constituted himself the apostle of a new literary creed—ordinary intrigues and immoralities he has discarded as "flat, stale, and unprofitable"—vulgarities of diction, improprieties of allusion, have been already ridden to death, but may still be left as proper material for less daring scribes than he to work on; and he has struck out a line of brilliant originality by importing into his world of fiction the element of the fever-ward and the dissecting-room. The outspoken coarseness of his language, his minute and graphic description of the foulest incidents, and the most disgusting details that never seek to convey an idea by covert hint or insinuation, or to gloss over an unapproachably unclean topic by circumlocution and ambiguous phrase, have made him unique as a writer; and in his last two novels, both of which have now been produced upon the stage, he has set his whole soul to revel in a plague-pit of his own creation, and, for the sake of tapping a new vein of excitement, has sent forth his fetid imagination to run riot in the charnel-house.

But the story of "L'Assommoir," gross and disgusting as are many of its leading features, appalling in the depths of crime and sensuality that it probes and lays bare, and painful as is the impression produced by the play, still conveys a sufficiently moral lesson. This was probably not the intention of the author, which was, I imagine, merely to pander to a most vitiated taste; but the story, shorn of its more unlovely embellishments, is a profoundly interesting and an infinitely pathetic one; and our sympathy goes forth involuntarily to the bright, cheery artisan whom we saw in the earlier portions of his history urging his suit with the neat, trim little woman that afterwards becomes his wife, pledging himself to resist the fascinations of the demon that eventually destroys him, sitting with his wife and child at his dinner hour, and entertaining a party of his friends at supper, and it is with the keenest regret that we see him succumbing to the temptations so artfully placed to ensnare him, sinking gradually all his former respectability, letting slip all his possessions one by one, and lapsing by slow stages into an abyss of poverty and degradation, more from the machinations of a vindictive, malevolent woman, than from any weakness of his own flesh: and it is a glaring instance of the cynical brutality that this author glories in indulging, that the child whom we saw danced on her father's knee, and entertaining him with her guileless prattle, appears later on, a full-blown waif of the streets amidst all the squalid misery of the wretched garret, standing opposite the square foot of cracked looking-glass, flaunting her solitary piece of finery, a scrap of dirty blue ribbon, and proclaiming to her starving,

heartbroken mother, her intention of at once going out to supper with the man who has hired her for the evening; and again, that the hideous contrast may be the more heightened, she is introduced once more, in the last scene of the play, where the unhappy Gervaise, in the last stage of exhaustion from hunger, begs a sou from the passers-by, outside the Elysée Montmartre. The girl whom we saw two hours previously as an artless baby of seven summers passes into the casino on the arm of her companion of the hour, a half-drunken boy with his hat on the side of his head, and the bow of his neektie behind it.

But whatever redeeming qualities may have been discoverable in "L'Assommoir," they are wholly lacking in the story continued under the name of "Nana." The dirty threads are picked up where they were dropped, and tied in a knot, and a number of new ones are woven, and as far as the play is concerned a method is apparently adopted of trying to arouse an interest by fitfully bringing the nasty to the rescue of the tedious. The first scene passes in the home of Nana, on the day after the production of an opera-bouffe, called "The Blonde Venus," in which Nana has sustained the leading part. Two old hags are drinking coffee and brandy, and little else is dwelt on during the scene but the fact that Nana, who is utterly incompetent either to dance, to sing, or to act, owes her success to the possession of a lovely skin and shapely limbs, which she has boundless impudence in exposing, and that this display of her charms has turned the head of a brainless youth of the name of Georges Hugon, who comes in to offer her a bouquet. We are next taken into the august society of the Hotel Müffat, where the Comte and the Comtesse are receiving a party. A very dull conversation is for a time carried on which turns after a while on the sensation of the previous evening, the production of the new burlesque. A didactic youth in uniform, of the name of Philip Hugon, brother to him of the bouquet, steps forward and states his opinion that the class of woman of which Nana is a type is very objectionable, and ought to be studiously discouraged. The truth of his remarks may be incontestable, but the priggish tone in which they are delivered, and the very unseasonable moment that he has selected to unburden his soul, are calculated to excite a spirit of opposition and to lead one to consider what there may be to be said on the other side. The Comtesse Müffat here has her doubts confirmed with regard to her husband, whom she has long suspected of being one of Nana's victims, as a German prince, bedizened with a strange mixture of stars and orders, lets drop an unfortunate remark about having seen the Comte the night before at the theatre, whereas he had told his wife that he had spent the evening at the Tuileries. The next act takes place at the ruins of Chamont, where Nana has been set up at the expense of a fat banker of the name of Steiner. The scene is pretty enough, but the simplicity of style and the attempt to suddenly introduce an element of rural innocence, harmonise very little with the rest of the piece, and were resented by the audience, who considered quite inadequate the solitary endeavour to create amusement that occurs when the youth of the bouquet succeeds in

kissing Nana as they are scrambling together after an apple, and is detected by his mother, who happens to be hanging over a bridge at the time. When the fat banker tumbles into a brook of real water, Nana certainly professes a certain mawkish repentance for her former evil life, but on seeing the boys of the village touch their hats to an octogenarian danseuse as she comes out of church, the heroine makes up her mind that there is nothing like gilded infamy after all, and returns with Comte Müffat to Paris.

The next scene passes in a drawing-room, gorgeously fitted up with Japanese decorations, in the house that the Comte has provided. Her child is brought in to see her, and breaks a valuable vase with its ball, and Nana, to prove the warmth of her maternal instincts, purposely breaks another. Philip Hugon here comes in with his hat on, and conducting himself in a generally offensive and ill-bred manner, protests against the frequent visits of his younger brother George to the house. Nana begins to cry, and says that there is nothing to object to in it, and that the young man may come and see her as often as he pleases. Philip supposes that she must be right, as she says so, and, overcome with the charm of her manner, kisses her hand and retires with a much-needed apology for his rude behaviour. The guests in the house at the time now come in, and begin to play cards; but their ardour is cooled by the unexpected appearance through the window of a dirty old woman in rags, who recognises Nana, and tells her that she too was once a queen of burlesque, and quite as good-looking as she is; that she has ruined as many men as Nana can hope to do; that she had known one man who had quite as big a stomach as the fat banker, and another who looked as big a fool as a second gentleman who happens to be present; that she had caught the small-pox and grown ugly, and that if ever Nana catches the small-pox she will grow ugly too.

After this a race takes place, and the fat banker wins on a broken-kneed cab-horse supposed to represent a racer, and which looks far less able to carry him than he it. He nearly breaks the poor brute's back in mounting, and Nana is warned out of the weighing-room by the Comtesse Müffat, greatly to the distress of the Comte, who would certainly offer her his arm if it were not that his wife has her eye on him at the time. The Comte speedily ruins himself to the last shilling on her account, and she then informs him that she has never loved him, and always did, and always will, love the stern moralist, Philip Hugon. Encouraged by this confession, the Comte resorts to the humiliating means of raising more money for her by obtaining his wife's signature for the sale of a house. Philip comes in, and states that in order to buy her jewellery he has robbed the cash-box belonging to his regiment, and is about to be arrested; and the misguided youth, George, on hearing that she, nevertheless, of the two prefers Philip, stabs himself, and is borne off the stage in the arms of his mother, who had followed him, and who retreats with a curse on her lips on the destroyer of her two sons, one of whom she has brought to shameful disgrace and the other to suicide.

The scene of the fire at the Hotel Müffat is now suppressed that the

duration of the play may be brought within reasonable limits, and the last act represents the death-bed of Nana. The adapter begins with a violation of all probability, by introducing into the sick room a group of her old acquaintances who keep up a lively conversation, making flippant remarks about the unfortunate creature and inspecting her as a curiosity; but who, heartless enough for that or anything else, would certainly have kept their distance from purely personal considerations. But it is in this scene that the author seeks to make reparation for all that is tame or tedious that has gone before, and with that view at length spreads his pinions to soar into his empyreum of impurity. The voice of Nana is heard from the bed calling feebly for water, and finding the room now empty she rises from out of the sheets and discloses her features blotched and distorted from the sores of her horrible complaint of small-pox. She reels and staggers helplessly about the room, and catching sight of her awfully disfigured countenance in the mirror, thinks for a moment that it is some monster; then realising that it is none other than herself that she sees reflected, she recoils with a wild delirious shriek, and in a few moments falls dead upon the floor, a mass of shapeless humanity. This revolting spectacle was accepted by the audience as an artistic contrast of grave and gay, a welcome change from darkness to light, a thaw after the frost, and will doubtless be the making of the piece.

Such is the outline of the play about which all that can be said is that it is one degree less disgusting than the book, as certain of the grosser episodes of Nana's life there recorded, at the time that she egregiously made a fool of one man, and was barbarously ill-used by another, and how she stripped herself to the skin in the dressing-room of the theatre in the presence of her admirers, and other incidents of a like nature which, handled in the novel with such tender affection and dwelt on with such unctuous enjoyment, are presumably more than even the French censeur would tolerate; but the play—such as it is, tiresome and stupid in many parts—is a bold, unvarnished tale of sin and infamy, a commonplace picture of the daily life of a traviata, a burning breathing presentation of all that is most depraved, all that is most melancholy, in the state of fallen womanhood; and that such a subject so narrated should form the staple of a lengthy story, written to tickle the palate of the novel-reading public, and then produced in so much of its hideous realism, in a five-act drama, destined in all probability to crowd the theatre for months to come (although the heroine dies alone and neglected, forsaken by her so-called protectors and the associates of her mis-spent lifetime), is the apotheosis of prostitution and the worship of a licentious animalism as much as if it left her clad in the purple and enthroned in a king's palace.—Alfred Farquhar.

CLARA MORRIS.

By Clinton Stuart.

During a residence of some months in England I have not encountered anyone conversant with theatrical affairs at all who does not know something about Clara Morris, the American actress, and is not anxious to learn more. Even Edwin Booth was until a few weeks ago only a name to the English public, and I doubt if Lawrence Barrett is as much; but of all the "stars" who have shone of late years upon the distant horizon of the States Clara Morris is the most talked of by those interested in stage-folk the world over. This is not strange in view of the fact that she is both a woman and what is called a "genius." Had she acted in Paris, she would have been as great a celebrity as Sarah Bernhardt; had she played in London, she would—unless I greatly mistake the taste of the British public—have founded a school of her own. She has succeeded in doing so in the States, where, during the period of her earlier triumphs, every budding débutante aimed to be, like Clara Morris, an "emotional" actress. The sincere flattery of imitation extended so far as to excite the risibilities of audiences on more than one occasion; even her faults—for she had glaring faults then from which she has to a degree recovered—were copied as though they had been virtues, and because Clara Morris said "Parus" for Paris, the newly-fledged "emotionals" said "Parus" too, forgetting that they had not the sacred fire which shone so brightly in her assumption as to make "provincialisms" of Western speech but poor flickering flames, scarcely worthy of regard.

It is now nearly ten years since this extraordinary actress first directed her steps toward the natural Mecca of all professionals "over yonder," the great metropolis of the Atlantic sea-board. Clara Morris was a Western girl, and her early training had been of a necessarily imperfect character. It is one of her numerous merits that she is not ashamed of her humble origin and formerly limited education, and a crowning virtue that she has never failed to practically remember the benefactors of her youthful days. Visitors to her home on the Hudson have often met a pleasant-mannered, well-spoken woman of middle age, attired in deep mourning, who is in the habit of paying periodical visits to her former protégée, who calls her by a familiar household name, and lavishes every attention upon her. "When I was a little girl—a 'kid'—she always used to give mamma and I a home when mamma was out of work; we used to descend upon her, bag and baggage, at intervals, and I can see mamma dragging me and my bundle along as we came into ——'s front-yard. I was a sensitive child, and always uncertain of my reception, although I had no need to be; we invariably met with a warm welcome."

The story of Clara Morris's artistic beginnings does not differ from that of many other successful actresses in the main, save that she was

reared in the hard school of a Western theatre, where her life was varied by the assumption of all lines of "business," from comedy soubrettes to tragedy dowagers, as occasion demanded. Now and then she went "barn-storming," and her vagabondage furnished material for many an anecdote to which she gives the spice of personal recital. She finally graduated from the Cleveland (Ohio) Theatre as "leading lady," and went to Cincinnati, "the Paris of the West," where her stay, however, was of brief duration. Not a few of the "stars" with whom she had acted brought back word of her achievements to New York. "There is a woman in Cleveland," said McKee Rankin to D. H. Harkins, on the eve of the production of the drama of "Foul Play," at the Broadway Theatre, "the greatest actress in the country. Telegraph for her; she is sure to make a hit." The telegram was sent, but an answer came back that it was impossible to accept, as she had already signed for Cincinnati. Finally, however, Augustin Daly, manager of the first Fifth Avenue Theatre in Twenty-fourth Street, a pretty little box known as "the parlour home of comedy," acted upon a suggestion of his low comedian, James Lewis, and engaged Clara Morris, not as "leading lady," but to play such juvénile characters as Mrs. Glenarm, in "Man and Wife," then on the eve of production. The reigning divinity of this theatre was then Agnes Ethel, who created Frou-Frou and Fernande there; she was a novice, having made her débût in the private theatre of the Union League Club in "Camille" (known in England as "Heartsease"), after being duly instructed in the part of the anglicised Marguerite Gauthier by the late Matilda Heron, who was its most famed impersonator in the States some years ago. Agnes Ethel developed into a consummate actress of a refined, natural school, and her creation of Agnes (written especially for her by Sardou under the original title of "Andrea,") did much to establish the fortunes of the Union Square Theatre as a comedy house, but when she acted Frou-Frou at the old Fifth Avenue she was little more than an amateur. Perhaps this was the secret of her success. She had adopted a purely colloquial manner of speech, meant to be as natural as though she were in a drawing-room, and dressed like a Parisienne. She had abundant hair of the then fashionable auburn shade, a sensitive face with luminous eyes, a tearful, tender voice, and an air of elegance which harmonised with the atmosphere of the *bonbonnière* of a playhouse in which she moved. She played Fernande, Frou-Frou, Viola, all in the same plaintive key; and she was duly cast for Anne Sylvester in "Man and Wife," which she eventually and somewhat suddenly refused to appear in. Consternation prevailed. Where was Miss Ione Burke? In the country. Miss Fanny Davenport, who was the Blanche, did not at that period aspire to personate sentimental heroines in distress. She was a "girl of the period," and a very charming one; in this emergency no help for it but to give the rôle to the Western recruit, Mrs. Glenarm being assigned to Miss Linda Dietz. Accustomed to quick study, Clara Morris did not delay the production an hour. She was in an agony of nervousness, but when night came all went well.

"His mistress, did you say, Mrs. Glenarm? His wife before the week's out!" In this outburst Clara Morris revealed qualities which foretold those still greater ones yet to come: but the public had to be patient. Her success was such as to earn her the position of "leading lady" without delay. However, the critics and the public, whilst acknowledging her rare gifts of temperament, found her crude and full of "provincialisms." Little by little this complaint was modified as she appeared in a round of characters with a success that fluctuated with her opportunities and the character of the rôles assigned her. The fiery, impassioned nature of the heroine of "Jezebel" found a strong exposition, and, if she lacked something of the elegance, she had all of the gift of tears, for Fanny, in Mr. Daly's successful play of "Divorce." In certain old comedies she was less happy, and in Bronson Howard's "Diamonds," Sara Jewett acted the sentimental heroine on the occasion of her "first appearance on any stage," whilst Clara Morris united with Fanny Davenport in playing a brace of "comedy" romps, madcap girls bent on frolic. It is a strange fact that Clara, whose disposition off the stage would seem to favour fun and mirth, excels before the footlights in depicting the heroines of domestic tragedy.

It was at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre that Clara Morris made her first great hit in a rôle which remains perhaps her greatest assumption—Cora in "L'Article 47." I saw her "mad scene" on the first night, and shall never forget the impression it produced. The actress had made a study of insanity both in asylums and medical books. She had practised "falls" such as she had never accomplished before, and she had thought out what she should do during a long period while she was required to occupy the stage with very little to say but a great deal to suggest. Years after, I saw her do the same scene, which she had marvellously elaborated in the interim, and it made my "blood run cold;" but the memory of the first performance remains uneffaced. She was, I think, dressed in yellow satin, with red roses at the corsage; a black lace veil concealed the wound supposed to have been inflicted on Cora's face by George Duhamel, her lover. She paced the floor like a caged animal, then sat and chattered half-incoherent sentences. The approach of delirious madness was indicated with exceeding subtlety, and the scream and final fall electrified the house. When Augustin Daly, who had watched her from the wings—the most nervous of managers, his face colourless, his coat collar turned up—rushed forward to raise her to her feet, and overwhelm her with praises, he found her half insensible, and discovered that she had flung herself with such abandon to the ground that her bracelets had cut into her wrists and made them bleed. Her Cora was the sensation of the day, and she was everywhere hailed as a great actress in the "emotional" domain. There was, however, a hue and cry raised over "the adulterous drama from the French," and it was asserted in some quarters that it was strange and regrettable not that she did Cora so well, but that she did it at all.

No such objection could be raised, however, to her Alixe, which followed an interim in which her talents were devoted to the portrayal

of the—to her—ungrateful character of Magdelen in "False Shame; or, New Year's Eve," the run of which, at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre, was interrupted by the destruction of that building by fire on New Year's Day. Mr. Daly reassembled his company at the Broadway Theatre, where they opened a season with a prologue, prepared for the occasion by the late John Brougham, which preceded the piece of the evening. As each favourite advanced to the footlights to speak his, or her, share the audience gave cordial greeting; but when Clara Morris, very simply dressed, stepped forward, "the house came down." She was, indeed, the bright particular star of a famous company. Her assumption of the simple, trusting girl—Alixe, with the rose at her throat, in Mr. Daly's adaptation of "La Comtesse de Somerive"—created a furore, and as the character was unfolded, and its impassioned depths of jealousy and despair were touched, the whole audience were in tears and raptures. The next day the newspapers were not only enthusiastic, but complimented the actress upon her signal triumph in the rôle of "so pure a personage." While at this theatre Clara Morris made a powerful impression in an unhealthy drama known as "Madelein Morel." The curse scene, wherein a nun, who is pictured as a repentant Magdalene, calls down the wrath of heaven upon her false lover, was treated with all her wonted magnetism. During a provincial tour which followed Clara Morris severed her connection with Mr. Daly, and, returning to New York, appeared at the Union Square Theatre, which was destined to prove the scene of some of her great successes. She made her entrée there as the heroine of "The Wicked World," and was received with extreme enthusiasm.

Clara Morris's career has not, however, been all sunshine of late years; only the most partial observer could admire her Julia in "The Hunchback," or counsel her to again portray such a rôle as Evadne, despite her powerful reading of certain passages. Fine as she was in the young girl's impassioned outburst in the prologue of Jane Eyre, she did not realise the character later on; and her Leah (a rôle in which she returned to Mr. Daly's management) lacked tragic elevation. So, indeed, did her Lady Macbeth, which was, none the less, a consistent carrying out of a distinct conception that met with scant favour. Lady Macbeth is no more her genre than Jane Shore, either in the old version, or in a new one recently prepared for her with results which cannot be called dubious. In her own line, no actress I have ever seen can approach Clara Morris; she is great as Miss Multon, Camille ("Marguerite Gauthier"), Blanche ("The Sphinx"), Alixe, and Cora—great, generally speaking, in rôles depicting a passionate character at war with itself and society. Her acting is straight from the heart. She has moments when her magnetism, or feu sacré, deeply excites her audiences; moments when the whole assemblage cannot restrain their tears. Of late she has made a great advance in refinement. One would scarcely pronounce her a grande dame, but she has studied much, observed much, mixed in polite society, and, knowing those deficiencies which are but as spots upon the sun, has sought to correct them. She is married

to a devoted husband, who is, indeed, a gentleman and a scholar, and a member, moreover, of a well-known family, the Havemeyers, of New York, his mother having been a sister of the late Mayor Havemeyer. They have a beautiful home at Riverdale-on-Hudson, known as "The Pines."

"Charmante! magnifique!" are the terms Sarah Bernhardt applied to her in New York, where Clara Morris had been drawing as great

CLARA MORRIS.

crowds as the Frenchwoman at another house under the same management. "Oh, qu'elle a un joli talent, cette Clara Morris!" said another Parisian favourite, as she arose, like Niobe, all tears, after witnessing the performance of "Miss Multon." Francisque Sarcey, who saw Clara Morris as Camille while in New York, said that there was no actress in France who could approach her rendering of Marguerite Gauthier. When Mr. C. F. Coghlan witnessed the fourth act only at a benefit performance in New York he did not hesitate to pronounce her great, judged by that

episode alone. Most Camilles are overshadowed here by the Armand, not so Clara's; the spectator cannot help fixing his attention upon that pale face, over which one emotion chases another as swift and changing as the winds. The frail figure, in the carelessly worn dress of green satin half-covered with white lace, sways to and fro in an agony of endurance and renunciation; and then the pathetic tones of the voice that cries: "I would give a whole eternity for one hour of such bliss as you have painted: but it cannot be!" Mannerisms?—yes. What great artiste has them not? Accent?—perhaps; but the voice of nature speaks through this strange woman, and he who refuses to listen must indeed be insensible.

The Union Square Theatre, to which, New York advices state, Clara Morris has recently returned, has been a lucky place for her in the past. There she has started those more recent successes which have brought her fame and fortune in every city from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, and there it was, most particularly, that as Miss Multon she re-established her metropolitan prestige after a brace of quasi-failures at other houses. Never was an artiste more nervous than on the day of this production; she sat throughout the late hours of the afternoon, cold and speechless. A friend who looked in on her before she went to the theatre found her seated before an untasted dinner, looking like a tearful child in her simple blue and white flannel wrapper, with her hair hanging in braids down her back. A few hours after, when the impassioned woman in the crimson dress and abundant silvered hair, tore away the black lace mantle that helped conceal the youthful outline of her form and cried, "Come to me, Maurice! It is I! It is Fernande!" the transformation was indeed complete; the theatre rang with cheers, the electrified house calling her again and again before the curtain. The friends of the actress found her, flushed with triumph, in her dressing-room just off the stage; the air was heavy with the scent of a score of bouquets and baskets of flowers. "We hail thee Passion's daughter!" wrote the author of "Victorian Poets" in an offering of verse supplementing a huge bunch of violets. The atmosphere was redolent of success. This was truly a red-letter night for Clara Morris, and the crowning triumph of her life, unless, indeed, a long deferred professional visit may be paid to London, where, judged upon her own merits, she would surely stand, not fall. The city that has extended a welcome to Aimée Desclée, Sarah Bernhardt, and Helena Modjeska would surely not refuse one to this great actress, who is a prime proof of the honourable saying that art has no fatherland.

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MISS ST. QUINTEN.

[See the Frontispiece.]

OUR photographic frontispiece this month is dedicated to a clever little artist, who is now acting with distinguished success at the Alhambra Theatre in the character of "Mefisto." Miss Lizzie St. Quinten has been a very few years on the stage, but by combining industry and enthusiasm to natural gifts of a high order, she has already acquired considerable notoriety both as an actress of sparkle and intelligence and a singer of neat style and persuasive force. The very first appearance of this young lady was at the St. James's Theatre in the year 1874, when a celebrated amateur dramatic company, known as the Irrationals, played "The Honeymoon." She then adopted the stage as a profession, and appeared in a pantomime, written by Mr. Charles Milward, at the Park Theatre. Next she was seen at the Globe during the run of the "Cloches de Corneville," in which opera Miss St. Quinten played Serpolette over two hundred times. The Strand then claimed her services in "Madame Favart," in which opera she appeared at the opening of the new Royalty Theatre in Glasgow. Her services were then secured at the Alhambra, when she made a hit as Griolet, the little drummer, in "La Fille du Tambour Major." And now, as our picture shows, she attitudinizes without effort, and sings with great charm, as the scarlet tempter in Hervé's opera based on the Faust legend. Miss St. Quinten is anxious, however, to appear in comedy, and is studying hard for that laudable purpose.

A POPULAR MAN.

THERE are very few people who have not, at some time or other, heard it remarked, what a pity it was that a certain individual or a particular set of persons could not see himself, herself, or themselves, as others saw them. In every case where such an observation has been made, the comprehensive term "others" most undoubtedly meant the speaker and no one else, and this infallible being's speech was most probably actuated by feelings the reverse of friendly or even impartial. Now let us calmly view the question, and take the word "others" in its general sense, meaning the rest of the world. Would it be of any use to us if we were to see ourselves as others see us? Most decidedly yes, if everyone saw us in our own true colours. This little conjunction "if" spoils the whole case, as it has done many and many a time before. You have doubtless, O reader! held in your hand a looking-glass, one side of which reflected back your face drawn out to a prodigious length, haggard and melancholy, and when you turned over to the other side, lo and behold! the length vanished into breadth and your countenance

was nothing but one broad grin. This is unfortunately the way in which "others" see us—each according to his own lights. To the Tories, Lord Beaconsfield is a glorious chief; to the Ritualists the Reverend Dale is a martyr for conscience' sake. Turn the glass and look!—The moral is obvious. It is wise to look at both sides, and then to be guided by your own discretion—if you have any.

I have been led into these reflections by the recollection of two little episodes, illustrative of what I have advanced in the foregoing lines.

Scene the first was enacted in a fashionable London dining-room. The party gathered round the artistically-arranged table was not a large one but very select, the lion of the evening being the great tragedian, Henry Irving. One of the lady-guests was overheard saying to the gentleman seated next to her, who had taken her down to dinner: "You will excuse my not looking at you, Mr. Budge, when you are speaking, but I really cannot take my eyes off Mr. Irving's face; it is so—so exquisitely intellectual!" It need hardly be said that Mr. Budge did not waste many words on his fair partner during the rest of the dinner. When the ladies retired the gentlemen lit their cigars. Mr. Budge was the first to leave the table in order to join the ladies in the drawing-room. He had hardly ascended a dozen steps when he encountered two ladies, nervously, anxiously clinging to the banisters. One of them was his late partner at dinner; she turned towards him, and, in an imploring voice, she thus addressed him: "Can you, Mr. Budge—can you tell me when Mr. Irving is coming upstairs?" "When he has finished smoking, I suppose," was the somewhat impatient reply. The two ladies had thrown themselves into most picturesque attitudes, their hands were clasped, their eyes upturned, they seemed to be under the influence of some potent spell. Suddenly, the one who had already spoken trembled all over, her hands were both pressed to her heart, her nostrils quivered, and she breathed this loud whisper: "I can smell his cigar!" This was a little too much for Mr. Budge. "You must have an uncommonly good nose if you can," he gruffly ejaculated, "considering that there are at least half-a-dozen of them smoking together;" and he sped up the staircase three steps at a time, in search of more congenial spirits.

The next picture finds us in the meeting-room of one of the royal learned societies in London. The walls are lined with books from floor to ceiling; the time is nine in the evening, the curtains are drawn, the gas lit, and a goodly company is assembled, including a fair sprinkling of ladies. An odour of wisdom pervades everything. Here sits a man who has set right Dean Trench and Lindley Murray; in that corner is an energetic advocate of the Great Britain of the East, who manages somehow to drag Japan into everything—par les cheveux sometimes; farther on is a man who may be depended upon to speak about every subject under, above, and around the sun—and inside it too, if the topic were started—to at least one person's entire satisfaction; and—— there are many others, learned pundits, each in his own line. But if you take them all round, there is, perhaps, no one subject of which there exists a more consummate knowledge amongst those present than of Shakespeare

"I CAN SMELL HIS CIGAR!

—whose name, by-the-bye, Victor Hugo, in his "L'Ane," has rhymed with soupir! There is nothing about the great "Bard of Avon" that is not known here. The various editions of his plays, the different "original" editions, the lists of dramatis personæ of the plays in which Shakespeare acted, the histories of his co-actors, the various ways of spelling the "immortal William's" name, the reasons for so doing, all these interesting items, and a great many more, ne sont que jeux auprès d'eux. The paper of the evening has been read, and members as well as others present are engaged in making remarks more or less pertinent to the subject under discussion. One gentleman is on his legs just now deploring the imperfections of English spelling, which render it almost an impossibility for posterity to read the works of an author in such wise that the writer, if he were called to life again, could understand them.

"If Shakespeare were to rise from the dead now," continued the speaker, "I make bold to say he would hardly comprehend his own words, as they issue from the mouths of the present exponents of them; he would be shocked were he to hear Irving——"

From a seat on the left hand of the chairman there arose a slim form, a pair of grey eyes twinkled under a massive forehead, and from a pair of thin lips, whose corners rollicked in mirth, there issued, in the clear tones of a bell, these three words: "Or see him!"

A ROW OF FRENCH CRITICS.

EVEN the sacred anonymity of English journalism has allowed the name of the dramatic critic to transpierce its hush, his form and features to penetrate its shadows. Readers who could not for the life of them tell you who wrote the Land Bill leader last week, or the great Boer fulmination yesterday, can name the critic of a given pantomime in a given newspaper with unerring readiness. People who pass "Saturday Reviewers" in the street with reckless unconsciousness, can tell you off-hand how many theatrical reviewers wear spectacles. And if this is the case in the home and citadel of the unsigned article, what stupendous personal notoriety must be the lot of the critics in Paris, where to have penned a dozen chroniques on the front page of a three-sous journal is to be called by one's surname, and pointed out to provincials by every good-natured waiter on the Boulevards! There, indeed, the critics are as well known as the authors, as popular in their way as the players. Reporters announce their presence in a line with the Orleanist princes and the Republican presidents. They are by no means an exclusive corporation: nearly every journalist and novelist of repute has been at one time one of them. "Serious" writers drift away from them to become deputies

or academicians. Poets and theorists join them to air or defend a special æsthetic craze or cause. Glance along the Critics' Row on the night of a peculiarly Parisian première—a Hennequin and Najac, a Meilhac and Halévy first night. Stamped by an equal ease of costume and attitude —marked, too, by an air of conscious importance that in England would be hardly excusable, and certainly not excused, in a tyro—you shall see as curious a variety of literary characters as could be got together from the six great capitals of Europe.

There is M. Charles Monselet. As a name he must be known to whoever has fingered an illustrated newspaper in the bow window of Tortoni's. Cherubic cheeks, a twinkling eye, a corpulence of more than abbatial proportions, palpably account for Monselet's surname ("The Abbé") and renown as a trencherman of prodigious capacity as well as infallible taste. The pseudonym and renown sit easily on the smiling critic whose witticisms will go round the house to-night—round Paris to-morrow. But surname and fame, aye, and witticisms too, have done him considerable injustice. A scholar of rare erudition, a fanciful and polished poet, journalism harpooned him young, and holds him yet, a brilliant chroniqueur, who has managed to publish "M. de Cupidon," an erratic fancy; "Les Oubliés et les Dédaignés," a series of literary rehabilitations, and some half-a-dozen collections of essays, travels, vers de société—all the flotsam and jetsam of a journalist's ink-bottle. Monselet's critical manner is careless and cursory. He is apt to gossip about the history of his subject and ignore its essence.

Let us suppose Alphonse Daudet beside him, for the sake of the contrast: an epitome of a man, with the head of an angel. His long hair weeps over his forehead; his eyes are wistful and imploring. Altogether M. Daudet is somewhat like the chromo-lithographed presentment of a pifferaro; and southern he veritably is from head to heel. His youth's romances, "L'Arlésienne," and "Le Bouscassié," breathed of the Gulf of Lyons, breathed even of the bouillabaisse of the Cannebière. Since then the genius of the French Dickens (a title rashly suggested by the present writer some years ago), has broadened, deepened, received the consecration of world-wide success, earned academical palms, and must end by winning an academical fauteuil. And all this deservedly without a doubt. It is a sweet and tender, if not very subtle talent; Parisian in its delicacy and grace, it is human in its pathos, and humane. The school life in "Jack," the death of the Duc de Mora in the "Nabab," all the analysis of the King of Illyria's character in the "Rois en Exil," are pages as classic in their measured strength as any in "David Copperfield." As a dramatist, Daudet has failed respectably. His method of delineation is too minute for the footlights. His "Arlésienne," however, and "Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné," were both signal monetary successes. "Jack" is successful in every sense: but, it should be noted, in none of the plays is the writer of the novels a very active collaborator. Feuilletoniste of the "Journal Officiel," which his brother edited, and where Theophile Gautier had preceded him, Daudet always seemed somewhat unduly sobered by the position. Eloquent enough in

form, and of course intelligent in appreciation, his criticism seemed somehow impregnated with the formal morality of the state pedagogue. His literary judgment was shortsighted as himself; his predicted successes have nearly always been disappointments; the talents he has judged promising have seldom reached fulfilment.

Let his criticisms be what they may, however, Daudet is one of the happiest talkers in all this row of clever conversationalists; and the man is fortunate who sits next him, even if he be the Pontiff Francisque Sarcey. Need we describe the Pontiff, whom I fancy I have heard an iconoclast call "Le gros Francisque?" M. Sarcey is all French criticism in many English eyes, and, it may be, in his own. Rotund, replete, prosperous, M. Sarcey, who was never very light, has acquired all the heaviness that prosperity not unfrequently confers. A pupil of the Ecole Normale, he began his journalistic career as a daily denouncer of the Jesuits and all their works; and passing through departments of a more purely literary import, he eventually reached that lowest storey of all journals whereunto the highest ranks of journalism aspire. Sarcey takes emphatically the sensible view of art, disdaining alike Gautier's fiorituri and Janin's discursive pedantry. His colleagues are rather inclined to banter him on the score of his immense pretensions, and in the foyer anon you may see irreverent fingers prodding his waistcoat. which are owned by young gentlemen who are the first to appeal to his solid dramatic erudition in moments of difficulty. One of the prodders, very possibly, will be M. Emile Bergerat, Gautier's son-in-law, and himself a poet of good promise; which promise, however, the French press appears to be nipping in the bud. One of the most original and amusing of all this critical galaxy is the "Homme Masqué" of the "Voltaire," otherwise Bergerat. It is a style compact of the fun of the "Tintamarre," Gautier's brio, Rochefort's sarcasm, a pun here and there, a paradox everywhere, discursive, audacious, devil-may-care, a sauce piquante that swallows the dish. And with him at least the style is the man—a little round figure, surmounted by a curly head, lit up by laughing eyes and a frank sagacious mouth, where a cigar figures almost as constantly as teeth. Another great pseudonym, and another gay gossip is the "Figaro's" "Monsieur de l'Orchestre," whom a few of the initiated know as M. Arnold Mortier. M. Mortier is a licensed trifler, whose mission it is to pirouette round the piece of the evening, notice scenery, audience, incidents, and accidents, everything save the plot and the play. This he does with the easy grace, and smiling satire of a man of the world; and his articles are far more extensively read than the regular criticisms of the soured, antedated, and long-winded Auguste Vitu, his colleague of the "Figaro."

Let us take the poets together. After Bergerat, the bon garçon of the Critics' Row, there is Banville — before him and all save one or two French living critics in point of genius; there is Coppée; there is Armand Silvestre. Banville is a phenomenally bald head and monstrously heavy moustache to the superficial observer. He is a melancholy regretful critic, in whose feuilletons memory is gradually taking the place

of observation, as it did in the later essays of Théophile Gautier. An ultra-purist, Banville has perforce too little sympathy with the slipshod modern comedy of manners; and only puts forth to the fullest his radiant grace and magic eloquence when his subject is scenic extravagances like the "Pilules du Diable," or poetic extravaganza like the "Arbre de Noel," a success, by the way, which is in part the work of M. Arnold Mortier—déjà nommé. Armand Silvestre! With such a name, with the head of a demigod, the beard of a Bashi-Bazouk, the figure of a gladiator, a man might be anything he liked, except an attorney. M. Silvestre was modest; he is only one of the sweetest and saddest singers of the new French Pleiades. Behind the lyric poet, however, there is a Bacchic Rabelais; and if the author of "Les Renaissances" soars into æther at moments, he loves pretty potent wine when he drops earthwards. In plainer words, the critic of the "Estafette" is a wonderfully clever teller of stories that his compatriots call gras, and which we should flatter by calling broad. They are dirt, if you like; but as he recounts them they are the precious dirt of the Mint floors—worth the best plate on many good men's tables. His dramatic notices are remarkable for nothing save an angry horror of the modern vaudeville. The remaining poet, François Coppée, we may hope, needs no introduction. We have all read those delicate domestic idylls, "Intimités;" we have all counted over the treasures in the "Reliquaire," and melted over the Parisian Poems, even over that heroically humble one, "The Grocer," whose passion ends prosaically with the marvellous line:

Et lentement l'épicier cassait du sucre.

But in truth the lank and somewhat lackadaisical gentleman in the orchestra stalls, whose face—a cross between Victorien Sardou and the First Consul—is familiar to all Paris, reviews his brother dramatists (has he not written "Le Passant?") in a cool and kindly and colourless fashion that is as suggestive of taskwork as the official cantata that won for him a forty-pound prize at the Exhibition of 1867. A humorist and a satirist when he chooses, in his ponderous "Patrie" articles Coppée is rarely anything more or better than a playgoer of some culture, with a turn for the belles lettres. For a "vieil enfant du vieux Paris," as he calls himself, Coppée is curiously awkward in the manipulation of Boulevard idioms and ideas. He is more at home in the twelve feet of an Alexandrine than in the three columns of the newspaper.

I do not know that the redoubtable M. Zola, huddled up two seats distant, is at his very best in those same narrow columns; but he has certainly more experience in the art of filling them with something, be that what it may. The high priest of naturalism is a veteran journalist; he has been literary reviewer, chroniqueur, art and theatrical critic in a round dozen newspapers; and in none did he very prominently distinguish himself. Since he burst into a blaze of notoriety, with the early volumes of the "Rougon-Macquart" in his hand, he has not improved. M. Zola has a grudge against the stage, and cannot refrain from indulging it whenever he notices a new piece. The success of the

"Assommoir" was due to his collaborateur, and above all to the artists who played it. The notorious "Nana" owes little to him and very much to Mdlle. Massin. As for Zola he has produced two pieces of ambitious proportions and pretensions: one failed because it was dull, without a redeeming moral; the other failed because it was coarse, without any redeeming humour. M. Zola uses his feuilleton chiefly for the purpose of preaching naturalism. He has the dogmatic disdain of the founder of a school. His rugged, heavy, unrefined visage better suits this character than the gifted author of "Une Page d'Amour." Beside him is another founder of a school, or at any rate centre of a coterie, M. Barbey d'Aurevilly, royalist, romantique, stylist, whose prose, all festoons, arabesques, and astragals, is so brilliant it makes one blink. The very impersonation of his own style, M. Barbey d'Aurevilly is famous for the curled brim of his monster hats, his stiff-skirted coats, white trousers with red satin stripes, the crimson cravat with lace edges, the riding-whip, and over all the goat-skin cloak lined with velvet. The astounding originality of this costume is accentuated by an eagle's beak, eagle's eyes, and a moustache so black as to be almost blue. Barbey d'Aurevilly's dramatic articles are always picturesque and entertaining; his scorn is scathing; he never depreciates, he annihilates—overtly, ostentatiously asserting his preferences for circuses and clowns above all theatres and comedians.

In strong contrast to this quaint cultivated eccentricity are the two modern journalists par excellence, Aurélien Scholl and Pierre Véron. Scholl is a paragraphist, a wit that should never attempt more than fifteen lines. In a dozen lines he is matchless. Therein he recounts the rumour, the folly of the day, with a gay cynicism that often turns it into a philosophic arrow and plants it full in the heart of humanity. He has coined as many proverbs, struck as many images, as Chamfort and Rivarol. "My life's an anecdote," he once said; and in truth he has written the history of the last thirty years in anecdotes. Failing—relatively of course—in work of a wider scope, he is not an exemplary dramatic critic. He has a tendency to caricature the piece under consideration, to dwell on the mannerism of an individual actor, the quality of an individual character. Tall, robust, with a face full of sad raillery, an eyeglass perpetually assisting a cold gray eye, he is one of the best types of the confirmed Boulevardier. If Scholl is a paragraphist, Pierre Véron is the chroniqueur, which is not by any means the same thing. He is supposed to write, on the average, five chroniques a day. There is a strong family likeness between them, but then they are excellent of their kind. Véron is emphatically the successful French petit journaliste, aspiring to no senate or academy, methodically busy, and busily amused when work is done; wealthy, popular, the welcome comrade of congenial companions, joyous, and the producer of joy in others. His contentment is reflected in his good-humoured face and dainty apparel; it is visible too in his criticisms in the "Charivari," which are rather more amusing and not a bit more wicked than the rest of that respectably funny "Revue des Deux Mondes."

Paris, February. Evelyn Jerrold.

ROSALIND.

By Gertrude Carr Davison.

AMONGST the many comedies of our great dramatist, William Shakespeare, perhaps that of "As You Like It," with its favourite character of Rosalind, stands first and foremost with English playgoers. At one time, however, "As You Like It" was looked upon as something too good, too exquisite for the stage, and was said in character to partake much more of a poem than a play, hence it is that Rosalind was a part that neither Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Mountfort, Mrs. Oldfield, or any of that gifted coterie, ever ventured to attempt. It was a character beyond them, and they would not try it.

The first Rosalind we find on record as played by a woman, was played by Mrs. Booth (Hester Santlow); the part of Orlando being taken by Wilks; Barton Booth himself being in the cast as the banished Duke; Cibber, the Jaques; and his son Theophilus, M. Le Beau; and it was said a handsomer pair than the Orlando and Rosalind who presented themselves on the boards of Drury Lane on the 9th of January, 1723, the stage could not then supply. The second Rosalind we hear of was Miss Vaughan, better known by her married name of Mrs. Pritchard, called the Queen of Comedy; this in 1741. The Rosalind who next graced the famous boards of the famous old house of Drury Lane was Margaret Woffington, who for about fifteen years was the popular Rosalind. Garrick, in 1747, the first year of his proprietorship at Drury Lane, brought Margaret Woffington out as Rosalind; Kitty Clive and Macklin as Celia and Touchstone were in the cast. It may not be generally known that the famous Peg Woffington played for the very last time in this character, and was near dying on the stage. The scene is well described by Dr. Doran in "Their Majesties' Servants":—"Soon followed thereon the fatal 3rd of May, 1757. The play was 'As You Like It,' in which she played Rosalind. Tate Wilkinson was standing at the wing as she passed on to the stage, and on her way she complimented him ironically on his recent success as a débutant. Wilkinson watched and studied her throughout the piece till she came off early in the fifth act, and suddenly complained of being ill. Wilkinson offered his arm, leaning on which she retired to the green-room, rallied, went on, changed her dress, again trod the stage defiantly of fate, and again yielded to the coming blow, but only for a moment. Even then she recovered, her self-will being so great, and she began the lines of the epilogue. She had just uttered with fearful gaiety the words, 'If I were among you I'd kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me,' when that once saucy tongue became paralysed. A last flash of courage impelled her to an attempt to proceed; but it was in vain, and at the sense that she was stricken, she flung up her hands, uttered a wild shriek in abject terror, and staggering towards the stage-door, fell into the arms stretched to receive

her, and amidst indescribable confusion of cheering and commiserating cries, Margaret Woffington disappeared from the stage for ever!" Barbara Street, daughter of an apothecary at Bath, was the next who assumed the character of Rosalind, 1767; and after this there was no Rosalind of note on the stage of Old Drury until Mrs. Siddons herself tried this enchanting heroine in 1785. Then, in 1787, followed Mrs. Jordan, to the Orlando of John Kemble; and it is said that there was no Rosalind to be compared to her down to the end of the last century. These have been followed in our own day by Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), who appeared as Rosalind, at Drury Lane, in 1837, under Macready's management; Miss Ellen Tree (the late Mrs. Charles Kean), whose Rosalind was spoken of as being one of the most original of her performances, 1850. The same year of 1850 likewise saw Mrs. Nesbitt sustain the part of Rosalind at Drury Lane, to the Orlando of Henry Craven; Mrs. Scott Siddons, on April 8th, 1866, appeared as Rosalind at the Haymarket Theatre—and it has been well said that as Rosalind Mrs. Scott Siddons is an ideal and exquisite performer. The late lamented and much loved Lilian Adelaide Neilson appeared for the first time as Rosalind at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, September 25th, 1868, and her gifted impersonation of the part is too well known to need any comments of mine here; the next on my list is Mrs. Kendal, whose wooing of Orlando is the delight of English-speaking audiences, and from whose lips the famous epilogue comes with enchanting point; Mrs. Hermann Vezin has played the part to the delight of matured playgoers; and during the past year of 1880 we have seen Miss Marie Litton [Mrs. W. Robertson], as Rosalind at the Imperial Theatre, in a somewhat long and very successful revival of "As You Like It;" and, lastly, Miss Alleyn, whose portrait, as Rosalind, appeared in the November number of The Theatre. Such are our groups of Rosalinds, from 1723 to 1880. Let us hope the curtain will rise and show us many more.

I have often been chaffed unmercifully, but not altogether without justice, about the illustrations to the various stories and criticisms in The Theatre. Unfortunately I cannot direct the fancy or the humour of the artists who co-operate with me in making this magazine a permanent record of the English stage. My motto has always been, "When at once you don't succeed, try, try, try again." I am certainly very much indebted to Mr. W. H. Kendal, the clever and popular actor and co-manager of the St. James's Theatre, for his admirable picture presented to our readers this month. The sketch of Mr. John Hare's back as the Baron Croodle in "The Money Spinner," was made at the wings during the performance of the play, and it certainly is an example of the finest spirit of good-natured caricature. Mr. Ledger in his valuable "Era Almanack" has started the question, "How Actors Draw?" Well, I should say, judging by Mr. Kendal's success, extremely well. I hope that it is not the last time Mr. Kendal will ply his facile pencil for the benefit of our friends and subscribers.

MISS LILY MEREDITH AND MISS EILY MORLEY.

IN the accompanying character-portraits of Miss Lily Meredith as Maude, and Miss Eily Morley as Will Scarlett, in the recent pantomime of "Robin Hood" at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, I am pleased to present our readers and subscribers with a pretty picture of two of the most charming actresses that have recently appeared on the stage. Though both their parts were remarkably small, and allowed very little scope for either speech or action, still what little these clever young ladies had to say and do, they said and did to perfection. Attired in a most charming costume, with her bright face and eyes that are almost Italian in their depth and lustre, Miss Meredith formed as picturesque a subject for a painter as could be wished for, whilst Miss Morley was certainly the most graceful and well-formed representative of Will Scarlett that has been seen. It is not always important rôles make great successes, and these two portraitures, although otherwise the least prominent in the pantomime, stand out alone by reason of their exquisite grace and finish, and are made the most delightful impersonations in the production by the natural gifts and abilities of two wonderfully bright, clever, and most attractive actresses.

Miss Meredith made her first appearance on the stage on Wednesday evening, April 23rd, 1879, under the name of Miss Lily Paton, at the Imperial Theatre, London, under Miss Litton's management, in a burlesque on "The Lady of Lyons," by W. Younge. At the same theatre she played Bridget with considerable success in the first production on Saturday, January 3rd, last year, of Herman Merivale's play, "The Lord of the Manor." On Tuesday, August 3rd following, during Mr. Edward Saker's management of the Pavilion, Buxton, she acted Katie Mapleson in the late Tom Taylor's comedietta, "Nine Points of the Law," and Mrs. Benjamin Bibbs in Suter's farce, "A Quiet Family." Miss Meredith next appeared at the Theatre Royal, Oxford, where she acted during the summer many parts in the various productions there of drama, comedy, and farce, and appeared in the pantomime at the Alexandra, Liverpool, on Wednesday, December 22nd, 1880.

Miss Morley first appeared on the stage at the Lyceum Theatre, on Thursday, August 21st, 1879, as Miss Eily Paton, in Herman Merivale and F. C. Grove's successful play of "Forget-me-Not," then produced for the first time by Miss Geneviève Ward, in which Miss Morley acted with much success the part of Rose, a character which had been specially written for her. After playing in the provinces for some little time she retired from the stage until her recent appearance in Liverpool, with the exception that on the 3rd of last August she played Sarah Jane in "Nine Points of the Law," and Miss Selina Summers in "A Quiet Family," at the Pavilion, Buxton.

MISS ANNIE ROBE.

MISS ANNIE ROBE made her first appearance on the stage on Saturday, December 21st, 1878, as the Fairy Queen in the pantomime of "The Babes in the Wood," at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, where she subsequently played the second female rôles, and part of the leading business in the stock pieces produced there. It is noticeable that

Miss Eily Morley,
AS
"*WILL SCARLETT.*"

Miss Lily Meredith,
AS
"*MAUDE.*"

(In the Pantomime of "Robin Hood," at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool.)

during this engagement she acted Arrah in "Arrah-na-Pogue" at four hours' notice, with great success. In March next she commenced a season at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, playing Nellie Saunders, and afterwards Lord Eden, in "Formosa," and after touring through the north of England, she acted Louise in "The Two Orphans," at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth. Miss Robe then rested until Easter, when she commenced an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, during which she played, amongst other characters, Lady Isabel in "East Lynne," Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew," Nellie Armroyd in "Lost in London," Eliza in "After Dark," Jane Fryer in "The Orange Girl," and Ophelia. She then returned to Plymouth in July last, where she played Lady Anne in "Richard the Third," Eily O'Connor in "The Colleen Bawn," Jessie Brown in "The Fall of Lucknow," Lucy Fairweather in "The Streets of London," Ophelia, Desdemona, and Juliet, and appeared on Boxing-night last year at the same theatre as the Princess in the pantomime of "Sinbad the Sailor."

Miss Robe has the advantage of being the daughter of theatrical parents; her father, the late Mr. James Robe, was a clever scene-painter, and her mother, Miss Eliza Rudd, is an actress of considerable repute in the provinces. Miss Robe is one of our few clever emotional actresses, and her acting, always marked by much careful consideration of the text, is forcible, vivid, and powerfully sympathetic. She possesses the qualities of emotion and pathos in a strong degree that at present fit her for leading parts in the drama, and probably will help her to blossom out one day into a leading tragédienne.

STORIES OF SOTHERN.

THERE are scores of capital stories told by Sothern's friends about the comedian which illustrate his antic disposition. A number of the best have been compiled, and they are worth reproducing. A good one, in which Florence, Edwin Adams, and the subject of this article figured, gives the reader an idea of Californian hospitalities, and a description of how Sothern went to prison.

It was one of those delightful practical jokes, said the narrator, which occurs in the lives of clever fellows, and are remembered among the happy events of existence.

The sun of the Pacific slope was just setting in a sea of gold, twilight was coming down the mountains on the east. Poor Edwin Adams and Florence sat in one of the parlours of the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco. They were anxiously looking for Sothern, and never did two boys await

the arrival of an elder brother, after a long absence from home, with more eager anticipation.

"What time is it?" said Florence. "I wonder when the train will be here? Wait a moment, I'll inquire at the office."

Billy soon returned with the news that the train was coming, and would be at the dépôt at ten o'clock, with their friend on board.

"That's glorious!" exclaimed Ned. "I wonder how the dear boy is? I don't think I ever had such pleasurable anticipations."

"Why, of course he is well," said Billy; "he is always well. Now, Ned, look out for fun; I am going to square up my joke account with Dundreary. It's the very time to do it, and I want you to help me."

"Good," said Ned; "I am with you, my boy; go ahead."

"The practical jokes that he has played upon me," said Billy, "have been original and very funny. The ingenuity of the scamp has been something wonderful. For a good, square, original practical joke no man that ever I heard of can touch Ned Sothern; his inventive powers are marvellous. I'll tell you, while we are waiting, one or two he played upon me. He once inserted an advertisement in 'The New York Herald,' the substance of which was that I wanted ten dogs—two each, Newfoundland, black-and-tan, spitz, setter, and poodle—and that the dog men should apply at seven o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, for three days, at my residence. The next morning by eight o'clock the street in front of my house was crowded with men and dogs fighting their way around the front stoop. Aroused by the infernal noise I got out of my bed, went to the window, and as I drew back the curtain and exposed my head and shoulders every fellow in that motley crowd held up his dog and yelled, 'Here he is, Mr. Florence; this is the one you want.' I don't know what else they said, for the howling and barking of the dogs and the laughter of the crowd drowned all other sounds. I was at a loss to account for this strange sight. Mrs. F. came to the window, took in the scene, and with that nice perception of things which never deserts the sex in an emergency, said: 'Why, I see what this is; it cannot be anything but one of Ned Sothern's jokes, my dear,' and with that she exclaimed, 'Look, look, it's he! There is Sothern himself!" I had retreated a short distance from the window, but when Mrs. F. said that the great joker was present in person I went forward, and sure enough there he was, looking at a beautiful Skye terrier, which he afterwards purchased. He turned to my window, and with that characteristic way he has of adjusting his eye-glass, he put it on and looked straight at me as if he had never seen me, and then innocently asked a boy, who was holding an ugly cur, 'Who lives in that house? What queer person is that who is shaking his fist at us?' 'Why, Florence, the actor, lives there, and he advertised for dogs; and that's what's the matter,' answered the urchin.

"'Going into the dog business, I suppose?' said Sothern. 'Yes,' said the boy, 'I reckon he is—he is always doing something for us fellows.' Dundreary jogged along among the crowd, and he said after-

wards it was one of his most successful jokes. At another time he sent three or four undertakers to my house in the middle of the night. The last trick he played upon me was very good. I had invited a number of fellows to dine with me and we were expecting a good time. When we were pretty well through the dessert one of the gentlemen went outside into the hall and in a few minutes returned, saying that there was an old man at the door who wished to see Mr. Florence, and that he would not go away until I came to the door. After a little while I went out and found the antediluvian on the stoop outside. He seemed to be very infirm and quite lame. I invited him inside, and he told me that he was about to return to the old country; that he had lost all of his family in America and was going home to the land of his fathers to die. He had a few things left from the general wreck of his household which he wished to sell, and thereupon took some mantel ornaments and other articles of virtu from his pocket, saying they were the last things he had saved, and if I could spare him $300 for them he could buy a steerage ticket that would carry him home. I saw that the articles were valuable, told him to keep them, and handed him $300. Thinking I had done a pretty good thing I returned to the dining-room and gave orders to the servant to let the beggar out. The servant returned, saying that the old fellow had already gone, and so indeed he had. Some of the company suggested that he might have been a fraud. 'Just look around and see if he has not taken a few things.' I then bethought me that the articles he showed looked like some of my own. I rushed into the parlour to find that the old thief had taken my own things. The alarm was given and police sent for.

"In a few moments two officers appeared and began a search. One of the servants reported that he saw the old man going upstairs. The officers rushed up, and after a look through the rooms on the two upper storeys discovered him looking over some photographs. The officers, of course, seized him. He resisted, and gave it to them pretty roughly with his tongue. 'Bring the old ruffian down,' I cried, 'bring him into the dining-room.' Until then I had not thoroughly scanned the aged villain's countenance. Imagine my amazement when I looked into that eye, which no power on earth could disguise or change, to find that the man I had hold of was Sothern himself. It was a dead sell on us all. Sothern had prepared himself fully for this joke, as he always does on important occasions. He brought with him a wig, beard, pair of slippers, a long coat, and a villanous old hat.

"While we were pretty well along——"

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Adams, "you were pretty well along. Of course you were."

"I mean," said Billy, "that we were well along in the evening."

"Yes, certainly you were; if you were not you should have been," replied Adams.

"Well, as I was about to say, Sothern slipped out of the dining-room and in a few moments was transformed into an ancient Hibernian on my door-step. This was voted by the whole company as one of the most

successful practical jokes ever practised, and so it was, by a 'large majority.'"

"The time approaches," said Adams, looking up at the great clock.

"Yes," answered Florence; "now I'll tell you my plan for a big thing, Ned. We will take a carriage and go to the dépôt, and as soon as the train arrives we will scoop the old boy up and drive to the city prison and slap him in jail. I have arranged to commit him, let the jailor into the secret, and upon my holding him harmless he will pay the stern keeper."

"We won't keep him in but a few minutes, though," responded the tender-hearted Ned, "only a few minutes, Billy?"

"Leave that to me," said Florence. "You know I would not harm a hair of his head. Leave it all to me. Sothern will enjoy it when it is over as much as we do; he is one of the kind who enjoys a good joke on himself as well as if it were played on anyone else—more so."

The train was on time, and as soon as it stopped, one of the first passengers who got off the platform was the veritable Sothern. Billy and his friend were with him in a moment. The greetings were heartfelt and sincere.

"Now, old boy, come along; we have the best of rooms for you, and as this is your first visit, we will see (looking askance at Ned) that you are firmly settled."

The carriage soon had them in front of the city prison. It seemed but a moment since they left the dépôt, so interested had Mr. Sothern been in the conversation of his two friends. The three alighted, and the two conspirators rushed Mr. Sothern up to the jail register. Ned put the pen in his hand while Billy took his satchel, and after the name was down, they hurried him off to his "room." A turnkey led the way down the corridor, and Sothern was ushered into a side apartment. He said he thought it was a very plain-looking place, and was amazed when he saw bars at the window, but observed this must be their way out here. He took a seat at the table, and being left alone, overheard the following conversation.

"We have him at last, Jack."

"Have him! Who do you mean?"

"Why, that awful murderer and robber of Yellow Creek Flats," replied the first speaker. "We are going to handcuff him and put him in the dungeon."

"Well, he ought to be there; he is the worst criminal in California, and he will certainly be hung in a short time."

Sothern now saw through it all, and began to kick the door, and ask that it be opened. There was a slide in the panel, and this was pushed aside by one of the turnkeys, who gruffly inquired, "Now, what do you want, you infernal robber and highwayman?"

"Well, sir," said Sothern, "I want you first to open this door, and then I will tell you what I want."

The only reply to this was: "We are coming in directly to put a pair of bracelets on you."

"Now, see here, my good friend, this is all a joke, and, as it has been carried far enough, you had better open the doors."

"That's too thin," said the turnkey; "too thin. Do you suppose you could fool us with that kind of chaff? I guess not!"

In the meantime, Billy and Ned had gone off to spread the news that Mr. Sothern had been arrested and sent to the city prison. A large delegation of friends at once left the hotel, and proceeded to the jail. Inquiring for the jailor, he promptly appeared, and being asked for the commitment, he produced a paper with a great many grand flourishes, and a considerable number of hieroglyphics upon it, and said: "This is what was handed to me." Upon a close examination, it was found to be signed by Guillemano Florenza and Edouard Adam, detectives. A well-known magistrate at this juncture stepped forward, and Mr. Sothern, being brought before him, was at once released as a victim of kidnappers. Dundreary admitted that he had been handsomely inveigled and sold by his two friends. Billy and Ned had meanwhile ordered the finest supper at the hotel ever known on the Pacific coast, and a company of forty gentlemen sat down to enjoy, with the guest of the evening, an occasion which, for mirth and genuine jollity, has rarely had its equal in that or any other part of the country.

"And this," says Florence, "was the way I got even with the boy. He won't forget it soon, either."

Speaking of the first appearance of Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary in London, Mr. Fiske says: "It was about the year 1861. Mr. Buckstone, the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, was in want of an attraction; and taking a liking to 'the young American actor,' as he was called, agreed to produce 'Our American Cousin,' although he did so with not a little fear and trembling. All the actors and actresses connected with the theatre predicted its failure. Buckstone himself consented to play the part of Asa Trenchard, to help the performance along, but nobody except Sothern had any confidence in its success. During the rehearsal of the play, Mrs. ——, one of the old Haymarket stock company, and a representative of all the gossip of the green-room, came upon the stage while Sothern was running over his famous letter scene. He turned, and said, 'My dear madam, don't come on here till you get your cue. In fact, on the night of the performance, you will have twenty minutes to wait during this scene.'

"'Why,' said the lady, satirically, 'do you expect so much applause?'

"'Yes,' said Sothern, 'I know how long this scene always plays.'

"'Ah!' answered madam, 'but suppose the audience should not take your view of the matter.'

"'In that case,' said Sothern, 'you won't have to bother yourself, for and the piece will have been condemned a good hour before your services will be required.'"

Sothern in London was a veritable king of mirth, holding daily and nightly court with such rare spirits as J. L. Toole, Henry J. Byron, Tom Robertson, Buckstone, Johnstone, and a score of other gentlemen

who are well known in theatrical and artistic circles. Every morning the town was startled by some fresh social excitement, and every evening the clubs rang with laughter over Sothern's latest exploits. His practical jokes were of every description, from the intricate mechanical pleasantries designed by his friend, Col. Johnstone, to the off-hand flippancy of getting a ragged newsboy for half-a-crown to turn somersaults and plant his feet in the abdomen of a reputable banker. What may be called the Johnstonian era of Sothern's London experiences was illustrated by his exposé of the Davenport Brothers and his fitting up an apartment with electrical and mechanical contrivances for the purpose of producing extraordinary effects on Johnstone's guests. You were invited, for example, to dine with the pair, entered the dining-room with other gentlemen in true British fashion, and there found only a table, with nothing on it except the cloth, knives and forks, and a "bill of lading." No servants were in the room, and there was no evidence of a repast. After everybody had been sufficiently surprised, Mr. Sothern would blandly inquire "what sort of soup will you have?" Every guest was at liberty to mention his preference, which being done, the door was soon after opened and in marched the servant with the article ordered. The same system was observed all through the different courses. Every kind of food apparently was in the kitchen ready cooked that could be gotten up by mortal man, and everything was in the cellar that could be drunk, from Hungarian Burgundy to Bourbon "straight." After dinner cigars were handed round, and upon the guest expressing a wish to have a light, a blue flame would burst from the centre of the table. These curious effects were accomplished by means of electrical devices operated under the table by Colonel Johnstone's feet, which established telegraphic communication with the cook down stairs, who had been previously supplied with every variety of canned soups, meats, and vegetables that the market afforded, and which required but a moment's preparation in order to supply the wants of the respective guests.

Walking down Regent Street with me one day, he said: "You go ahead a couple of blocks, Fiske, and I'll go back, but we will both take the Atlas omnibus." I followed his instructions, and entering the omnibus found Sothern sitting in the diagonally opposite corner. I naturally looked at him with some curiosity to know why he had sent me two blocks ahead. Perceiving this, he assumed a very fierce and belligerent expression, and exclaimed: "Are you staring at me, sir?" The omnibus was filled with several elderly ladies, two quiet gentlemen who looked like clergymen, and a farmer from the country. I took the cue at once, and replied: "No; if I wanted to stare at anybody, I would stare at a better-looking man than yourself." At this, Sothern's indignation apparently became uncontrollable, and it required all of the force of the clergymen, seconded by the farmer, to keep him in his seat, and prevent him from throwing himself upon me. Finally he insisted upon stopping the "bus," and invited me to step outside, and either apologise then and there for the insult, or fight him on the spot. I pretended to prefer to do the latter; but said I would remain in the omnibus, whereupon

Sothern took off his overcoat, and handed it to the nearest old maid to hold for him while he chastised me for my impertinence. In the course of the desultory remarks in which we indulged during this mélée, he chanced to observe that he would allow nobody except his friend John Robinson, of Philadelphia, to speak to him in that way and live; whereupon I immediately informed him that my name was Robinson, surnamed John, and that I had just arrived from America, but that I hadn't the pleasure of his acquaintance, nor did I particularly desire it. In an instant Sothern's manner completely changed, and, climbing over the old maids, the clergymen and the farmer, to my corner of the stage, he endeavoured to embrace me like a long-lost friend. He avowed that he never had been more delighted in his life; stopped the omnibus, and proposed that we should get out together, which we thereupon proceeded to do. The comedy we had enacted, and the astonishment depicted on the faces of the inmates of the coach, exceeded anything I ever saw on the stage, and afforded food for laughter for many days.

One night, after twelve o'clock, Toole and Sothern took possession of the porter's room at the Tavistock Hotel in Covent Garden, and sent the porter to the top of the house to find Billy Florence, who was supposed to be a guest there. Meanwhile the pair undertook to attend personally to the wants of the strangers who were stopping at the hotel, and came to the wicket to demand admittance. It must be understood that the wicket was only large enough to expose a single face. The first to present himself was a clergyman, who was very gravely informed by Toole that his "attentions to the chambermaid had been discovered, and that he would find his trunk in the morning at Covent Garden Market opposite; that this was a respectable house, and he didn't wish anything more to do with such a man." While the clergyman in his indignation was absent in Bow Street to hunt up a police officer and make his troubles known, the proprietor of the hotel appeared and was promptly notified by Sothern, who now appeared at the wicket, that they had "already missed enough spoons during his visit, and that his valise would be thrown down to him in a few minutes from the top story, and if he wished to avoid Newgate he had better reform his practices or try them upon some other hotel." This joke would have had rather a serious termination if the proprietor had not entered by a side door and discovered Toole and Sothern at their pranks from the rear; but as soon as he found out who they were he was so overjoyed at the presence of two such worthies in his house, and the oddity of the jokes they had played, that he ordered one of the best of hot suppers, sent for Billy Florence, and kept things going in a lively way until morning.

Perhaps one of the densest crowds that London ever knew, assembled to witness the entry of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra, some years ago. The refined beauty and grace of the little Princess had been loudly proclaimed throughout the land, and curiosity to see the bride of the future King of England was up to fever heat. The line of route was not a long one, some of the streets being very narrow; and it

was calculated at the time that over three millions of people, from various points of the compass, assisted at this welcoming spectacle.

The procession having to promenade Fleet Street en route to Temple Bar (without passing through which ancient and vexatious portal no respectable procession would be complete), the editor of "Punch" issued invitations to a select coterie of artistic and literary friends to assemble at the "Punch" office, at ten o'clock in the morning, to partake of lunch and see the show from the windows. As a sample of the stamp of men present, there were Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, John Leech, Tenniel, the entire "Punch" staff; Millais and Frith, the eminent painters; Ruskin, Lord Lytton, Charles Dickens, Cruikshank, Tennyson —in fact, a more brilliant assembly of men of genius, perhaps, rarely met under one roof. A magnificent entertainment was served; and if the good things that were said on that bright March morning had been carefully noted down, they would have filled a number of the famous journal within whose walls the company met.

Among the persons expected was Sothern, the comedian, whose Lord Dundreary was at that moment making people laugh their heads off at the Haymarket Theatre. The procession was not to move until twelve o'clock, and Lord Dundreary did not leave home until about half-past ten. All was plain sailing as far as Fleet Street; and, discharging his carriage at the corner of a street intersecting this thoroughfare, he reached Fleet Street, and by dint of hard squeezing and pushing, prevailing, and watching every movement of the gigantic crowd, he at last got opposite the "Punch" office, and there he was compelled to halt. To cross the street was simply impossible. Deeply buried in the dense throng, he stood for quite an hour watching his friends at the windows. He could even hear, now and again, a peal of laughter and the ring of their merry voices. "By the gods," mused the comedian, "I'm missing an enormous treat! I must get across this street by hook or by crook—but how?"

Happy thought! At that moment he saw a policeman. He worked his way towards him, and said:

"Bobby, if you'll manage to take me across the street to the 'Punch' office I'll give you a sovereign."

The policeman simply smiled, and pointed to the impenetrable throng.

"I know it will be tough work, and perhaps I may lose my coat and hat in the struggle," pursued Sothern; "but it's most important that I should be there with my friends."

"I've no doubt of it, sir; but it's impossible. Why, you might as well ask me to take you through the walls of St. Paul's there."

"Nonsense," urged Sothern, with irrepressible persistence. "You are a tall, strong man—I'm thin and wiry; if you'll open the way, I'll follow, and it's to be done with little effort. Look here (whisper), get me over, and I'll give you a five-pound note!"

At this offer the policeman shut one eye, rubbed his ear, puckered his lips, elevated his nose, stood on tiptoe, and surveyed the scene before him.

Miss Annie Robe.

"Brace yourself for a mighty effort," said Sothern, encouragingly.

He made an effort, but without success. The crowd instantly howled with one voice, "Back, back, Bobby, back! Where are you shovin' to?"

At that moment Dickens and Brooks came to the window, each with a glass of champagne in his hand, looked out, surveyed the scene, and then retired, radiant with some observation made by the author of "Pickwick." This tableau was too much for Lord Dundreary—to miss all the brilliant talk of that morning—to miss being presented to some of the most gifted men on earth!—he would make one last effort. "Policeman," whispered he, "have you got a pair of handcuffs? I'll strike you. Arrest me. Shout—'A pickpocket—I've got him!' Drag me across—the crowd will take up the cry and make way—that's the programme—here's the money in advance!" The policeman was a huge, strapping member of the force. It was the work of an instant. Into his pocket went the note; out came the handcuffs. Sothern made a plunge at the breast of the man, who literally hurled himself at the crowd, dragging his victim after him. Off went hats, down fell half-a-dozen people not physically gifted, and after three minutes' hard fighting with the most savage opposition, the twain landed on the steps of the "Punch" office.

To say that there was a yell of execration at the policeman for his vigorous coup de main would faintly describe the howl that went up from the crowd. It reminded one of that volume of sound heard on a Derby day, when the favourite shoots past the winning-post. "Punch" was the word in more senses than the journal implied. There were punched heads, punched hats, to say nothing of ribs and noses, and Sothern and the bold blue "Bobby" sought rapid refuge within the hospitable portals of the Fleet Street humorist.

Happily at that moment a loud voice shouted, "The Prince is coming—order!" and the excitement lulled. The comedian made his way up to his friends, related the incident, and quaffed a glass of champagne, which was held to his lips by Mark Lemon. While this was going on, Cruikshank, always ready for a joke, wheedled the policeman out of a back-door into a side-street, with strict injunctions not to return until after the procession had passed; and Sothern saw the show, made some charming new acquaintances, partook of his lunch, and uttered his cry of welcome to the pretty Princess—firmly bound in strong iron bracelets.

Millais chaffingly suggested a grand historical picture for the Academy—"Lord Dundreary in Fetters at the Great Welcoming of the Beautiful Bride." Shirley Brooks insisted that a French dramatist would have got a Palais Royal farce out of the incident, and Sothern consoled himself with the reflection that he was the only person of the millions present who witnessed the pageant in handcuffs.

[I am indebted to the "New York Mirror," for this capital compilation of some of the good stories and practical jokes in which Edward Sothern played a part in England and America.—C. S.]

FIRES IN THEATRES.

IN a paper read before the Insurance Institute, Manchester, by Henry Warden, November, 1880, the following interesting statistics are given:

There is not, probably, a better known risk, not only amongst the insurance profession but the general public also, than the theatre.

It is the most ancient special risk in the world, and has varied in little degree during 1800 years, for between the years 21 and 64 the Circus Maximus in Rome was destroyed by fire three times, and the Theatre Pompeius the same number of times between the years 22 and 249 of the Christian Era.

* * * * * *

From statistics given by Herr Fölsch (Hamburg, 1878) there should be little difficulty in recognising the fact that each theatre, according to the best authority, is doomed, and it is a question of time, within the space of a few years, when a fire shall destroy it.

* * * * * *

Herr Fölsch's list comprises more than 500 theatres destroyed or much damaged by fire.

* * * * * *

The following statistics of theatre fires have been worked out by Herr Fölsch from a list of fires in different countries, including Great Britain:

5	Theatres burnt before the opening.				
70	In the first		5	years after opening.	
38	Within 6 to		10	years of opening.	
45	,,	11 ,,	20	,,	,,
27	,,	21 ,,	30	,,	,,
12	,,	31 ,,	40	,,	,,
20	,,	41 ,,	50	,,	,,
17	,,	51 ,,	60	,,	,,
7	,,	61 ,,	80	,,	,,
8	,,	81 ,,	100	,,	,,
3	,,	over	100	,,	,,
250					

Giving an average of about 22¾ years of existence to each one.

List of Theatres Burnt at Various Periods.

426	since 1761	322	since 1831
385	,, 1801	254	,, 1851

List of Theatres Burnt in Periods of Ten Years since 1761.

8	Theatres burnt	between the years	1761	and	1770
9	,,	,,	,, 1771	,,	1780
11	,,	,,	,, 1781	,,	1790
13	,,	,,	,, 1791	,,	1800
17	,,	,,	,, 1801	,,	1810
16	,,	,,	,, 1811	,,	1820
30	,,	,,	,, 1821	,,	1830
25	,,	,,	,, 1831	,,	1840
43	,,	,,	,, 1841	,,	1850
67	,,	,,	,, 1851	,,	1860
97	,,	,,	,, 1861	,,	1870
90	,,	,,	,, 1871	,,	Oct. 1877.

List giving the Proportion of 516 Fires Falling upon Different Countries.

United States	176
Great Britain	68
France	63
Germany	49
Italy	45
Austria and Hungary	26
Russia	24
Spain and Portugal	17
Various (in other European lands)	30
Various (not in other European lands)	18
	516

List of some Cities and Large Towns in which Fires have Occurred.

Berlin	from	1817	to	1875	7	theatres	burnt.
Bordeaux	,,	1716	,,	1855	7	,,	,,
Boston	,,	1798	,,	1873	11	,,	,,
Chicago	,,	1851	,,	1877	12	,,	,,
Cincinnati	,,	1830	,,	1876	9	,,	,
Edinburgh	,,	1853	,,	1879	6	,,	,,
Glasgow	,,	1780	,,	1870	11	,,	,,
London	,,	1613	,,	1873	31	,,	,,
Madrid	,,	1802	,,	1876	4	,,	,,
Manchester	,,	1789	,,	1844	2	,,	,,
New York	,,	1820	,,	1873	26	,,	,,
Paris	,,	1762	,,	1871	29	,,	,,
St. Petersburg	,,	1749	,,	1859	6	,,	,,
Philadelphia	,,	1799	,,	1874	17	,,	,,
San Francisco	,,	1850	,,	1872	21	,,	,,
Venice	,,	1569	,,	1836	6	,,	,,
Vienna	,,	1761	,,	1868	5	,,	,,
Washington	,,	1820	,,	1871	7	,,	,,

Herr Fölsch then takes an extract from his list, and we find in regard to 396 fires that in the four quarters of certain years, viz.:

Between	January	and	March	136 fires occurred.
,,	April	,,	June	100 ,,
,,	July	,,	September	70 ,,
,,	October	,,	December	90 ,,

Further, that of 289 fires,

56,	about 19	per cent.	occurred	in the day time.
15	,, 5	,,	occurred	within one hour of opening.
36	,, 12	,,	occurred	during the performance.
69	,, 23	,,	occurred	within two hours of closing.
113	,, 39	,,	occurred	during the night.

A COMICAL DUEL.

IN the year 1820 there was pitched within two miles of Brighton a square tent, upon the exterior of which was placed in gigantic characters "Langdon's A1 Theatre. Guaranteed to hold over a thousand people." Now, Mr. Langdon (known as "Chummie") was not only the proprietor of this "move-on" theatre, but he was also the writer of nearly all the plays performed there, almost all of which were "specially adapted" to suit what scenery—very little—was at his disposal. But at last Langdon hit upon a plot, a perfectly wonderful one, and which contained all sorts of utterly impossible situations. However, he determined that the play should

be performed; but he wanted a first-class man for the leading character, and as he could not get one in his neighbourhood, he advertised in a London paper. In answer to the advertisement he received two replies—one from an actor named Mann, and the other from an actor named Fleet. Now Mr. Langdon was by no means gifted with that which is very desirable for a manager to have—viz., a good memory—and the consequence was that first of all he wrote to Mann; and a few hours after, forgetting he had so written, he wrote to Fleet, the instructions to both being to come down at once, as he would engage them at the salaries they asked. Well, Mann arrived some hours before Fleet, and was taken on, and he thereupon entered upon his duties. When Fleet arrived, he was informed that a gentleman had been engaged, and, instead of obtaining an explanation from Mr. Langdon, he walked straight to Mann. "How is this, sir?" he said, "I am made a perfect fool." "Sorry for you, I'm sure," replied Mann; "but I cannot help you." "You are a scoundrel!" replied Fleet, "to take the place I should be in. I am a determined man, sir, and I herewith give you a challenge; I will not return to London without some satisfaction!" "But, my dear sir," said Mann, "I am a married man, with several children, and how can I accept such a challenge? Perhaps you are single?" "Yes," said Fleet, "I am; but that matters not to you. To-morrow morning you will be waited upon, sir." "Oh, all right," returned Mann. "Now, Miss Jones, just proceed with your part." Fleet bounced out of the theatre, and in the morning Mann was waited upon, first by one of Mr. Langdon's men, who presented his master's compliments and he hoped Mr. Mann would go to dinner with him, so as to talk matters over quietly. Mann accepted the invitation, and had just let his visitor out when a gentleman presented himself and delivered the promised challenge from Fleet. "All right," said Mann, and shut the door. Then he sat down, and in a very calm and collected manner wrote as follows:

TO MR. FLEET.

I am honoured this day, sir, with challenges two—
The first is from Langdon, the second from you.
As the one is to fight, and the other to dine,
I accept his engagement, and yours must decline.
Now, in giving this pref'rence, I trust you'll admit
I have acted with prudence, and done what was fit,
Since, encountering him, and my weapon a knife,
There is some little chance of preserving my life;
Whilst a bullet from you, sir, might take it away—
And the maxim, you know, is to live while you may.
If, however, you still should suppose I illtreat you,
By sternly rejecting the challenge to meet you,
Bear with me a moment, and I will adduce
Three powerful reasons, by way of excuse.
In the first place, unless I am grossly deceived,
I myself am, in conscience, the party aggrieved,
And, therefore, good sir, if a challenge must be,
Pray wait till that challenge be tender'd by me.
Again, sir, I think it by far the more sinful
To stand and be shot than to sit for a skinful.
From whence you'll conclude (as I'd have you, indeed),
That fighting composes no part of my creed,
And my courage (which though, it was never disputed,
Is not, I imagine, well—too deeply rooted)
Would prefer that its fruit, whate'er it may yield,
Should appear at "the table," and not in "the field,"
And, lastly, my life, be it never forgot,
Possesses a value which yours, sir, does not;

So I mean to preserve it as long as I can,
Being justly entitled "a family man,"
With three or four children (I scarce know how many),
Whilst you, sir, have not, or ought not, to have any.
Besides that, the contest would be too unequal,
I doubt not, will plainly appear by the sequel,
For e'en, you must admit, it would not be quite meet
That one small "Mann-o'-war" should engage a whole Fleet.

Fleet, who had clearly no sense of humour, was so thoroughly disgusted by these lines, that he made no renewal of the challenge; he simply wrote to Mann that he was an "un-Mannly wretch," and returned to London.

Our Play-Box.

"DIVORCE."

A Three Act Farcical Comedy, adapted from the French by Robert Reece.
First performed, Vaudeville Theatre, Saturday, January 29th, 1881.

Mr. Popplejohn ..	Mr. John Maclean.	Tap	Mr. W. Hargreaves.
Samuel Buckham ..	Mr. Thomas Thorne.	Mrs. Popplejohn ..	Miss Kate Bishop.
Justinian Cato Buckham	Mr. J. C. Grahame.	Alma Day	Miss Marie Illington.
Strutt	Mr. W. Lestocq.	Charlotte	Miss Cicely Richards.
		Bunch	Miss Lydia Cowell.

AN OLD FRIEND.

"DIVORCE" is a clever escape out of a difficulty by Mr. Robert Reece. The difficulty is the attempt to reconcile an English audience to a subject in which it is not particularly concerned, and to the deliberate substitution of ingenuity of arrangement for sympathy of story. It is just one of those plays of shady character and broken-down reputation, of carelessness, frivolity, and folly, on which certain authors would hang the rags of their pruriency and bad taste. A complicated scheme of polygamous husbands and tempted wives, of domestic unfaithfulness and ill-concealed deceit, is a precious field for those charmingly innocent creatures who wield seductive pens, plunge them into an inkstand of poison, and who attempt to wriggle out of their misdemeanour by saying: "My dear fellow I don't mean what you mean! Such an idea never entered my head." The pronounced innocence of the mock virtuous is delicious to contemplate, and in the grand history of humbug a chapter ought to be devoted to the plays written to titillate, and the audiences pretending not to catch the meaning, but laughing behind their fans. Mr. Reece has, however, too much self-respect to gain temporary success by such unworthy motives. He cast aside the opportunity that others less scrupulous would have seized, and the consequence is that his play is merely an ingenious and complicated farce, which is found to be too long and exhausting for the temperament of the audience. A play in which no one can find sympathy with story or characterisation is necessarily a heavy tax on the attention, and all who sit it out find inevitably that weariness succeeds mirth, and

that there is a reaction of depression. To watch such a play is no more a mental stimulant than to stand over two players engaged at chess or draughts. The characters, like the pieces, are moved in and out, round and about; there are dangers, complications and difficulties, raised at hazard but easy of solution. It is all very clever but scarcely amusing, and after a time we turn away with a sigh and look out of the window. So it is with a three-act farce, absurd and ludicrous no doubt, but which exhausts itself with its own effort, and is buoyed up at dull and doubtful moments by practical pantomime. Even a tedious old fool like Polonius succeeds in boring us before he is killed like a rat behind the arras, and though it is a funny idea that gives us a Samuel Buckham who sets society by the ears in his effort to further the interest of his son who is a briefless barrister, the time comes when we have decidedly had enough of him. Not that the acting is at fault. Mr. Thorne, admirably made up, indefatigable and energetic, gives us a true bit of senile character, and shows another instance of his steady advance and persistency as an actor. He trundles the farce along as an experienced boy does a hoop, and never lets it drop. It is exhaustion alone that conquers. Nicely contrasted, too, are the comical sulkiness of a compromised husband by Mr. Maclean, the clever freshness of Mr. J. G. Grahame, a briefless barrister; the capital bits of comic character by Mr. W. Lestocq and Mr. W. Hargreaves, and the opposite styles of Miss Bishop and Miss Illington. All these are good, if conventional. But from Miss Lydia Cowell came five all too short minutes of genuine art and original character. This clever young lady is supposed to represent a cockney flower-girl, with her conversation charged with slang, her dialect reeking of the London alley, her dress a miracle of reproduction, and her honest and ignorant little heart in the right place. It was that bit of heart-feeling that touched the audience, it was the one trickle of pure water in a desert of dust, it was that instant of nature that, compared so suddenly and strangely with much that was artificial and false, made so strong an impression. There was a certain sympathy in the part, and much skill in the acting. This one fact makes one regret that even for a moment Mr. Thorne or Mr. James should move away from the plays of homely, tender, and domestic feeling, of humour and nature, of fun and character, that have made their theatre the house of the lower middle classes and the delight of the tradesman's family. The Vaudeville I always look upon as the theatre of the little back parlour, the rendezvous of those who, engaged in trade, like to see the people of their own world ridiculed and praised. Vulgar old buttermen with good hearts, realistic servant wenches, struggles of class, and an element pure as the air and Dickensy. These are things wanted at the Vaudeville, and will, I feel assured, pay better than any competition with the purveyors of clever plays of double meaning. As long as Mr. H. J. Byron writes plays for the Vaudeville, audiences are bound to listen, for he understands their constitution as well as any doctor. I look therefore for two things: the reappearance of David James and the return of Henry J. Byron. Thus refitted and remanned, the brave little ship will sail with the breeze once more.—C. S.

"THE COLONEL."

A Three-Act Comedy (founded on "Le Mari à la Campagne"), written by F. C. Burnand.
First produced, Prince of Wales Theatre, Wednesday, February 2nd, 1881.

Colonel Wootweell W. Wood, U.S. Cavalry	Mr. Coghlan.	Mullins	Mr. Rowley.
Richard Forrester	Mr. W. Herbert.	Parkes	Mr. Charles Cecil.
Lambert Streyko	Mr. Jas. Fernandez.	Romelli	Mr. Grey.
Basil Giorgione	Mr. Rowland Buckstone.	Lady Tompkins	Mrs. Leigh Murray.
Edward Langton	Mr. Eric Bayley.	Olive	Miss Myra Holme.
		Nellie	Miss C. Grahame.
		Mrs. Blyth	Miss Amy Roselle.
		Goodall	Miss Houston.

The world moves round in a circle. I can remember well when the reaction was started against the vulgarities of decorative art, the atrocious wall-papers, the detestable gold chairs and Philistine furniture, the tyranny of the unfeeling, ignorant, and brutish house-decorator with his vile colours and viler taste. I can recall the pleasure of investing in

MRS. LEIGH MURRAY
AS THE ÆSTHETIC MOTHER-IN-LAW.
"THE COLONEL."

MR. J. FERNANDEZ
AS THE ÆSTHETIC PROFESSOR.
"THE COLONEL."

a William Morris daisy paper and nailing up the first blue plate on the walls. Now all this is over and done with, and we are taught to ridicule our encouragement of the beautiful, and to run back to the vileness of bizarre colour and the unmeaning abomination of roses plastered over the walls and carpets. I agree with Mr. George Augustus Sala, that those who chaff æstheticism undertake a grave responsibility, and such as can see no other alternative for checking affectation than upsetting the good work of fifteen years are marsh lights and false guides. But it was decreed that æstheticism, as it is called, should be chaffed by the irreverent. This is an age of irreverence. There is little faith in God or man. Our youths are worn out and dissipated before they have arrived at years of discretion. It is a tired, tedious, unmanly, broken-backed age. Enthusiasm is considered "bad form"; no one dares to applaud at the theatres, and anyone who writes with spirit and has

some glow in his nature is said to "gush." There is no help for it, we must put up with these things. And so the feeble reactionists against all that is coarse and unenlightened must stand the fire of chaff and scorn of satire. Mr. Burnand's play, cleverly done and wittily written, is one of the earliest and most successful of the counterblasts. It is not the first or the last of a series. The ridicule was begun in "Where's the Cat?" and will be continued in the forthcoming Gilbert and Sullivan opera. I do not say that the punishment is undeserved. The disciples are in advance of the apostles, and society is harassed by idiots who have exaggerated and confounded a noble creed. Invertebrate boys and green girls have misapplied a healthy text, and the consequence is that "æsthetics" (Greek, aisthetikos—perceptible to the senses) or the success

"THE COLONEL." ACT I.
THE COLONEL AND THE ÆSTHETIC LADY (MR. COGHLAN AND MISS MYRA HOLME).

of the beautiful in art has to be crushed by the sledge-hammer of contemptuous satire. Taking for his text æsthetieism as a baneful and baleful thing utterly to be detested, Mr. Burnand shows how by its influence and practice men become unfaithful to their wives, its professors are gluttons and winebibbers, selfish rascals and intolerable impostors, and that society will not be satisfied until the love of the beautiful or aim at the ideal is supported by the culture of the coarse. Perhaps it is like breaking a butterfly on a wheel to be serious with such a subject, but for my own part I would rather endure the crudities and childishness of all the Maulbys and Postlethwaites in existence than I would have society reconverted to the tastelessness of fifteen years ago. Mr. Burnand uses a smart rod, but he has not pickled it. It makes society smart, but there is no sting in the twigs. There may be many like myself

Mr. Hare, as "Bazil Crowdle" in
"The Money Spinner"

who sympathise far more with a woman as earnest as the red-haired Olive than with her selfish, contemptible, lying husband, Richard Forrester, and who pity her sincerely when she is compelled to give up her faith in what she considers the true and the beautiful for a life with a selfish scoundrel. The moral of the play is not to my taste; but it is popular, and that covers

MISS AMY ROSELLE
AS THE PHILISTINE WIDOW.
"THE COLONEL."

MISS C. GRAHAME
AS THE ÆSTHETIC GIRL.
"THE COLONEL."

a multitude of sins. Players of experience like Mr. Coghlan, Mr. Fernandez, Miss Amy Roselle, and Mrs. Leigh Murray, are all in the cast, but few of them seem to me at home in the new play. They loyally support it, but they don't act as if they liked what they are acting. A deliberate consciousness on the part of the majority of the performers cast for the æsthetic section destroys half the point of the satire. There are far too many who, in the words of Hamlet, "will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it." But the play is clever, and is a great success, there can be no doubt about that.—C. S.

"MASKS AND FACES."

An Original Comedy, written by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor.
Revived at the Haymarket, Saturday, February 5th, 1881.

Sir Charles Pomander	Mr. H. B. Conway.
Ernest Vane	Mr. Dacre.
James Quin	Mr. Teesdale.
Colley Cibber	Mr. Arthur Cecil. / Mr. Bancroft.
Triplet	Mr. Bancroft. / Mr. Arthur Cecil.
Mr. Snarl	Mr. Kemble.
Mr. Soaper	Mr. C. Brookfield.
Lysimachus	Miss Kate Grattan.
James Burdock ...	Mr. Stewart Dawson.
Colander	Mr. E. Smedley.
Hundsdon	Mr. Dean.
Peg Woffington ...	Mrs. Bancroft.
Mabel Vane	Miss Marion Terry.
Kitty Clive	Miss Wade.
Mrs. Triplet	Mrs. Canninge.
Roxalana	Miss Mabel Grattan.

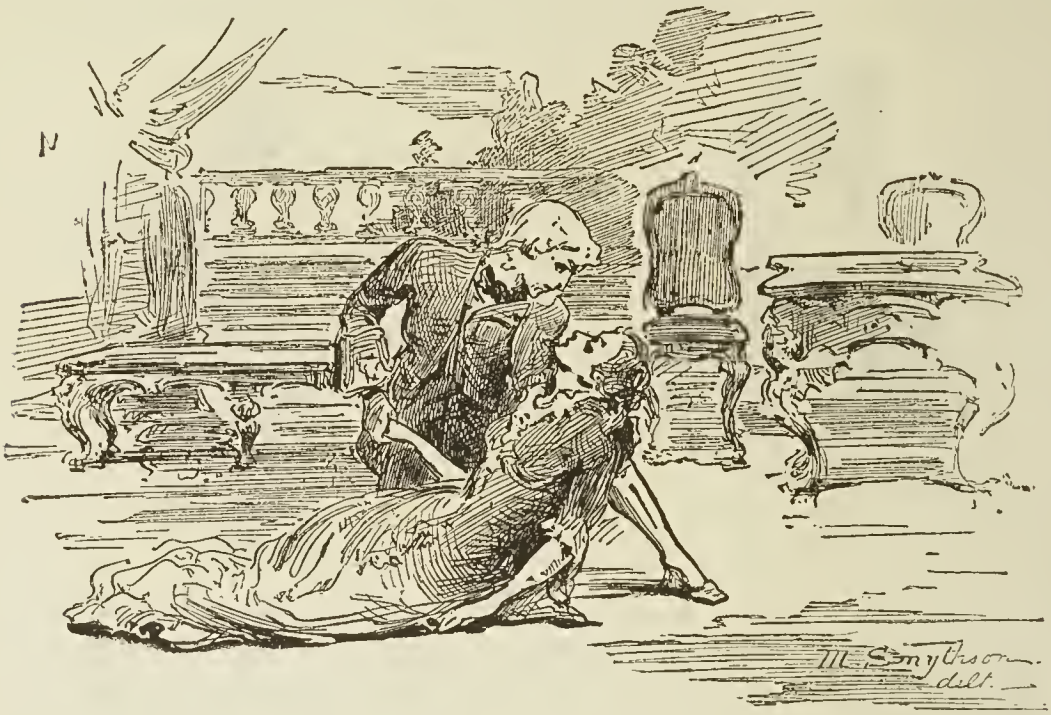
"THE GOOD-NATURED MAN."

Three-Act Comedy, by Oliver Goldsmith.
Revived at the Gaiety, Wednesday Morning, February 2nd, 1881.

Mr. Honeywood ...	Mr. J. H. Barnes.
Croaker	Mr. Lionel Brough.
Lofty	Mr. F. Everill.
Sir William Honeywood	Mr. Clifford Cooper.
Leontine	Mr. J. Y. Stephens.
Jarvis	Mr. J. Vollair.
Butler	Mr. Bunch.
Timothy Twitch ...	Mr. E. F. Edgar.
Flanigan	Mr. M. R. Selten.
Postboy	Mr. Thompson.
Miss Richland ...	Miss Litton.
Olivia	Miss Helen Cresswell.
Mrs. Croaker ...	Mrs. H. Leigh.
Garnet	Miss Maria Harriss.

Amongst the most important revivals of the month have been those of "Masks and Faces" and "The Good-natured Man"—both brilliant suc

cesses, and hailed with delight by the intellectual playgoer. Who does not know the Peg Woffington of Mrs. Bancroft, that sparkling mixture of alternate laughter and tears? Who will not recall in after years that



"MASKS AND FACES." ACT II. THE WIFE OF ERNEST VANE.

"MASKS AND FACES." ACT III. PEG WOFFINGTON IN TRIPLET'S GARRET.

scene in the garret, where Peg feeds the starving family and dances to chase away her own sorrows, and what obdurate heart has not softened, when Triplet, so pathetically played by Mr. Bancroft, keeps down the rising tears of the poor proud man, and in his first paroxysm of hunger

conceals some biscuits, remembering his starving family? When it is seen that Mr. H. B. Conway, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Brookfield, Miss Marion Terry, and Mr. Arthur Cecil are all in the cast, there is no need to say that the play is well acted; and Mr. Lewis Wingfield by his beautiful dresses has given the old play a new gloss and renewed activity.

Miss Litton continues with great success her revival of old plays that are the delight of the lovers of good acting, and herself takes another "new departure" in the character of Miss Richland, which she plays in the fine spirit of comedy. As for the Croaker of Mr. Lionel Brough and the Lofty of Mr. F. Everill, I do not myself believe that the old school ever gave playgoers anything better or a treat more pronounced. It does one good to hear the audience laughing at Mr. Brough's Croaker, which is true from start to finish, and never once marred by the slightest over-buoyancy or exaggeration. Playgoers are getting spoiled when they have such plays prepared for them every afternoon.—C. S.

"THE WORKMAN."

An Original Drama in Five Acts, by Frank Harvey.
First produced at the Theatre Royal, Sunderland, May 10th, 1880.

Sir Henry Chesterton	Mr. J. Carter-Edwards.	Melton	Mr. A. Lingham.
John Tressider ...	Mr. Frank Harvey.	Deborah Barton	Miss Charlotte Saunders.
Phil Tressider ...	Mr. T. B. Appleby.	Bessie	Miss Annie Baldwin.
Gilbert Craven ...	Mr. David Gaunt.	Miriam	Miss Lizzie Baldwin.
Dr. Grayson ...	Mr. H. Bennet.	Rachel Westwood	Miss Eyre Robson.
Peter Crank ...	Mr. H. Andrews.	Mary	Miss Ida Courtney.
David Jackson ...	Mr. S. Murray.	Milly	Miss P. Hunter.

The success that this piece has recently met with in the provinces, more particularly during its production at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, last month, warrants a brief review of the work. The cast of the drama must also be recorded. It is precisely the same now as when originally played by the Beatrice Company, with the exception that the part of Bessie, first taken by Miss Annie Baldwin, is now impersonated by Miss Emmeline Falconer.

The plot of the piece is founded upon material of a broad and popular, if somewhat sensational type, and affords scope for much good acting. At the opening, it is the wedding-day of John Tressider, the workman who is about to be married to Bessie, the elder of Mrs. Barton's two daughters, who makes her future husband promise that no matter what he may hear concerning her when she was absent with her sister Miriam from the village for two years, he will never believe anything wrong of, and will maintain implicit faith in, her. The wedding-party then depart for the church, and whilst they are away Rachel Westwood, the evil genius of the piece, arrives. She is tired of the fast life she has been leading in London, and thinks that she will marry John Tressider, an old sweetheart of hers, and settle down to a quiet life. To her astonishment, she learns that he is already married, and vows vengeance on his wife, which she commences to execute in the next act by coming to the happy home of John Tressider, whom, after bantering for some time, she finally tells that his wife visits a house in Richmond every week where there is a child who calls her mother. This arouses John's passion, and to force her secret from her he would strike his wife, and is in the act of so doing when her mother enters. Through the third act the misunderstanding deepens, and in the fourth we are introduced to the ruined home of the workman. John, having lost faith in his wife, has lost heart in his work, and he and his family are reduced to beggary. Their only child dies, and in her agony the poor mother, taunted

by Rachel Westwood, flies at her, casts her upon the floor, and then tells how Rachel had led Miriam into every haunt of crime, until finally eluding the sisterly watchfulness of Bessie she had fallen, and her shame had been borne by one who was perfectly guiltless, so that Miriam's husband, Sir Henry Chesterton, should remain in ignorance of his wife's sin. In the last act, we find Bessie slowly recovering from a severe illness, and a messenger enters to tell her that she has news of John, who has been in Australia. The messenger is soon followed by John himself, and amidst a happy reconciliation the curtain falls, not, however, until the beauty of the last scene is, to my mind, somewhat marred by the appearance of Rachel, who is now married to a tailor. She, and the very people whom she had ruined by her lying tongue, whose home she had destroyed, and whose child she had helped to kill, cross words and joke with one another—surely a gross mistake,

The play is strong in tone and action, and its popularity is fully assured. When I saw it, an immense audience enthusiastically applauded it, and the principal performers were called before the curtain after each act. The author impersonates the hero, and a better exponent of the generous, loving, tender-hearted workman could not be found. In the different phases of her part of the much-suffering wife, Miss Emmeline Falconer had a difficult, but withal grateful, task, of which she acquitted herself with much satisfaction. Mr. James Carter-Edwards showed himself to be the polished actor he always is as Sir Henry Chesterton, and Miss Lizzie Baldwin was a graceful and finished exponent of Miriam. The gloom of the piece is lightened by a comedy-vein, which serves to introduce some capital character-acting by Mr. T. B. Appleby, as Phil Tressider, the drunken father.—Austin Brereton.

Our Omnibus-Box.

DROPPING in by accident the other day at some well-known auction rooms, I discovered that two very ordinary-looking scrap-books were put up for sale, and they were said to contain some autographs of interest. There was no time to see what they were or to examine them closely, for the manuscript letters, if indeed they existed, were mixed up with some worthless cuttings from the illustrated newspapers. The books were eventually knocked down to me for a few shillings; but judge of my surprise when secreted among the leaves of the chief scrap-book I found the following original documents.

No. I.

"Temple Exchange Coffee House, near Temple Bar, Lond.
"Augst. 17th, 1758.

"Dear Mr. Johnson,—I am griev'd to tell you that I am sorely in need of assistance. I empt'ed my purse last night to help a poor deserving woman who was far advanc'd in pregnancy (notwithstanding your advice

I could not refrain from so acting). As a natural corollary I find myself without the means of settling my reck'ning here. But on applying to you, honour'd friend, I know I shall not appeal in vain: your heart under that rugged exterior is as tender as you have often call'd mine. I know that you will come to my succour remembering that 'he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'

"I have in manuscript a work almost completed, on which perhaps I may be able to get money advanc'd. In default of a better title I intend calling it 'The Citizen of the World.'—From your ever affectionate and obliged friend, "Oliver Goldsmith."

No. II.

"Cock and Bottle, Brydges Street, Covt. Gdn.
"Sept. 2, 1816.

"Dear Sir,—I cannot play to-night. Ever since that infernal spill out of the gig I have felt pains in my back and in the loins, and my temper is not improved by an encounter the other night with M——.

"So I shall not be able to play in the Duke of Milan—perhaps not all the week. Accept my excuses.—Thine as ever, "Edmund Kean."

No. III.

"Sadler's Wells, Dec. 20.
"Thursday Morning.

"Dear Mr. Riviere,—I am sorry I shall not be able to oblige you this year even by making an appearance for an hour. I am very ill—so ill indeed that I can scarcely hold the pen in my hand to write this to you. I am rheumatised, goutised, puffised, and generally done up. No more for poor Joey the larks and games—the sausages and baggy breeches—the little old woman and 'Hot Codlins.' Eheu! My foot is swathed in bandages, my body is wrapped in flannel, and my head is bandaged in calico, I am always in pain.

"Dear friend, I am griev'd for your sake, I cannot play again. But I enclose the sum of three guineas towards your benefit. Come and see me and talk of old times when life was young and no one was happier than your old and true chum, "Joseph Grimaldi."

"P.S.—Come on Christmas Eve if you can."

These were the three best amongst other documents of interest, and I need scarcely say that I do not regret my lucky bargain.

The stage and The Theatre have warm friends even at so remote a distance as British Guiana. The last mail brings me a note from one high in office and of great influence, who says: "I regularly receive your serial The Theatre, and admire it very much, as I think it is just the kind of record the English stage requires."

When Mr. Edwin Booth, to the regret of all English playgoers, terminates his most enjoyable engagement at the Princess's Theatre, the novelty to be produced will not be any version of "Les Etrangleurs de Paris," or "Diane," but a new and original drama by Mr. Richard Lee, the clever author of "Ordeal by Touch," and many other successful plays. I believe the drama bristles with excitement, and is founded on incidents connected with the Franco-Prussian War. The construction of the play is highly praised, and I for one wish Mr. Lee good luck with his enterprise,

and hope that Mr. Walter Gooch and Mr. Harry Jackson have all the trump cards in their hands this time.

Mr. Henry Neville, as everyone knows, goes to the Princess's. The heroine is not yet decided upon, and I need not say that heroines are scarce. Miss Gerard is in great request. She is wanted at the Adelphi for Michel Strogoff, at the Princess's for Mr. Richard Lee's play, and at Drury Lane for Virginia, whilst all the time America is beckoning to her to cross the Atlantic and try her fortune there.

As it is impossible for Miss Gerard to be in more than one place at the same time, who is to play Virginia at Drury Lane when popular John McCullough revisits England and stars at the old legitimate theatre? I should say the choice would be between Eva Sothern and Alma Murray. Nature would pronounce perhaps for Eva Sothern and art for Alma Murray. The pretty débutante would be ideal, but probably nervous in so huge a place. The daughter of Leigh Murray, with her voice and skill in recitation, looks to me like the Virginia of the stage.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert has repurchased from the executors of the late Mr. E. A. Sothern the original three-act fairy farce called "Foggerty's Fairy," which was written for that popular comedian. It is not at all improbable that Mr. Charles Wyndham will secure the farce for England, if it is not snapped up beforehand by the indefatigable Mr. J. L. Toole. There are many candidates in the field.

An engagement has been made at the Imperial Theatre with Miss Helen Barry, the popular actress who will star at Easter in "Led Astray," and the other plays with which her name is honourably connected. I should not be at all surprised to hear that Miss Barry had accepted a new play of exciting interest, based on a famous French original, by Mr. Alfred Thompson. Miss Helen Barry will be supported by Mr. Barnes and Miss M. Abington.

Miss Ada Cavendish has been seriously ill in America, and compelled in consequence to postpone all her engagements. Already she is turning her eyes towards home, where she will be warmly welcomed by friends and public alike.

After a journey of thousands of miles, and visiting the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, India, etc., Mr. Arthur Sketchley has arrived home safe and sound again. He has promised to tell some of his adventures and experiences in an early number of The Theatre.

Mr. Frederick G. Stimson, whose portrait appeared in our last number, is sufficiently enterprising to take upon himself the responsibilities of management. He commences a country tour in March with "Light and Shade," a clever comedy written by Mr. Frederick W. Broughton, produced some time ago by Miss Litton at the Imperial; "Glass Houses," an entirely new play written especially for him by the author of "Light and Shade;" and a version of "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Messrs. Joseph Mackay

and Horace Lennard. Mr. Stimson has made engagements for most of the best provincial theatres, and should succeed.

It is said that Mr. Pigott has called the serious attention of a West-End manager to the impropriety of the indiscriminate admission of young gentlemen behind the scenes. Flirtations behind the footlights with pretty ladies are no doubt pleasant enough, but there are times and places for everything. Theatres conducted on such a principle must inevitably fail, for whenever such evil and vicious practices are encouraged they are avoided by respectable people of either sex.

By general consent "Nana" is accounted the most disagreeable of the many plays the Paris stage has recently produced. A sufferer from a terrible and repulsive disease is no fit character for the boards. Charles Dickens in "Bleak House" could describe tenderly and sadly such a sufferer, but it has proved a foolish experiment for M. Zola to attempt to depict in a drama that which Dickens could effectively describe in a novel.

The growth and development of Dramatic Amateur Societies in the country are remarkable. One rarely sees a newspaper even of a town indifferent in size and importance, that has not some advertisement or report of an Amateur Theatrical Entertainment. Bradford and Leeds are notable in this respect. The former boasts an association whose performances have been attended with very appreciable financial results. Commencing with a "make-up" stage in the small room of the Blind Asylum, for the benefit of which the Society gives annual entertainments, the Bradford Amateurs ambitiously took the more eligible hall of the Mechanics' Institute, and their last venture was the representation a few days ago of "New Men and Old Acres," in the full glare and glory of the Theatre Royal, and report says a capital representation it was. Mrs. Passavant, Miss Charlotte Robinson, Mr. Frank Taylor, and Mr. Schutt, are really capital actors, and would run very closely many of our "professional" ladies and gentlemen.

In the second number of "The Grosvenor Magazine" appears a short article arguing against the existence of what has been called "The Dramatic Ring," and of a monopoly of management by a limited number of popular playwrights, to the utter exclusion of their more obscure brethren. The writer, as a very humble author indeed, cites the instance of his own short experience as evidence in support of his theory. Only professed grumblers ever believed in the existence of a Dramatic Ring, which is a logical absurdity, and contrary both to commercial enterprise and common-sense.

A gentleman in heavy training for pantomime work observed the other day "it was somewhat anomalous that 'Billee Taylor' should be a comic opera since it was the work of a 'solemn 'un.'"

One joke leads to another. An Eton boy without a blush writes and tells me that he has been to see "The Cup" at the Lyceum, and suggests a new translation of "Veni, vidi, vici." Act i., "I Camma saw!" Act ii., "*She* conquered." Did you ever hear anything so atrocious?

Mr. J. Morton Killick's new play, "Right," was favourably received by the audience at St. George's Hall, on February 10th. In "Right," Mr. Killick says: "No pretension is made to novelty of incident. The author has used familiar materials, but has endeavoured to make them as interesting as possible." We had, therefore, the pleasure of meeting again the virtuous hero who is misunderstood for a time by the lady of his choice; the ingenuous and high-spirited youth who is wrongly suspected of taking what does not belong to him, and who cannot clear himself because his lips are sealed by a promise to another; the lady (appearing in Act ii., in mourning and in tears) who really was married when everybody thought she wasn't; the imbecile but well-meaning young sprig of nobility with the eyeglass and the catchword; the first villain, who appears to have gone wrong in consequence of an unrequited attachment; the second villain, who has a hold upon the first villain; and other old acquaintances.

Our old friends behave as might be expected of them under the circumstances. In the second act, especially, the first villain and the second villain take each other by the throat and struggle in the most commendable manner. They are in the house occupied by the hero and his mother. They ought not to be there. The first villain has come to steal a marriage certificate which has been conveniently left for him on a table. The second villain comes after the first. They quarrel. They go out struggling by the French window—that convenient French window—and one of them leaves his hat upon the floor. The hero, entering immediately afterwards, kicks the hat about the room before him with delightful unconsciousness. It would never do for him to see it. It would spoil the situation at the end of the act. In Act iii. both villains—one and two—are discomfited, and all ends happily.

The hero of "Right," played by Mr. Killick himself, struck us, we must confess, as being somewhat of a prig. He talks of and to his mother too much after the fashion in which the virtuous young men in French plays and novels talk of and to their mothers, and he is altogether too exemplary a person to be interesting. The best acting of the evening was certainly that of Miss Pattie Bell, who showed decided intelligence in her performance of the heroine. We are inclined to protest against Mr. Walter Blount's treatment of our old friend, the imbecile but well-meaning young nobleman, and we must be allowed to doubt whether "Lord Charles Delamere" would speak of his nearest relations as "my father, the marquis," "my mother, the marchioness," and "my brother, the viscount." As we have said before, the play was received with favour by the audience, author and actors being called before the curtain.

A performance of "Time and the Hour," was given on February 17th, at St. George's Hall, by the Civil Service Rifle Volunteers, A.D.S. The principal parts were played by Mr. C. W. A. Trollope, Mr. W. W. Luff, Mr. E. R. Auld, Mr. E. Whiteman, Miss Zoe Bland, Miss Nellie Phillips, and Miss Emmie Woodyell. On the same evening a comedietta, by Lord Bury, called "Love in a China Cupboard," was acted for the first time.

Any other capital than Paris would be sickening with a surfeit of dramatic novelties after the experience of the last few weeks. No night that is not a first night counts for anything. The bill-stickers are starting

broughams and the critics Bath chairs. Only the managers, with the obligatory pessimism of their craft, shake solemn heads and protest: "Eight thousand francs a-night; but then look at the costumes and scenery!" In reality scenic finery has not been by any means a foremost feature in the new pieces. Nana's Japanese drawing-room, the real brook and the audible nightingale, the green-room of the Variétés Theatre, and the rest, were announced, and here and there even described, as triumphs beyond which nor painter nor machinist could go. The Japanese set is really curious, and Chamont Park, painted by M. Feuillé on the spot as described by Zola, is a stage picture of singular beauty. But the uninteresting realism of the green-room was openly laughed at, and the fire at the Müffat's is the discreet and deliberate conflagration known to the playgoers of the last two decades. "The Princesse de Bagdad," making her appearance at the Français, is of course lodged in the eminently respectable splendours that eminently respectable establishment reserves for its influentially introduced guests; a white and gold saloon looking on to a withdrawing-room; a red satin saloon looking on to a terrace; Molière's house holds little beyond in the way of interior. For the dresses, they are of course matchless, and Mdlle. Massin's cream satin, Croizette's black embroidered with pearls, Céline Montaland's blue velvet with the gold pheasant's feathers, have been sufficiently discussed wherever a fashion journal is taken in; just as the pieces that produced them (or whose production they helped—seeing the present importance of theatrical chiffons one hesitates between the terms) are stories familiar to the majority of readers as "Box and Cox."

Out of the three dramatic sensations of the young year have come, at any rate, three remarkable actresses. One—I need not mention Croizette—had already attained eminence, it is true; but her fire, her savagery as Lionette were veritable discoveries for the many who defined her only as the ideal "Sphinx." Unseemly in intention and suggestion, the gesture with which she bares neck and arms when surprised by her husband and the commissaire with Nourvady is the movement of a modern Medea, and the leonine leap at the man who would be her lover, and has struck her child, is a strong touch of nature that is supposed to make the whole half-world kin.

Céline Montaland and Massin are revelations. For the last fifteen years the superb abundance of Mdlle. Montaland's figure, the prettiness of Mdlle. Massin's play and face have been themes familiar enough to most Boulevard chroniclers, but the distinct power and cultivated talents evinced by each in "Jack" and "Nana" respectively place them above mere prettiness for ever after—at a point when prettiness begins to wane. The feather-headed hetaïra, Ida de Barency, floating between her passion for her paltry poet and natural love for her simple son, was a conception more difficult to embody than the coarser Nana—toned down and attenuated as that heroine is in the drama. Mdlle. Montaland's triumph was rendering the poor butterfly-hearted woman pathetic; Mdlle. Massin's in rendering Zola's creation endurable. The pluck of a pretty woman in plastering her face with sham pustules (simulacra of perfectly scientific exactitude) astonishes and, I fear, delights the average Parisian mind as much as any sudden development of talent.

Offenbach was always hard on his librettists, having that dreadful thing in a composer—a little literary conceit himself. But no doubt he was useful in the case of the "Contes d'Hoffmann," as contributing a little Teutonic whimsicality to the somewhat cold old poem recast by MM. Barbier and Carré. In point of dramatic construction the play is probably unique. The prologue ends with the titular hero beginning to recount his adventures—which are the subsequent acts. The success of the music was more one of estime than most of the critics care to confess. It is often Offenbach at his best, but the nebulous Teutonic subject damps the effect. Would it—will it—find favour in English dress? If a previous knowledge of Hoffmann's Tales be essential to due appreciation, I should say the British public would regard the "Contes" rather as "Contes à dormir debout."

"La Calza" would promise better. La Calza is a band of galants whose device is "Toutes les Femmes sont à Nous," but for all that the plot is wholly unobjectionable; and then the action takes place in the classic land of operettas—Venice. Besides being graceful, and what is better, "catching," the music is also remarkable, from the fact that its composer, M. Tellier, is a young millionaire, who paints and plays, and is the president of one of the chief dilettanti clubs in Paris—that of the Rue Volney. "Poor fellow, how should he have any talent?" said Gautier once of Manet; "he has got five thousand a-year." M. Tellier is doing something to weaken the prejudice thus epigrammatically translated.

To understand how thoroughly dramatic art is, as it were, the intellectual staff of life to educated Frenchmen, one need only present half-a-dozen letters of introduction in Paris in Carnival time. Not a theatre that has not its bureau de location besieged every day, its queue far stretching every night; not a salon where amateur or professional performances are not part of an evening's entertainment—from the Elysée and Palais Bourbon, to the modest homes of clerks passing poor on four hundred a-year. If Coquelin Cadet could achieve ubiquity he would soon be Coquelin Crœsus. The drawing-room popularity of the Boulogne baker's son is due in a vast measure to his marvellous mastery of the monologue—a dramatic form he may be said to have almost introduced.

Indeed he has just introduced it veritably, in a delightfully dainty little book, issued by Paul Ollendorf, and fancifully illustrated by Luigi Loir. In "Le Monologue Moderne" Coquelin explains humorously how if Charles Cros was the mother of the modern monologue, he himself was at least the midwife. His rules for the new ars poetica are not precisely Horatian; but they are clear and graphic. "The greatest mistake is to attempt any classic execution of these works, which are essentially loose, putting their tongue out at all conventionailty. Emphasis is pernicious, italicising useless. You must throw your soliloquy at the audience, without mannerism or preparation; with a simple faith in what you are saying that deceives the public, with the bewilderment of a man impressed by the extraordinary nature of his narration; sudden excitement succeeding matter-of-fact tone; sincere emotion warming the recital and giving it the appearance of perfect reason and truth. Deliver your impossibilities with a tone of conviction, and you will succeed."

The precepts read like a description of the author's own art—say, in the delivery of that side-splitting absurdity, the "Hareng Saur," or the bewildering "Obsession." The only living player who can equal Coquelin in these "one-character" comedies is Céline Chaumont; and I imagine Jennie Lee would equal the French actress in an anglicised "Toto chez Tata." There are no less than seven volumes of such saynètes and soliloquies published by the theatrical firm Tresse, wherein adapters might almost dip hap-hazard, with the certainty of fishing up a pearl—or at least an oyster with a pearl in it.

The French obituary notices of poor Sothern err in nearly every respect—save on the side of indulgence. One of the kindliest accounts defines him as an insignificant comedian, only famous because of his wealth. It tells us that he occupied a floor at the "Victoria" Hotel, for which he paid five hundred francs a-day; and that he took the Duke of Beaufort "and suite" all over the United States at his own expense! The truth is the Parisians have never forgiven Sothern for his gigantic Dundreary posters, conspicuous throughout Paris during the Exhibition year. The enigmatic figure, counting its fingers, irritated their nerves beyond endurance.

The trinity Dumas-Daudet-Zola take their different fortunes characteristically. Daudet writes the proof-sheets of his new novel in his retreat beyond the Observatoire, and makes no sign. Dumas writes caustic or lofty letters to his friends or the newspapers (it comes to the same thing—the friends have orders to publish), declaring that the position of the child in society is not understood, but that the public will come round to him. The interesting Magdalenes, who wear out the knocker of his sumptuous hotel in the Avenue de Villiers, assure him of the fact. Zola, in the midst of his bourgeois suburban comfort at Médan, has plunged into the thick of a new piece which he intends to achieve singly, having publicly announced that he will never collaborate with anybody. The play is taken from his novel "La Curée," and as incest gives the chief flavour to that remarkable work, the drama will probably be, as the author promises, a decided advance even on "Nana."

The new pieces announced are the "Gamine de Paris," a comedy-drama by Leterrier and Vanloo, wherein the first part is written for Jane Hading; the "Nuit de St. Germain," an operetta with Serpette's music and (in part) Meilhac's verse; the "Monde où l'on s'ennuie," by Pailleron, whose reading of the play in the Français green-room electrified the sociétaires. By-the-bye that same green-room is known as the fiery focus—foyer—of sharp criticism and wicked banter. Mdlle. Thénard is generally supposed to possess the bitterest tongue, though Mdlle. Baretta "runs her close." The foyer has been devoting itself for the last few weeks with "chaff," sung and said of the "Princesse de Bagdad."

Here are a few autograph puns collected among French actresses of prominent position. They are published by the "Journal des Actrices:" "An actor must always rise if he works and studies—Lilly." "Nothing's better than a good bouillon—Duval." "When a politician has reached the summit, let him take care he doesn't fall—Theo" (de haut). "Straight to the goal (but)—Chaumont (Buttes Chaumont)." "Vive M. de Foy!

(the matrimonial agent)—Samary." "My political opinions are known: Vive Napoleon—Legrand." "My feather is always foremost in the field of honour—Leblanc;" etc. Comic journalism has not lost by the stage's gain.

Mr. H. J. Byron's celebrated play "Our Boys" has been successfully produced at the Manzoni Theatre at Milan as "I Nostri Bimbi." Without wishing for one moment to depreciate the talent of one of our most humorous of dramatic authors, I cannot help expressing surprise at the enthusiastic reception of "Our Boys" in Italy, which some of the critics describe as a masterpiece. Apart from the difficulty of rendering comic dialogue full of our national colloquialisms into Italian, the main point of the play seems only applicable to a certain class of English people, who, having struggled all their lives behind a counter, ape, when they have made their fortune in the retail trade, the manners and customs of those above them in station. Foreigners are not like us in this respect. When, as small tradesmen, they accumulate a lot of money, they are not fond of flinging it away for show, and they are too proud ever to be ashamed of their own set. The play, however, was a revelation to the Italians, giving them new ideas, and showing them much of our middle-class life and sentiments, and it seems to have been most ably translated, having met with an enthusiastic reception in Milan and in Rome. The actors, one and all, performed their parts most admirably. English plays, and especially Mr. Byron's, are now in great demand in Italy.

"Brave Hearts," a domestic story, in two acts, by Arthur Matthison, produced at the Criterion Theatre on the 24th January, has proved a welcome and pleasant addition to the entertainments there. The bright little play has certainly the advantage of a very suitable cast, and is very well acted. The story, as told by Mr. Matthison, has many and strong points of originality, although it is constructed upon lines which have been employed before. The Marquis de Château Laroche provides Mr. Beerbohm Tree with a part in which the capabilities of this rising actor have good scope. The mild shabby old man who has fallen upon evil days, but who is still a gentleman, in spite of the "slings and arrows" of his hard fortune, grasps and retains the sympathy of the audience. He and his daughter are happy for one day in their poverty and exile, for her lover and his father are coming to visit them, in order to arrange for her speedy marriage. Sorely are the resources and ingenuity of the old Marquis taxed to provide a modest entertainment; but all goes well until the question of a dowry comes to be debated; then, to his confusion, the Marquis learns that his poverty has been mistaken for penuriousness, and that he is accounted a miser! His protestations go for nothing with the well-to-do father of the lover, and the match is abruptly and peremptorily broken off. One woe, as usual, treads "upon another's heels," until the old nobleman and his daughter are deprived of their home, and reduced to even deeper poverty. Each conceals from the other the means by which they earn a slender pittance, until a happy chance removes all their distress, and happier days dawn upon them. The dénoument takes place at the house of a certain rich but vulgar widow, whose French, quecrer than was ever taught at "ye schoole of Stratford-atte-Bowe," is very diverting. Mrs. Alfred Mellon has taken kindly to the eccentricities and oddities of the part, and hearty laughter accompanies all her utterances, especially when she wonders that her friend does not learn French, "for it's quite

easy." Mr. Blakely plays another amusing personage, who is a worthy pendant to the widow. Miss Mary Rorke is attractive as the gentle and devoted daughter of the Marquis, and Mr. Giddings is quaint as an impossible but very droll footman. Each act of the piece goes well, and the pathos and fun relieve each other effectively. Mr. Matthison may score a success.

Mr. Edward Compton commenced his provincial tour very successfully on the 7th of February at the Pavilion Theatre, Southport, where he appeared as Malvolio, acting also during the week Tony Lumpkin, Dr. Pangloss, Paul Pry, Touchstone, Bob Acres, Dr. Olipod, Mawworm, Sam Savory in "A Fish out of Water," and Harry Vincent in "A Mutual Separation." He is supported by a capital company, which includes Miss Virginia Bateman and Mr. F. W. Wyndham.

Who would not be in Paris during the gay season that precedes the comparative solemnity of Lent? A friend of mine whose doctor has ordered him "a week of absolute rest"—what good fellows those doctors are!—writes to me pretty much in the following strain: "I do so wish you were here. The greatest success in all Paris is Michel Strogoff at the Châtelet. I assure you they are booking weeks in advance; and the Adelphi would seem to have secured a trump card, particularly as H. J. Byron is to write up and play the journalist, who would be nothing unless understood by the English people. Marais is very fine as Michel Strogoff, you remember how good he was in "Les Danischeffs," and it is a character that will fit our nervous, impulsive, fiery Charles Warner like a glove. The other successes are "Nana" at the Ambigu—how your righteous wrath would be aroused at it in the interests of art and the profession!—and "La Princesse de Bagdad," by Alexander Dumas, at the Comédie Française; as well as "La Mascotte" at the Bouffes.

"I was at the masked ball at the Opera last night," adds my friend. "The clown created great fun by carrying about a baby clown, and introducing her as 'La Mascotte.' One lady wore a pale pink satin dress, with body and chemisette trimmed entirely with real roses, and the other principal characters took off Mdlle. Massin as the Blonde Venus in "Nana," and the well-known personages in favourite plays now acting in Paris. The Opera at one o'clock was so full that it was an impossibility to move about freely in any part, but I should have liked you to be with me on the grand balcony leading from the foyer that looks out upon the Place de l'Opéra and the enchanting scene beyond it. The night was exquisite, the moon shining, and the effect was most picturesque when the various motley characters kept arriving under the peculiar triple effect of natural moonlight and artificial electric light and gas. Notwithstanding the rain which continued through last week, business has been good at all the places of amusement."

"I quite agree with you," he goes on, "about the Skating Theatre and Rink. The latter at this season is used as a ball-room, being entirely lighted by five beautiful chandeliers, with an electric lamp in each, surrounded by about a hundred gas-lights. The effect is very pleasing, as the gas subdues the trying effect of electricity upon the eyes. But why tell you of such things in dull and dreary London, where gay

amusements are prohibited by graudmotherly legislators, and the only illumination you are permitted to see is over the Criterion, by the permission of those excellent servants of the public Messrs. Spiers and Pond. My good doctor advised me well. I was made ill by depression; I am cured by liveliness, merriment, and mirth!"

Mr. Wilson Barrett has many strings to his bow. At the Court Theatre he has given us Madame Modjeska's splendid impersonation of Adrienne Lecouvreur, and, besides, has produced this season two successful pantomimes—one at the Grand Theatre, Leeds; the other at the Theatre Royal, Hull. Both pantomimes have been written by Mr. J. Wilton Jones, and the former, on the subject of Aladdin, is certainly one of the most gorgeous aud really amusing productions that I have seen. As King Congou the Fifth, Mr. Alfred Flemming is simply inimitable, and his comical acting makes the audience roar whenever he is on the stage. At Mr. Wilson Barrett's Hull Theatre "Little Red Riding-Hood" is a charming spectacle; aud the enterprising manager has several companies in the provinces playing in Bartley Campbell's "Galley Slave," "Proof," aud "The Old Love and the New."

I had scarcely finished the long and sad obituary list last month and sent the magazine to the press when another well-tried soldier fell out of the ranks. By this time everyone has heard that Edward Askew Sothern is dead, and that his talent will amuse us no more. Instead of recalliug the events of his life, or cataloguing his many successes on the stage, I prefer to reproduce—thauks to the assistance of the "New York Mirror"—some of the good stories connected with the life and career of this amiable humorist. They will be found in their proper place, under the heading of "Stories of Sothern."

The greatest intellectual success yet made by Mr. Edwin Booth in this country is, in my humble opinion, in the difficult character of King Lear—a part that has been seen by very few playgoers of the younger generation. The fourth and fifth acts of this play, as rendered by Mr. Booth, bear distinct traces of genius, and I wish the success had not come too late for me to include some notes ou it in the present number of The Theatre. I hope, however, before Mr. Booth leaves us, to record some impressions of the various characters he has presented with such regularity, intelligeuce, and uniform excellence. Would, indeed, that he were resident in England, and giving the stage the valuable influence of his study and authority!

A Good Farce.—A dramatic author, on presenting a farce to Mr. Kemble for the then New Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, assured him that it was a good piece, and by no means to be laughed at.

Sheridan's aptitude for getting into debt is well known. One evening, sitting with his son, the latter (Tom Sheridan) was complaining of the emptiness of his pocket, when the author of "The School for Scandal" told him jocularly to go on the highway. "I have tried that already," said Tom, "but without success." "Ay, how?" queried the father. "Why," returned Tom, "I stopped a coach full of passengers, who assured me they had not a farthing, as they all belonged to Drury Lane Theatre, and could not get a penny of their salaries."

There is in existence an original playbill in the handwriting of Edmund Kean, and I have seen a facsimile of the great actor's manuscript. This very curious document, which is printed, by the way, in Dr. Doran's "Her Majesty's Servants," is as follows:

Under Patronage.

BALL ROOM, MINSTER YARD,

Thursday Evening, October, 1811.

MR. KEAN

(late of the Theatres Royal, Haymarket & Edinburgh, & Author of "the Cottage foundling, or Robbers of Ancona," now preparing for immediate representation at the Theatre Lyceum) &

MRS. KEAN

(late of the Theatres Cheltenham & Birmingham)

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For One Night Only,

on their way to London, & present such Entertainments that have never failed of giving satisfaction, humbly requesting the support of the public.

Part First.

4 Scenes from the Celebrated Comedy of

THE HONEYMOON; or, HOW TO RULE A WIFE.

Duke Aranza ... ... Mr. Kean. | Juliana ... ... Mrs. Kean.

Favourite Comic Song of "Beggars & Ballad Singers," in which Mr. Kean will display his powers of Mimicry in the well-known characters of London Beggars.

IMITATIONS

Of the London Performers, viz.:

KEMBLE, COOKE, BRAHAM, INCLEDON, MUNDEN, FAWCETT, & THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

Part Second.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE'S APPEAL TO LIBERTY!!!

Scenes from the Laughable Farce of

THE WATERMAN; or, THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

Tom Tug (with the songs of "Did you not hear of a jolly Young Waterman" & the pathetic ballad of "Then farewell my trim built Wherry") ... ... Mr. Kean.

Miss Whilhelmina ... ... Mrs. Kean.

After which Mr. Kean will sing in character,

"George Alexander Stevens's description" of a

STORM.

Part Third.

Scenes from the popular Drama of

THE CASTLE SPECTRE.

Earl Osmond ... ... Mr. Kean. | Angela ... ... Mrs. Kean.

FAVOURITE COMIC SONG OF "THE COSMETIC DOCTOR."

To Conclude with the Laughable Farce of

SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD; or, THE DUNSTABLE ACTOR.

Female Author ... ... Mrs. Kean.

Sylvester Daggerwood (in which character he will read the celebrated playbill, written by G. Colman, Esq., & sing the "Four & Twenty Puppet Shows," originally sung by him at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket) ... Mr. Kean.

Each Character to be personated in their Appropriate Dresses, made by the principal Theatrical Dress Makers of London, viz., Brooks & Keath, Martin, &c.

Front Seats, 2s. 6d. Back Seats, 1s.

Doors to be open at Six, & begin at Seven precisely.

Tickets to be had at the Printer's.

Soon after Munden retired from the stage, an admirer met him in Covent Garden. It was a wet day, and each of the gentlemen carried an umbrella, the admirer's being an expensive silk, the comedian's an old gingham. "So you have left the stage for ever, sir?" "Yes, sir, yes. I am getting old, you see, and the gout, sir, the gout." "Ah sir, we shall never see your like again. I wish you'd give me some trifle by way of memorial, Munden." "Trifle, sir?" "Ay, any little thing by way of keepsake." "Faith, sir, I've got nothing that——" "Oh, search your pockets." "There are so many thieves about that—but hold! suppose, sir—egad!—suppose, sir, we change umbrellas!"

C. Bannister, 1738–1804.—Charles Bannister was one evening in company with a young man who, being in liquor, began to moralise on the folly of his past conduct: "I have been a fool," said he. "My father kept a tripe shop in Clare Market, and got a decent fortune by it, which he left to me; and I, like an idiot, have stripped myself almost to my last shilling in horse-racing and the like." "Well, never mind that," said Bannister; "he got his money by trotters, and you lost it by gallopers."

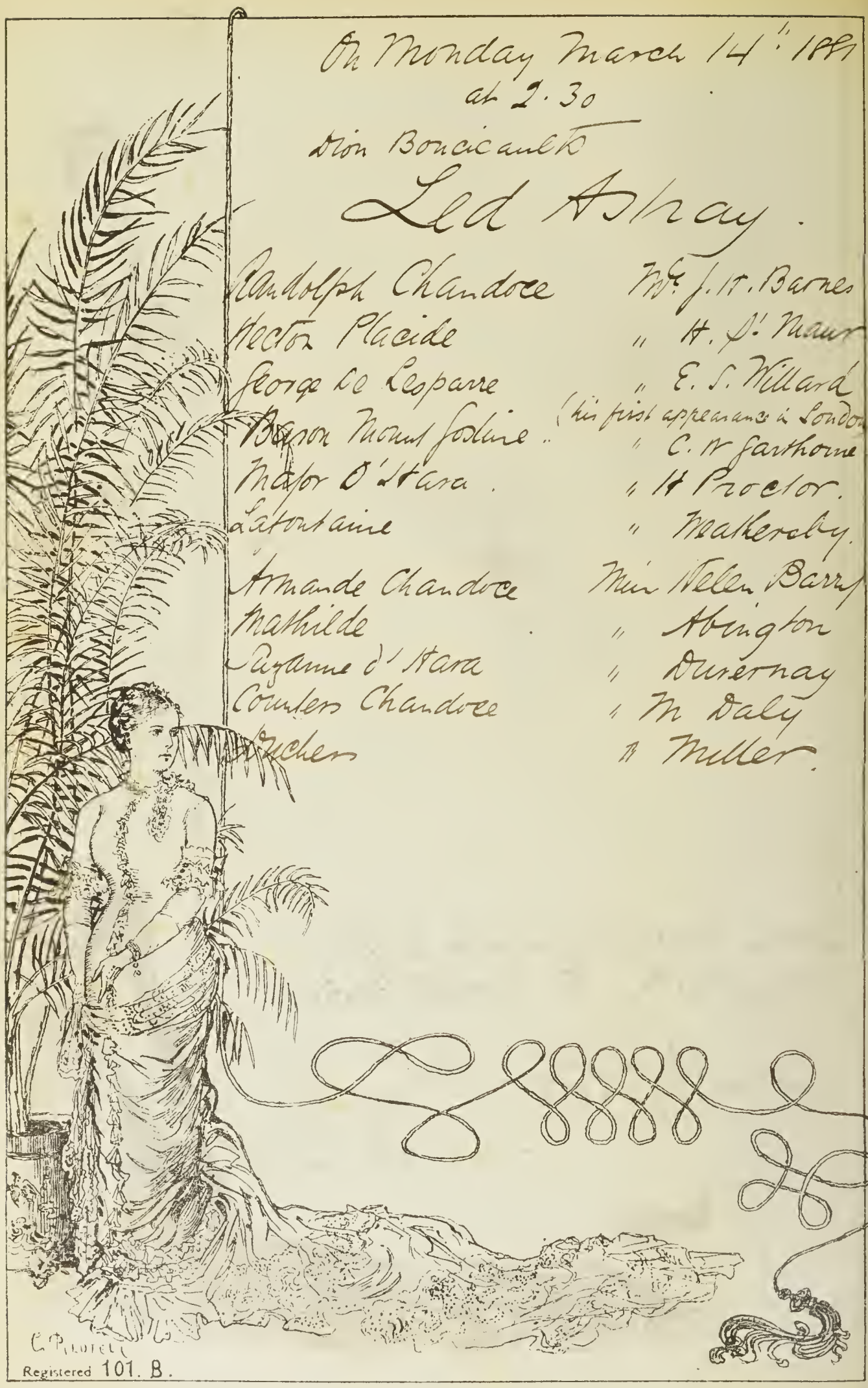
Bannister was an inveterate punster. Being in company one evening, a lady asked him to make a pun. "Upon what subject?" queried the actor, willing to oblige. "Oh, anything; the king, for instance," said the lady. "But the king is not a subject," was the immediate reply.

Thanks to the energy of Mr. C. Russell and Mr. Stephen Coleman, London has been provided with a legitimate successor to the old Hanover Square Rooms, famous for their concerts, select society, and private balls. Next door to the familiar Polytechnic in Regent Street will be found the new and beautifully decorated Marlborough Rooms. And what is their object? you will ask. Well, if anyone desires to entertain his friends without turning his house out at window, to give a ball and supper, to celebrate a birthday or coming of age, to congratulate young people on a wedding—here everything can be done with convenience, despatch, and in first-class style. London does not possess a more convenient or well-appointed ball and supper room. But the value of the Marlborough Rooms is not thus exhausted. Here in the summer season, in the very heart of the West End, will come pianists and violinists and singers; here will be given both private and public concerts; here reciters and readers, declaimers and poets, can lecture and entertain to their hearts' content; and here charity can display the fun of a fancy fair. The Hanover Square Rooms were destroyed by a club; and now, in revenge, from the ruins of a club have arisen the handsome and well-appointed Marlborough Rooms in Regent Street.

I have just had a hearty laugh over "Stage Whispers," the latest merry compilation of that genial and indefatigable humorist, Mr. Charles H. Ross. The caricatures by the celebrated A. B. are inimitable, and the accompanying letterpress written with rare pungency, critical acumen, and good taste. This clever little book will amuse many and hurt none.

Miss Litton has purchased the right of acting the drama, "A Crown for Love," by Emilia Aylmer Blake, and will play the part of Anne Boleyn.

Registered. 101. A.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at 2.30
Dion Boucicault's
Led Astray.
Randolph Chandoce Mr J. W. Barnes
Hector Placide " H. St Maur
George le Lesparre " E. S. Willard
Baron Mont Jodine (his first appearance in London) " C. W Garthorne
Major O'Hara " H Proctor.
Latontaine " Weakerby.
Armande Chandoce Miss Helen Barry
Mathilde " Abington
Suzanne d'Hara " Duverney
Countess Chandoce " M Daly
Duchess " Miller.
C. Pilotell
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On Monday March 28th
at 2.30

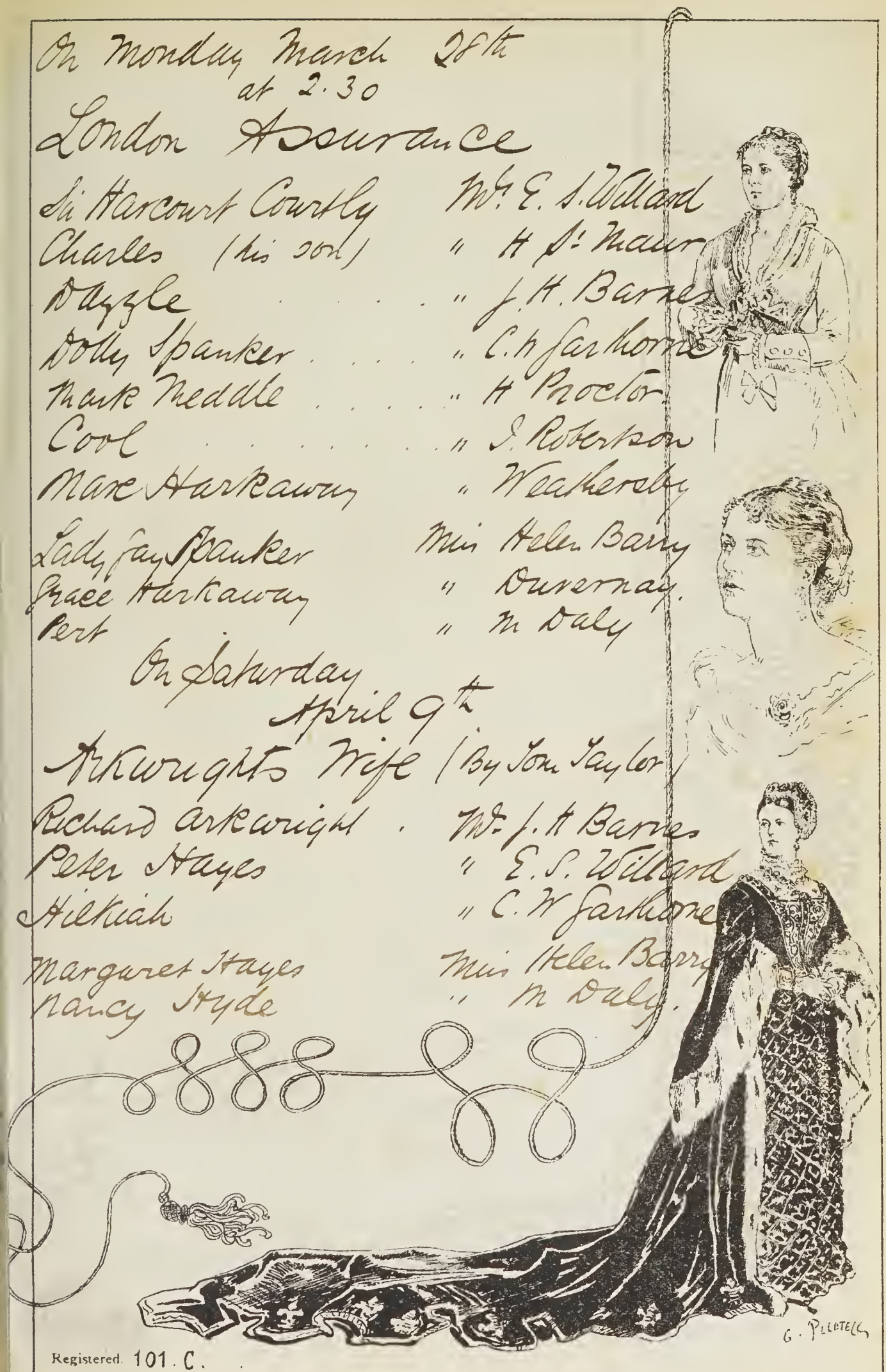
London Assurance

Sir Harcourt Courtly	Mr. E. S. Willard
Charles (his son)	" H. St. Maur
Dazzle	" J. H. Barnes
Dolly Spanker	" C. W. Garthorne
Mark Meddle	" H. Proctor
Cool	" J. Robertson
Max Harkaway	" Weakerly
Lady Gay Spanker	Miss Helen Barry
Grace Harkaway	" Duverney
Pert	" M. Daly

On Saturday
April 9th

Arkwrights Wife (By Tom Taylor)

Richard Arkwright	Mr. J. H. Barnes
Peter Hayes	" E. S. Willard
Hezekiah	" C. W. Garthorne
Margaret Hayes	Miss Helen Barry
Nancy Hyde	" M. Daly



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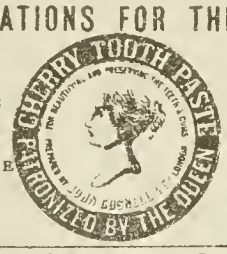

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The Theatre.—No. 16, Third Series.

Woodburytype.

"What have I to live for now!"

"Mabel,

In "The World,"

Helen Bassy

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The Theatre.

APRIL 1, 1881.

THE OLD HOUSES.

By W. F. Waller.

I.—THE HOUSE THAT "TOM" BUILT.

THE Puritan in power; Mr. Prynne among the prophets; the doctrine of the "Histriomastix" law of the land; Captain Betham, officer of the law, flogging the player, fining the playgoer, wrecking the playhouse. The bull-baiter, and the bear-gardener, and the puppet-showman waxing fat; the comrades of Shakespeare starved; the art he had vivified and ennobled left for dead under its dishonour. A dozen years or so of this. Then the stronger law of nature prevailing; the suppression of the fanatic in his turn; the restoration of the Stuart; the reconstitution of the Stage.

An "inhuman dearth" of the splendid acting talent which London had possessed in the palmy days of the Friars and the Cockpit; Taylor's Hamlet in the undiscovered country; Lowin's Falstaff in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom from "The Three Pigeons" at Brentford; Eliard Swanston, whose fine Othello would make the house shake again, turned Presbyterian, and ended oddly in a petty tradesman's back-shop; vivacious Tom Pollard, brilliant light of comedy, quenched and quiet, in some village God's-acre.

Of the pupils and the playfellows of these veterans, many, like Robinson, slain in fight for the king; some—militaverant non sine gloria—Burt, Hart, Lacy, Mohun—surviving; Walter Clun, Ben Jonson's versatile son, turned up again; accomplished Wintershell still to the fore; kindly Cartwright with a quarter of a century more of stage-life left in him. The making, in short, of that company of players, presently to be called the King's, and to be sworn in by my Lord Manchester to serve his Majesty, under Thomas Killigrew, Esq., a Groom of our Bedchamber, and one of our two licensed dealers in theatricals.

The theatrical proclivity was common to all these Killigrews of Hanworth. In Sir Robert's second son it had developed earliest and most strongly. The quondam page-of-honour to the first Charles had

been used to shirk out of the rather deadly-lively entertainment of the stage which obtained in the Whitehall of those days, up to the Red Bull Theatre in St. John's Street, there, as occasion served, to "go on" in the thoroughly congenial character of a young devil.

Later, the sometime Resident at Venice of his exiled Majesty, had penned more plays than protocols, and, turning his negotiation into a farce, had come back to Paris in another thoroughly congenial character —impresario of an opera-troupe. The licensee had clearly qualified for his license. Even if he had not, what was there that this Charles, who said no foolish thing and did no wise one, could have refused his favourite droll, whose infinite variety age—"our Tom" was fifty, if he was a day—could not wither, nor custom—he had been drolling all his life—could stale? What was there that this perennially fecund producer of the mot pour rire could not have asked for and had, instead of only the half of the theatrical kingdom—only one of the crowns of the stage Brentford? Getting which, however, I doubt not, he got his heart's desire; wearing which, he displayed those qualities that might have made him Mr. Hollingshead's "successful cheesemonger," but that certainly made him a successful manager.

Some time before the King's Company were legally entitled to style themselves His Majesty's servants, and to don that scarlet and gold uniform, as Gentlemen of the Great Chamber, which the husband of that frailty whose name was Sophia—poor "Twelfth Night" Baddeley—was the last to doff; when, indeed, Tom's management at the theatre he had extemporised, en attendant the building of a Theatre Royal, in Gibbon's tennis-court by Clare Market, was barely a month old, he had inaugurated success by perhaps the most "fetching" invention or innovation he could have hit upon.

It was Saturday, December 8th, 1660. The play on the post was "The Moor of Venice," wrote by Mr. Shakespeare. Mr. Burt, in the Moor—he had not yet resigned the part to his old comrade, Mr. Hart, "by command"—had concluded his address to the Seigniory, and turning to the wing, gave, perhaps a little nervously, the cue for Desdemona:

Here comes the lady: let her witness it.

Whereupon, there came, not, as heretofore, a Desdemona looking like one of the Guard disguised; not a hulking he-Glumdalclitch of fifty in the gown of the super-subtle Venetian of fifteen; but, for the first time, a Desdemona that was woman, then and there to witness that there was an end of the he-abomination, for that Tom Killigrew had invented the English actress.

There was an end of the he-abomination after this; but the success of the "first woman who came to act upon the stage" was probably by no means a foregone conclusion with other people besides Tom Jordan, the theatre's "poet" who penned the prologue to introduce her. Deprecatory and apologetic is that prologue. The writer may perhaps have been old enough to remember seeing actresses who were French "hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted" off the boards at Blackfriars—times have changed since

then, Madame Bernhardt!—and had, besides, before his eyes the fear of "the judicious," who swore by Ned Kynaston, and maintained that in his crack part, Arthiope in "The Unfortunate Lovers," no woman could ever touch him, or touch an audience as he could. It was, no doubt, out of deference to this dogma, that the management had engaged the fascinating Edward when the company had been formed the previous August; and had played him in a whole round of heroines, during November. Nevertheless, when the real woman stepped upon the stage, the other was done with. Arthiope came out of petticoats, left off being "the loveliest woman" to become "the handsomest man," and took to making the love he had been used to have made to him. The Desdemona of that memorable Saturday, whoever she was—Anne Marshall or Margaret Hughes, the "daughter of the praying Presbyterian" or the enslaver of Rupert: both she and Tom Jordan have "remembered to forget" to tell us her name—Desdemona was soon one of a bevy, and when the Theatre Royal opened it had ten ladies "attending treasury," who were subsequently recruited to fourteen.

But before the Theatre Royal could be opened it had to be built. The building of a theatre such as London had never had before was a notion which commended itself to "our Tom," alike as an æsthete and as a man of business. He had formed projects for the reformation of the stage which he found it impossible to carry out satisfactorily in mere make-shift adaptations of cockpits, and granaries, and tennis-courts. And these adaptations, expensive to make, were not sufficiently remunerative when made, by reason of the necessarily circumscribed accommodation for an audience sharp-set after its long-enforced abstinence from a favourite form of amusement.

Howbeit, between Tom's notion of a model theatre and its realisation in bricks and mortar, there stood for some considerable time one Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, hitherto by virtue of his office omnipotent over the stage, and making something like a thousand a year in the shape of fees out of all concerned, from manager to musician. Even before the joint Killigrew-Davenant grant of August 21, 1660, had passed the privy signet, Sir Henry pronounced it "not legally to be done, as legally advised." And the law courts, to which he afterwards appealed, rather supported his view than otherwise. It was not till after he had obtained his patent of April 25th, 1662, that the manager of the King's Company was able to come to terms with his adversary, and then "a firm amity for life" was concluded upon certain conditions between them. The old man of the fees disposed of, remained the question of a site for the new house. Eventually this too was settled. In the north-east angle of the most fashionable quarter—the very Belgravia of the London of that day—in Covent Garden itself, there was a piece of unoccupied ground, hallowed since by memories, at least, of the noblest drama in the world, but about which there clung at the time no more sacred associations than may be generally supposed to attach to an ancient riding-yard; of which most eligible site the Earl of Bedford by-and-by gave Mr. Killigrew a forty-one years' building lease, at the not uncon-

scionably high ground-rent of £50 per annum. There, in due course, was erected the house that Tom built, the first Theatre Royal; and there for some nine years it stood. Succumbing then to fire, a second Theatre Royal, the work of Sir Christopher, took its place in 1674. This, after 1695, merged its more emphatic, but not more famous, designation in that of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; the Drury of Betterton, and of Booth, of Garrick, and of Siddons, which, when the Adamses could prop it up no longer, was taken down in 1791. Holland's house succeeded it, to fall, in 1809, about the ears of Sheridan, in those charred ruins which represented £429,000. Out of those ruins anon arose Wyatt's edifice, to receive its consecration from Edmund Kean, and to survive, altered from its original design—not, alas, by Beazeley and Winston only—as "The National Theatre" of to-day, where Shakespeare spells ruin and Byron bankruptcy, and "Mother Goose" lays golden eggs.

In the construction of the first house in "the yard," financial considerations of a less appalling character than those Sheridan had to face were involved. The ground landlord of 1633 was content to see a builder's bill of some fifteen hundred pounds; and, absurdly inadequate as such a sum may appear to a modern Phipps, it was yet more than three times Peter Street's contract price for building the Fortune only some sixty years previously. I daresay it sufficed to run up a Theatre Royal which fulfilled the prediction of a friend of ours in the Admiralty, and was "very fine."

The new house opened "on the Thursday in Easter week, being the eighth day of April," says Mr. Downes, circumstantially. This, though, is one of those "little deviations as to exact time" I fear, for which, while he hints that Mr. Charles Booth, the prompter of the Royal, is responsible; honest John, not without reason, "begs pardon of the reader" in advance. If he had taken the trouble to number his days, he would have found that April 8th, 1663, fell upon a Wednesday; and if the diary and chronology of a playgoer of the period is to be relied upon, the King's Company commenced their first season in the Garden on Thursday, May 7th.

To the playgoers of a previous period, to those who had filled the filthy benches of the "Hope," or jostled beneath the thatched rafters of the "Rose," the interior aspect of the new salle would have seemed superlatively magnificent. To the more sophisticated and critical Pepys it appeared to be "made with extraordinary good convenience." The only real fault he finds is with the narrowness of the passage into the pit; this, however, was before he had taken to kissing pretty Mrs. Knipp in that passage. His other complaint about the "distance from the stage of the boxes, which I am confident"—he was unwarrantably confident—"cannot hear," simply shows, I think, the marked extent to which the conformation of the old style of playhouse had been departed from in the case of this the most modern. The "wooden O" of the former familiar "fig-drum," or martello-tower-like edifice, had become the elongated ellipse, such as now obtains, and Mr. Pepys had not yet had time to get used to this alteration.

There were other alterations, other "extraordinary good convenience," besides room to sit and facility for seeing, which—and perhaps the price they would have been asked to pay for them—would have astonished Mr. Pepys's forbears. Not by halves, indeed, had the patentee and manager carried out his projects of reform. With the rushes from his floor had been swept away all the other barbarisms which had made what this Bancroft of his day was minded should be a drawing-room more like a bear-garden. The King's House, thanks to him, was now "a thousand times better and more glorious" than king had ever visited before. Covered, regardless of expense, with matting were the rising seats of his half-crown pit; more luxuriously upholstered still were his two tiers of four-shilling boxes. The Clerk of the Acts of the Navy himself, a dapper dandy with ever a care for his clothes, did not fear to mount to the eighteenpenny gallery; whilst never in the first Theatre Royal was the paradis of the shilling-paying god stormed by the bawling, brawling, brawny-shouldered, free-list fraternity of flunkies. No wonder that Tom Killigrew could boast, uncontradicted, that he had given the public a playhouse where "not the king only for state but all civil people"—he knew well enough what constitutes the financial backbone of a theatre—"do think they may come as well as any;" and find—was this reformer the first to correct the manners of his underlings nor permit them to be brutal?—"no rudeness anywhere." And whilst the public had their comfort thus ensured, and whilst their eyes were delighted with the unwonted decorations of a stage, where, too, it must be borne in mind, the new "fascination of sex" had been first "called in to aid the fascination of art," Tom's further reforms before the curtain provided for the tickling of their ears and the non-offending of their olfactory organs. He suppressed the cat-gut scrapers and their balcony, and he abolished tallow. In his chandeliers burned nothing but wax candles, "and many of them." In an orchestra, placed between pit and stage as now, sat nine, ay, ten, "fiddlers of the best," and so sweet was the "wind musique" provided upon occasions that it once ravished a little virtuoso of our acquaintance and made him "feel really sick, just as he had formerly been when in love with his wife"—it was well, perhaps, that he recorded his emotions in cypher—and sent him home to "remain all night transported."

Let those many wax-lights blaze again; let those fiddlers of the best play up; and let us take a glance round the Theatre Royal and see the company before the curtain draws upon the players. See the peers and the poets, the gallants and the wits, who disdain not to rub shoulders in the pit with the mere "citizens," his contempt for whom, an honest tailor's son—there he is yonder, on his favourite "back bench of all" with his ear cocked for the conversation of the quality behind him in the boxes—will presently go home and register; see "all mankind's epitome," Villiers of Buckingham; "best good" Buckhurst; "gentle George" Etherege and his copain, Sedley, whom, after that mad orgy at The Cock, in Bow Street, Foster, C. J., once called "Sirrah" from the bench; see Mr. Dryden, in his Norwich drugget suit, absorbing snuff, at whom, through the eye-hole

in the curtain, peeps his Amaryllis, Mistress Reeves, and for whom, at home, languishes his wife, the daughter of the dirty Earl of Buckinghamshire. There are Mr. Dryden's brethren-in-law, "all the Howards," all on the authors' list of the theatre; there is Sir Robert—Mrs. Uphill is at the eye-hole now—author of "The Committee," in which Lacy, the original Teague, was "beyond imagination;" and here is the Hon. Edward—"pit-box-and-gallery" Ned—who wrote that most impertinent "Change of Crowns" which caused the king for once to take the trouble to get angry, the "more fool than poet" to make the acquaintance of John Lacy's cane, and John himself to make acquaintance with the Porter's Lodge; and yonder is the Hon. James, author of "The English Monsieur," and niched as Prince Volscius of the boots into "The Rehearsal." Rhodes, too, the doctor-dramatist, is here—doctor without patients and dramatist without patience—who wrote one good part for Nelly—the "Flora" of the "Figarys"—and then was heard no more; and here, too, is my Lord Orrery, whose "Black Prince" filled the pit by two o'clock on its first day, when Mr. Pepys went into the boxes "for the first time in my life," being five-and-thirty when he committed that extravagance.

And now from the dressing-room levée of the actress à la mode come the wonderful fops, with their "stately mien of the peacock," their gloves drawn up to their elbows, their essenced periwigs—the periwig dates from the same year as the Royal—in exactest curl, to gather round "Orange Moll" and her sisterhood at the orchestra partition, to flirt with the vizard-masks, to ogle a mistress, and outshine a rival, and now and then to listen to the play.

Above, in the royal box, behold the dark saturnine visage of Old Rowley himself; and beside him, not the poor Braganza to look the pendant of the "Scornful Lady" on the scene, but in her place behold the degenerate daughter of chivalrous Grandison, flaunting the splendid setting of her shame; and close by, with never a shadow of Sedgemoor on his pretty face, is Lucy Walter's boy, in his Guardsman's scarlet; and on the other side, His Highness the Duke, who shall by-and-by sign that boy's death-warrant, but who is just now in somewhat too demonstrative dalliance with his at last lawful Anne, for whom as yet young Harry Sydney—"handsome Henry," Saccharissa's brother—is not. Here another duchess, eccentric Newcastle, with "her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches because of pimples about her mouth, naked-necked without anything about it, and a black "just-au-corps;" and there the child of Oliver, Mary Cromwell, who is Mary Faulconbridge now, a noticeable lady, pure and pale.

Laughing and chattering, pulling Mr. Pepys's curls, and running him up that unconscionable score for sixpenny oranges with Moll—"cost me 8s.," the victim will note down ruefully when he pays it—who should be in front to-night but the naughty Mrs. Knipp and the piquante Mrs. Peirce. Ay, and who else up there, lolling across a couple of admirers to whisper to a third, but Nelly herself, at whom now and again the blasé eyes of Most Gracious Majesty glance with considerable interest, and those of the Castlemaine flash angry fire. Howbeit, Nelly's "Charles

the Second" is down below, and it is Charles Sackville's glance that she returns. For it is written that for Buckhurst's sake, and eke a little just for devilment, she shall presently send in her parts to the House, and fling up all to follow him, and to preside for one brief month over that exceedingly fast-and-loose little establishment down at Epsom. And anon the curtain draws.

For his opening-day Killigrew had put up one of those favourite old stock-plays he could cast so strongly, and which he seems to have spared no pains to render additionally attractive. Thus in Fletcher's "Island Princess" he had a most realistic "effect" of a town on fire; and in Shirley's rattling comedy, "Hide Park," was again beforehand with our Boucicault in bringing the horse-race and the real live "Flying Scud" of the period upon the scene. Indeed, though he scored—thanks to the attractiveness of Gwyn—undoubted successes with Dryden, and made occasional palpable hits with his other writers, his old répertoire was still the surest card to play, till the dawn of the "Comedy of Manners," rather doubtful in Etherege, had decidedly heralded a new day in Wycherley.

So the Theatre Royal opened with Fletcher's "Humourous Lieutenant." Wintershell, Hart, Burt, Mohun, Lacy, instead of Clun "by command," and Anne Marshall as Celia, were in the cast. Wintershell, who should have been stage-manager, and was considered the Coe of his day as a "coach," played the King. He was famous for his delineations of these amorous and arbitrary potentates, nor less so for his impersonation of the amorousness that is imbecile—of Jonson's La Foole or Shakespeare's Slender. His four brother-actors, who are in arms all through the piece, had borne arms before then in soldierly earnestness, in a matter that was no make-believe. Charles Hart, Shakespeare's grand-nephew, and Nelly's "Charles the First," had with Clun been a pupil of that fighting "actress," Richard Robinson, whom Harrison the butcher, not doing the work of the Lord negligently, had put to the edge of the sword. Burt, Mohun, and William Shatterel, now a "utility," had learned their business under William Beeston at the Cockpit. John Lacy, who had begun life as a dancing-master, had deserted Terpsichore for Bellona, and laying down his kit had taken up a commission, and one may be sure had been as humorous a Lieutenant in his regiment as the one he played when out of it. Neither he nor Mohun had ever worn petticoats; and Clun in them had been a failure; but Burt and Hart had established a reputation as "young ladies"—the one for his Clariana in "Love's Cruelty," in which Mohun had played Bellamante; and the other for his Rosaura, the heroine of another tragedy of James Shirley's, "The Cardinal."

Clariana, Rosaura, and Bellamante had all presently gone off to the wars on the King's, which was the Players,' side. Rosaura had ridden as a captain and Clariana as a cornet, behind Rupert; and Mohun "the little man of valour," when the game was up in England, had won his spurs in Flanders, and carried his major's title back with him into his old profession.

Hart and the Major were Roscius and Æsopus. The town seemed never to grow tired of them. Hart in Amintor, Arbaces, Othello, Mosca, as Catiline in Ben Jonson's pet, but ponderous, tragedy, which when he died died with him—Mohun in Melantius, Tigranes, Iago, Volpone, Cethegus—would fill the house as at a new play. When Nicholas Burt had resigned Othello to his old comrade he had to resign himself thenceforward to secondary business altogether, and to be relegated with Cartwright and William Shatterel, Prince Rupert's quondam quartermaster, to the not inconsiderable category of "good actors, to particularise whose commendations would be too tedious." But if the ex-Othello died out in the Cicero of "Catiline," extinction of a more summary sort was awaiting Lacy's predecessor in the title-rôle of "The Humourous Lieutenant," poor Clun. The Lieutenant was not Clun's best part; that was his Subtle in "The Alchemist," and he played it with all his usual success on Wednesday, August 3rd, 1664. Riding home late, after an evening spent inter pocula, and not without Callirhöe, to his country-house at Kentish Town, the ill-fated Walter was set upon by "an Irish fellow," and other rogues "near Tatnam Court," and disposed of in a ditch as though he had been a modern Irish landlord. "And the house will have a great miss of him." The house had. Years afterwards the playgoer "did miss Clun."

Who else on that 7th of December, 1671, but Clun's successor in "The Lieutenant"—who else but John Lacy, "that standard of true comedy in our age," could have played Bayes? Within the boundaries of Thalia's kingdom there was nothing he could not do: Galliard the Frenchman, Sawny the Scot, Teague the Irishman, the fantastic or the fool, the knave or the born "natural," Tartuffe or Old Troop, Falstaff or Drench the farrier. In his hands, a part of just forty-one lines, none of them very telling to read, became "the life and soul" of a comedy of Shirley's, not wanting of itself in either—"Love in a Maze;" nay, the very stage-clothes he wore, as they hung in his wardrobe, "were enough to make a man split himself with laughing." The vis comica could hardly further go.

In that same "Love in a Maze," when Lacy played Thump, the clownish servant to Sir Gervase Simple, the lady who played Eugenia was probably the leading lady of the Royal—Anne Marshall, the Celia of the opening play, and the Desdemona of 1660—if Margaret Hughes was not. It is to Mrs. Gwyn's ready tongue that we owe our information as to the parentage of "Nan" and her sister Rebecca, who was "Beck" to all London. Beck, in the tyring-room, one day, had thought fit to rally Nell about Buckhurst; whereupon Nell had retorted with all the frankness of speech which through life distinguished her, and demonstrated that the daughter of a praying Presbyterian was three or four times as bad as she (Nell), whose bringing up as a Hebe in Madam Ross's establishment had been no better than it should be. Now, "the praying Presbyterian" who begot the erring Beck could have been none other than that "example to believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in purity," Stephen Marshall, the parson of Finchingfield,

MADAM ELLEN GWYN.

Essex, and the husband it is not quite clear of what wife. Still, if Beck of the beautiful hand, always delightful on the stage, and "mighty fine" off it, had gone wrong, the parson had certes no reason to be ashamed of his elder daughter, who seems to have been a leading lady in more senses than one. Nell's tongue never wagged against her, and in the scandalous chronicle of the time Anne Marshall's name, famous in the theatre, has no place. Beck's has, I am sorry to say, and we hear somewhat too much of the Castlemaine's convenient confidante in that outrageous intrigue with the athlete Hall, which was the tit for the tat of His Majesty's attentions to Miss Mary Davies. Another protégée of the Castlemaine's was Mrs. Corey, whose unmatched performance of Doll Common in "The Alchemist" had fastened the name of the character upon her. "Doll" was a marvellous mimic, and thought fit to give a lifelike imitation of Lady Hervey, one afternoon, all through her Sempronia in "Catiline." Whereupon, Edward Montagu, the Lord Chamberlain, my lady's brother, had the Corey "clapped up" in durance vile. The Castlemaine, however, opened the prison-doors, and set "Doll" at liberty, with orders "to do it again, worse than ever." And "Doll" did it, though the hisses of the Hervey's partisans came thick, and their oranges thicker. Etude de mœurs!

That "pretty woman who seems, but is not, modest," whom the most confirmed little osculator that ever day-booked his osculations in shorthand kissed in the green-room of the Theatre Royal, one afternoon in May 1668, was that "lively Peg," Mrs. Hughes. Stage record leaves her, as it finds her, Brabantio's daughter; but not so did the ex-dragoon, Rupert. Who, coming out of his laboratory—he had turned philosopher's-stone hunter, of all things—fell at her feet, nor rose till she had promised to be his—ruin; which promise Peg—established presently at Hammersmith in the house which had belonged to Sir Nicholas Crispe, and was afterwards to be occupied by Bubb Doddington, the Margravine of Anspach, and Queen Caroline—most faithfully and effectually kept.

A better engagement for her manager was little Mrs. Boutel, most espiègle of Estifanias, most heartrending of Aspatias. A better still was Mrs. Knipp, about whom, thanks to Mr. Pepys, one seems to know everything, except her Christian name: where she went, what she did there, what she eat, drank, and avoided—the last being ce butor of a husband, and the "mean lodging." She must have been the cleverest "all-round" actress of her time; cast for tragedy to-day, a smart soubrette to-morrow, rakish dame, veiled nun, milkmaid, priestess, singer, dancer—and good alike in all. So good that Tom Killigrew once went to the length—a long one for a manager to go—of talking about raising Mrs. Knipp's salary. Thirty pounds was to have been her rise—thirty pounds a year. Twelve and sixpence a week! Fortunate Mistress Knipp!

Who, perhaps, when ce butor at home was more heavy-fisted than usual, and the work was hard, and keeping straight, even with twelve-and-sixpence a week extra, harder still—who, perhaps, thought a friend of hers more fortunate than she. A "little, sprightly, fair-haired"—her fair hair was red—"woman with laughing blue eyes," that had a trick of laughing themselves invisible when the laugh lasted over long; with the

most impertinent of little cocked noses in the most roguish of round faces—a plump little woman whose early embonpoint meant that fit of apoplexy which throttled the ancestress of the Beauclerks at seven-and-thirty. This was Mistress Knipp's friend and playfellow; this was that Ellen Gwyn, who was, perhaps, not Gwyn, nor Ellen, but one Margaret Symcott. Fortunate, no doubt, whoever she was, this gutter-brat of Pipe Lane, Hereford—that Hereford where her great-grandson sat in lawn for forty years; this nymph of the Coal Yard, Drury Lane, "whose first employment was, with open throat, to cry fresh herrings, even ten a groat," whom "Gentle George" professes to have seen "muddling down the street, her face all pot-lid black, unshod her feet"—the smallest feet in England—"and in a cloud of dust her cinders shaking;" this Hebe of strong waters to Madam Ross's patrons; this sauciest and wittiest of orange-girls who kept "a wondering pit" about her basket; this, surely, most impudent of comedians, whose tragedy was a travesty not to be endured, but whose crack-brained comicalities in the parts that Dryden fitted her with—whose mad burlesque, or burlesque madness, with just a touch of passionate Robsonian reality about it, brought down the King's House—and the King. Fortunate Nell! And yet, mayhap, the stage was more fortunate when it saw the last of her.

The story of the house that Tom built comes to an end in the roar of "The Rehearsal," that Gatling-gun of a farce which had taken four men twice as many years to load, and which, directed mainly against Dryden, had barrels for Barclay, Davenant—out of range, by-the-way, then, in Westminster Abbey—William Killigrew, the manager's own brother—but a manager n'a pas d'entrailles—the Howards, Stapleton, Tom Porter, and Mrs. Behn.

Shadwell's adaptation of Molière's "L'Avare," with Shadwell's eight interpolated characters, was in the bills, when, no doubt as a judgment, the first Theatre Royal was destroyed by fire.

MISS HELEN BARRY.

[*See Frontispiece.*]

MISS HELEN BARRY made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre as the Princess Fortinbrasse in Dion Boucicault's spectacular drama of "Babil and Bijou," which was produced in August, 1872. Before leaving Covent Garden she was retained for the Court Theatre as the original Queen Selene in Gilbert's "Happy Land," and in this part her talent had a wider scope. She showed not only considerable talent as an actress, but the rarer faculty of speaking blank verse as it should be spoken. Her success here attracted the attention of the late Tom Taylor, and at his request she retired from the Court to create the character of Arkwright's wife, which arduous part she introduced with great good fortune at Leeds, in July, 1873. In the following October, after visiting

Dublin and the principal towns in the provinces, she brought the piece to London, where a very hearty reception confirmed the favourable verdicts passed upon her earlier essays. Her next part was Mrs. Dombey, in Andrew Halliday's adaptation of Dickens' novel, and she interpreted the character with much force and feeling. Subsequently she was engaged for the chief part in Boucicault's version of Octave Feuillet's "La Tentation," produced at the Gaiety as "Led Astray," in July, 1874. In the character which Mme. Fargueil made famous, Miss Barry appeared with considerable success, which was not refused her when she took the piece afterwards into the provinces. She has since played in London at the Princess's Theatre, where among other things, she was the original Constance in the adaptation, by Mr. James Mortimer, of "La Dame aux Camélias," called "Heartsease," subsequently acted by Madame Modjeska; and distinguished herself not a little as Lady Clancarty, when played at the old Queen's Theatre in Long Acre. She achieved a fresh success at Drury Lane in "The World" last autumn, and has recently appeared at the Imperial Theatre in several favourite characters.

THE SWAN-SONG.

By Frank Schloesser.

FIVE o'clock in the afternoon, in the express train, dragging its weary length onwards towards the Rhine. I was alone in the carriage, and very anxious to get to my journey's end. The season was autumn, and the evening drawing in; the rain was coming down in torrents. The carriage was close and uncomfortable, my pipe was out, I had used all my matches, and altogether I was in a most remarkably bad temper. I was half-asleep when I heard a tap at the window. I knew what it was; the guard wanted to look at my ticket again; he had seen it about half-a-dozen times since starting, but, as we were now nearing Cologne, I supposed he wanted to take one farewell look at it before parting. It strikes me every time I am abroad—this continual supervision that one has to undergo whilst travelling on the continental railways. Not only does one's ticket get clipped a dozen times during the day, till it resembles nothing so much as a bit of lace frilling, but then that tiresome cooping up in the waiting-rooms, generally beery and smoky, till the moment before the train starts, all reminds me forcibly of the progress of a convict from London to Dartmoor. Then the way the guards walk about the carriage footboards, whilst the express trains are dragging their weary length along, is most horrible, not to say tantalising; they are for ever waking you up, and pestering you to such an extent that it would seem an impossibility to go wrong.

To return to my sheep. I lowered the window, and became sensible of a beery breath and a dripping cap-peak. The owner of the breath and the cap-peak asked to be allowed to look at my ticket—German railway officials are often polite—and, having given it one last fond clip, he disappeared into the rain, and I put the shreds of my ticket into my pocket-book. Settling myself into a comfortable corner, I snoozed away the last half-hour, and was not a little glad to feel the train pull up, and hear a general shout of "Cöln, Cöln, aussteigen," which implied that I had arrived at Cologne and was requested to get out. I did so, and, knowing my way about, walked straight into the Custom House, and, asking one of the officers for a match, lit a pipe and waited for the luggage. In due time it was brought in, and, as there were very few passengers, I soon got attended to. I had only a portmanteau, so had to open it. I have often noticed the fact that if you have only a single article of baggage the chances are that you will have to open it; whereas if you have a lot the chances are that they won't open one of them. I had nothing to declare, so, after putting a dirty hand on to my best shirt-front and mumbling "Good, you can take it away," the officer scrawled "X," his mark, on the portmanteau, and I locked it up, called a porter, and in three minutes was in the hall of the Hotel du Sud.

My old friend Johann the porter greeted me in his customary broken English, and regretted "dat sie room gewöhnlich vom werthen Herrn bewohnt vas not emptee, sere vere two verdammte Frenchmans in him." I had to take another room a floor higher, a sample of the usual continental bedroom; with gorgeous ornaments, chairs, and tables, but bare-floored, a very short wooden bedstead, and most primitive washing arrangements. I unpacked and went down to dinner. I saw no one I knew in the room, so thought of going to the opera. I asked Johann what was to be given. "One gives 'Lohengrin,' and ze excellent Hofsänger Ulrich is here als Gast to play ze rôle of Lohengrin. Gehen sie—Sall you go?"

I was glad that "Lohengrin" was being played; it was an old friend, and each time I heard it I found new beauties to admire; and though no musician, the music appealed to me in a way that no other opera did. There is a wonderful beauty in Wagner's music, that, quite independently of its purely technical curiosities—only apparent to musicians—speaks to each and every of the uncultivated listeners possessing to any degree a musical ear and feeling heart. They will not understand the why and the wherefore of this appeal, and were they to seek to analyse their feelings they would probably fail to appreciate the method by which they had been touched. To the amateur listener the utmost reliance in Wagner is requisite; you must listen and be satisfied.

The opera-house was quite full, but I got a back-stall for the moderate expenditure of three marks, or shillings. I was just in time for the short overture, the long-drawn strains of which seemed to me more entrancing than ever.

The curtain drew up, and the white-robed Elsa stood before the king and nobles of Brabant. She was a fine woman, not handsome, but

imposing, with a very powerful and musical voice. The choruses were well sung, and the mounting was excellent. In due time the heralds blew their trumpets, and, in answer to the third blast, the Swan drew on Lohengrin in his triumphal chariot. He was a splendid man, supremely Saxon in type, tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and superbly dressed in shining silver armour, the Swan emblazoned on breast and shield. I ought here to explain that it is the custom in Germany for the Court to appoint a certain number of "Hofsänger," or Court-singers; it is only an honorary title, implying merely that the bearer is engaged at one of the royal theatres; but, as it is a title of high merit, it is greatly coveted by all singers. A certain number of weeks' absence is granted to each during the year, which they employ in making a provincial tour; and they sing at the different opera-houses under the title of "Gast," or guest; that is to say, for a short time only; and when a "Gastabend," or guest-evening, is announced it always attracts the art-lovers and critics of the town.

The guest of the evening was, as I had been informed, Hofsänger Ulrich; and if any man ever deserved favour at the hands of royalty surely this noble tenor did so. And what a voice!—clarion-toned, bell-sounding, and, withal, "sweet as Pan piping among the sedges."

I was much interested and charmed with his voice and acting; the entr'actes seemed all too long, till that wonderful scene in the third act, when Lohengrin and Elsa are alone, breathing love-sentences into each other's ears in the quiet night. Lohengrin was at his best here. I had never seen any singer act as he did, his soul seemed as much in his movements as in the music; and when he strained Elsa to his breast the fire of love from his eyes seemed to light up her hair. The words "Mein süsses Weib," with his love-lorn looks, teemed with fervour; and he threw worlds of passion into those beautiful lines with which he draws back the curtain and shows Elsa the glory of the night:

> Dost thou breathe too those soft sweet vapours,
> Wafting o'er on night's dark field?
> Secretly, in silent wonder,
> Unquestioning I to them yield.

The whole scene was to me so wonderfully lifelike that during the rest of the act I could only think of Lohengrin's fire and passion. When the last scene drew on, and the Swan came to fetch away Lohengrin, his pained, sorrowful, almost tearful look at Elsa was sadder than anything I had ever seen on the stage, or off it. Then his Swan-song: the mournful tenderness which he puts into the opening words, "Mein lieber Schwan!" it might have been a dying soldier's adieu to all he held dear on earth—to one he loved—to earth itself.

Surely Wagner has un unspeakable amount of pathos; words and music flow together as they only can when produced simultaneously by a master-mind.

When the opera was over I left the house with Lohengrin's parting words lingering in my ears. I was just crossing the road to the café

opposite, when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and a voice bidding me "Guten abend."

I turned and found Mr. F., an old friend and inhabitant of Cologne (I had almost written colonist); of course, he was a manufacturer of Eau-de-Cologne—not much of a distinction in a town where three-fourths of the population are connected with the trade—equally, of course, he lived "gegenüber dem Zulichsplatz;" they all do; the number of houses that are "gegenüber dem Zulichsplatz" must be something enormous.

We went over to the café and sat down to a cup of coffee; after the usual questions and answers as to what kind of a crossing I had had, how business was, etc. etc., I asked him what he knew of Ulrich the tenor, whom I had just heard.

"I don't know him personally; in fact very few persons do; but I can tell you his story, which is, I suppose, what you want to know."

I asked what the story was, and the following tale was unfolded; of course I translate, and omit the numerous "thou dear heavens!" and similar exclamations with which it was interlarded:

"Robert Ulrich was one of the first tenors in Germany, and had a splendid engagement at the Court Theatre. About a year ago he was singing in his usual rôles with his usual success, when a new prima donna was announced. She came, was seen, and conquered; not so much by her looks, although she was a 'fine woman,' but more because of her voice, which was pronounced to be divine. Naturally the Court was at her feet—it is a little way Courts have—and out of her many admirers she chose two—the Count K. and the tenor Ulrich. The count was military, rich, proud, and generally countlike; the other had nothing but his voice. The Count K., although aware of the innumerable difficulties, both military and social, that lay in the way of an officer marrying an actress, even though she be a queen of song, gave up his position, resigned his commission, and offered his hand. Ulrich, on his part, confessed his love, and asked her to marry him. She asked both her lovers for time, kept them waiting a month, and then accepted the count. The tenor's rage and jealousy knew no bounds; he implored, prayed, and raved at her, all to no purpose. The prima donna went on a provincial farewell tour; Ulrich followed, and easily procured engagements at the same theatres; to-night in Cologne was the last night of her tour, in a week she is to be married, and retire from the stage."

The passion, love, rage, and tenderness that I had witnessed were evidently then no stage-playing, no acting. Ulrich at any rate was in earnest, and seemingly as much in love as ever. How would it end? If she had ever loved him—which seemed almost evident—that love would have to be shifted; and as the wife of a count, she would be placed out of reach of Ulrich's after-love.

My friend F., after telling me this story, finished his coffee, asked me to come and see him next day, and went home. I followed his example, and went to my hotel. I was soon in bed, but could not get

to sleep; Lohengrin haunted me, and the time passed, and I could not get to bed. Ulrich with his impassioned love kept staring at me, and do what I would, I could not thrust his image from before me. I should think it must have been about midnight, and I had been almost asleep when I thought I heard the Swan-song. Was I dreaming? No, I was now wide awake. I sat up and listened; yes, distinctly, quite distinctly, the Swan-song was being sung in the next room to mine, and Ulrich was singing it, low and plaintively, every word with intense feeling; to whom was he bidding farewell with such fervour, such earnestness? How his voice, low though it was, thrilled the very boards that separated our rooms. He finished his song, slowly and sadly, as though loath to forsake the lovely melody; a moment's interval, then a pistol-shot rang out with terrible clearness. I jumped up, and rushed out into the passage to the next door; it was locked. People came rushing from all sides; of course, we knew what to expect, it could only be suicide. But how awful! a few hours ago singing in full glare of a multitude, now wounded, perhaps dead, by his own hand, alone in the silence of his room. Which was it? we all asked ourselves—wounded or dead? We heard no sound, no movement, and dreaded the worst. The door was burst open, and our fears realised. Dead on the floor, a revolver in his right hand, a letter in his left. There was nothing to be done; the police came in a short time, took our depositions, and covered up the corpse. The letter was addressed "To those kind friends who made me what I was." It was short and distinctly written, to the following effect:

"I have committed this sin in full consciousness of its awfulness. My friends have spoiled me; my first great grief has marred my life. I might have been happy, had I been less ambitious. Tell her that I love her still, and know of no other way to make her happy. Alive, I should not have had sufficient strength of mind to keep away from her; it is better so. She would never have been happy with me. I loved her too much. Give her what is left of my love.—Robert Ulrich."

Naturally this sad event made a great stir. I had to tell my tale to many different judges, self-constituted and legal. It detained me for sometime in town, and I was heartily glad when I was at last able to get away, trying to leave behind me all remembrances of the wonderful singer who loved too well.

The celebrated Mdlle. Lecouvreur, of the Français, passing through the streets at a late hour on a raw cold night, was accosted by a poor woman with four little children, who asked the actress for alms. Mdlle. Lecouvreur searched her pockets and found nothing. "Wait," said she; "I will give you more than you could have hoped for." And instantly throwing off her mantle, she began to recite the imprecations of Camille with so much fire and energy that a crowd collected around her. She then made a collection from the audience, and gave the money to the poor woman.

DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION.

By Sydney Grundy.

THE December number of The Theatre contained some interesting reminiscences by Mr. Palgrave Simpson of the great French playwright, whom he justly terms, "in dramatic construction the master of all writers for the stage." It is, as Mr. Simpson laments, too much the fashion to look down upon Scribe as an ingenious but somewhat antiquated author—a lion in his day, no doubt—but now a very dead lion indeed, and not to be compared with the living jolly dogs of the Palais Royal. Before Scribe is relegated to the limbo of the "classics," it would be well for us to learn the lesson of his work. Construction is the most difficult, as it is the most important element in play-writing, and it is natural that it should be the least understood. In some quarters there is almost a disposition to pooh-pooh it; and even where its importance is recognised in the abstract, it does not always receive its due share of attention. In the most comprehensive criticisms which appear in the leading journals—criticisms often written with painstaking care, and with an obvious anxiety to deal with every feature of the play under discussion—it is surprising what a small proportion of space is devoted to the analysis of the technical construction. To a great extent both authors and critics seem to have lost sight of construction, in England, in the present day. Possibly the critics have looked for it so long without finding it that they have given over looking for it in despair. Certainly play after play has been allowed to pass which violates every canon of the art. I fancy nobody will be the worse for sitting a few moments at the feet of the great apostle of construction, Eugène Scribe.

To any student of his works the secret of his monotonous success is clear. He allows nothing to divert his attention, and he does not allow himself to divert the attention of his audience for one moment from his story. He had a hand in more than four hundred plays. I don't pretend to have read all of them, but, judging those which I have not read by those which I have, I make bold to say that, in the whole four hundred, there are not four hundred lines which have not a distinct bearing upon the fable which he is narrating. Lines might be cut and speeches shortened, here and there, as not being absolutely essential to the scheme; but even they will be found to have their object, and to aid in graduating the development of the plot. So much is obvious to the attentive reader of Scribe's plays; but it is only the adapter who pulls one of them to pieces, for the purpose of constructing a new and original play out of the component parts, who is able fully to appreciate the art of this marvellous workman. Woe betide the rash man who takes a single entrance in vain, who makes light of the most (apparently) trifling exit, who ventures to despise the slightest incident! If he removes one brick, he must reconstruct the entire edifice.

MR. MACKINTOSH AS JULES FAUBERT, IN "THE MONEY SPINNER" (ST. JAMES'S THEATRE).
From an original sketch by W. H. KENDAL.

The supreme ingenuity of Scribe has always been recognised, but more admirable than the ingenuity itself is the art by which that ingenuity is made to subserve the purpose of the story. Effect follows cause with logical precision; each little effect becomes itself a cause, and the continually growing group is always tending toward the great effect, namely, the solution of the problem or the demonstration of the theorem which is the subject-matter of the play. So logical is the process, and so neat the manipulation, that there is about the complete work the same sort of beauty that there is about some of the propositions of Euclid; and as one lays down the book, one feels inclined to mutter to oneself, "Q. E. F." or "Q. E. D.," as the case may be. Scribe had undoubtedly a mathematical mind, and was, I should think, a superb whist-player. So consummate is his craft, that his pieces possess a technical attraction quite apart from the human interest of the intrigue. Turn over the canvas, and you find the stitches at the back are as neat as the pattern on the front. There is not a tab or an end sticking out anywhere. Of every one of his plays it may be said that it is "teres atque rotundus."

I have called Scribe a "playwright," and it is as a playwright that I have been considering him; because, in my opinion, it is as a playwright that he excels. He was a dramatist as well, and an able one, but a place can scarcely be claimed for him amongst the great dramatists of the world. As a dramatist, such a writer as Shakespeare simply extinguishes him; but as a playwright, he is a master where Shakespeare is a child. In construction, he stands head and shoulders above his closest competitor; and one reason why he is now comparatively neglected is, that we have to a certain extent lost the taste for legitimate construction. We have not only come to underrate its importance, but we have been taught to confound it with the Jack-in-the-box tricks of that dramatic acrobat M. Hennequin.

The great lesson to be learnt from Scribe is the supreme importance of getting along with the story. This, I take it, is the first principle of true construction. It sounds very simple, but how much does it mean? It means not only that you must not stop to introduce hansom cabs and pumps, not only that you must not keep your story waiting while your characters go through their celebrated six-door trick; it means also that you must not stop even to portray character, except so far as the character concerns the plot; it means that the most brilliant line ever written is bad in art if its delivery impedes the action of the play; it means that you must not stop to work up great Sardou scenes, however dramatic in themselves, if their elaboration throws them out of proportion to the general plan. The fable is the play. The plot ought to spring out of the characters; but, the plot once framed, the characters are only valuable so far as they carry on the action and elucidate the theme; and that is the best dialogue which tells the story most effectively. This is the lesson which Scribe teaches, and which nobody has learnt.

It is a hard lesson, but those who refuse to learn it do so at their

peril. Their pump may draw the town—their dialogue may amuse—their character may prove a favourite—their great scene of the two men and a boy may make their fortune: but they are always in danger. The writer, without a pump, with but poor gifts of characterisation, incapable of brilliant dialogue, unable to devise great scenes, who goes jogging along with his plain unvarnished tale, is always safe. So strong a hold has narrative upon the human mind, that it must be a very dull story indeed which will not keep the attention of an audience, provided the author will only go on developing it. If he gags—and authors gag quite as much as low comedians—his gag may go with a roar; but he has trifled with the attention of his audience, he has pro tanto weakened its interest and imperilled his play. We are taught by Scribe that the vital principle of what Mr. Moy Thomas has called "the not very recondite art" of play-writing, is this: Make no "damnable faces," but get along with your story.

It is unnecessary to insist that every play should comply with the stern requirements of this very simple rule. Such a course would deprive us of much amusement, and many of our most cherished and dramatic scenes. The bulk of plays will always more or less contravene the strict canons of art. Let them. But let us not forget what those canons are. Let us remember that a play ought to be regarded, not in the light of its dialogue, or of its characterisation, or of its isolated scenes, but as a whole. Let us enjoy to the full the splendid abilities of Sardou; but let not his brilliancy blind us to the fact that, in construction, the clever pupil is not equal to the master. There is no harm and much good in crowding the theatre to see the scene of the three men in "Dora," so long as we do not in our enthusiasm forget that the big effect comes in the wrong place and throws the rest of the play out of gear—that, for the purpose of working up a sensational effect, an insignificant character is, for the moment, given an importance out of all proportion to his bearing upon the general plan. Having played his big scene, Orloff is sent home to his supper. He was only a puppet, and M. Sardou has done with him. Sardou grew out of Scribe, as Sheridan grew out of Congreve; but he lacks the consummate neatness and perfect finish of his progenitor. His great scenes are greater than Scribe's; but the play is the thing, not the isolated scenes. Sardou's plots are written up to his scenes, Scribe's scenes are written out of his plots. Scribe would never have marred that superb comedy, "Nos Intimes," by that unworthy device of the fox. After exciting the interest of his audience to the highest pitch, M. Sardou suddenly turns round upon the spectator, and putting his finger to his nose, drops the curtain. The trick is worthy of Hennequin. Scribe has his devices, nobody has more, but he never makes an April fool of his audience.

One more word about tricks, and I have done.

Some eighteen months ago all students of dramatic art were publicly recommended by an eminent critic to go and study, as a model of construction, a certain comedy then running. I, for one, accepted the advice, and went to be instructed. I found a very amusing play, a fine

flow of animal spirits, and a great popular success. I found any amount of clever complication and a good deal of confusion; finally, I found some construction—which would have caused Scribe's every individual hair to stand on end. Puzzle is not plot, and complication is not necessarily construction. Tricks, in moderation, are as legitimate in the work of the playwright as rouge upon the face of an actor; the theatre is a box of tricks—Scribe is full of them; but his art ought to have taught us that they are legitimate only as a means and ought not to be practised as the end. The work of the master is the true criterion. For this lesson, amongst innumerable others, and for the series of perfect pictures by means of which it is conveyed, we owe him a deep debt of gratitude; and I ask the editor of The Theatre to allow me to join Mr. Palgrave Simpson in laying a leaf of laurel upon his grave.

THE LADY BEATRIX.

The Low Comedian's Story.

By Gordon Gun.

WHAT am I "glowering" at? Why, at the announcement of a forthcoming marriage—and, "which is more," a "fashionable" marriage. Here you are: "We understand that a marriage is arranged between the Lady Beatrix Adair, only daughter of the Earl of Mountjoye, and Mr. Samuel Drake." That's the great iron man, you know. What has the low comedian of the T. R., Mudford, to do with earls and ladies and great iron men? Well, this "fashionable" item has sent my memory drifting back a few years, and made me feel just a wee bit sentimental; so, if you like, I don't mind telling you the story before we turn in. Help yourself, then, and don't interrupt.

When my father had the old theatre at Woodbridge there was a very pretty girl playing juveniles in his stock company—a Miss Chavasse. When I speak of her good looks I go by report, by her miniature, and by something else; for I was too young at the time she left us to be a judge of feminine charms. But she was very pretty, and very clever in her business, and very ladylike and good. That being so, she naturally had a host of admirers. All the unmarried members of the company, two-thirds of the young fellows of the town, and at least half of the junior officers of the garrison were wild about Beatrix Chavasse; but she encouraged nobody, so they say—making herself perfectly agreeable to anyone who was properly introduced, ignoring any unwarranted advance, and working away at her profession with a will. My mother had a great interest in and liking for her, and after a time she might almost have been said to live with us.

The garrison of which I have spoken consisted of a regiment of the line, and one of the lieutenants was a young Irishman of good family, Gerald Adair by name. He was a very quiet shy sort of

fellow, who had never been included among the avowed admirers of the pretty Miss Chavasse; so my father was a little surprised one day when, dining at the officers' mess, he was asked by Adair for an introduction to the lady. In spite of his surprise, however, the governor, who had somewhat old-fashioned ideas, was gratified by the formal and deferential manner in which the request was made, and took the first opportunity of complying with it. To make a long story short, Adair had already fallen desperately in love, and the feeling speedily became mutual. Miss Chavasse had no near relative, and my father and mother accordingly acted in loco. To them and to her young Adair stated his worldly position. There was plenty of "blood" on his side, but not much money; for he had only a small income besides his pay, and, as he said, absolutely no "expectations." It was agreed by all parties, however, that there was enough to live on, especially as each of the pair brought an inexhaustible fund of love; and one fine morning they were married from my father's house. It was a memorable day, I believe—town, theatre, and garrison uniting to celebrate the occasion; and the information that his marriage had brought on fits of gout and hysterics among his aristocratic relations—who were chiefly uncles, aunts, and cousins, and who had never done anything for him beyond barely acknowledging his existence—did not disturb the bridegroom's supreme content.

The honeymoon was scarcely over when the regiment was ordered to India, whither the young wife insisted upon accompanying her husband. At pretty frequent intervals my mother received from her "son and daughter," as she called them, letters, one of which in course of time announced the birth of a girl baby. A few years more, and there came a heartbroken letter from Adair. The bright beautiful young wife and mother was dead. His grief was something terrible. In incoherent terms he accused himself of being his darling's murderer through bringing her to "that horrible country," and he vowed that if it were not for his little daughter he would not care to live an hour. Growing somewhat calmer as he went on—I have seen the letter—he entreated my mother, whom he addressed as if she were his own, to accept the charge of his motherless child. It was time for her to be sent home in any case, he said, and now it was doubly necessary.

Of course my mother agreed—my father had died meanwhile; but that has nothing to do with the present story—and in due time little Beatrix Adair arrived in company with her ayah and a lady who had taken charge of her on the voyage. What a quaint mite she was to be sure, with a little brown face that was constantly developing unexpected dimples in cheeks and chin; big, black, wondering eyes; and tiny red lips that lisped Hindostani, greatly to my boyish bewilderment! There was not, however, many years' difference between our ages, and we soon became fast friends. As time wore on Beatrix grew tall, with a singular grace in all her movements, and a face of rare beauty. My mother, who idolised her, vowed she was "the image" of the elder Beatrix; and this was the "something else" to which I referred when speaking of Miss Chavasse's good looks. Both my little friend and I had the histrionic

fever in our veins, and we confided to one another our intention of going on the stage at the earliest possible moment. Meanwhile we used to massacre love-passages from "the legitimate"—always "the legitimate." We were Romeo and Juliet, we were Jaffier and Belvidera, we were Hamlet and Ophelia. It would have amused an onlooker immensely, I have no doubt, to hear Trix bidding me swear not by the moon, or me despatching Trix to a nunnery; but there was never any onlooker to be amused. Our rehearsals were strictly private.

Well, those were happy years. Once Trix's father came home on leave. He spent a few weeks with us, expressed himself highly satisfied with his daughter's progress under my good mother's wing, and tipped me magnificently. Then he was off again. He had already effected more than one exchange for the sake of the extra pay to be got by staying in India. He was resolved that, in his own words, "Trix should be an heiress." But the end of all this was at hand.

Coming down to breakfast one morning when I was about sixteen, I found my mother poring, with a face of some concern, over a newspaper and a Peerage. I made some chaffing remark, to which she did not reply, and soon was off to school. On my return in the afternoon I saw a handsome carriage and pair standing at the door of the house. "A bespeak," was my internal comment. My mother, as you know, kept on the theatre, and there were still such things in Woodbridge as "bespeaks." Curious to learn who the visitor might be, I stole round to the window of our little drawing-room, which opened on the back-garden, and peeped in. A stately old lady in black was standing in the middle of the room. Beside her was Trix, who was crying. Opposite stood my mother, looking troubled but stately too.

"You will, of course, be recompensed for your care of Lady Beatrix Adair."

It was the visitor who spoke, and I heard no more. Instinctively I thought of the newspaper and the Peerage. They were soon in my hands, and the first item that met my eyes in the former was a piece of news which, as you must remember, created a tremendous sensation at the time—the agrarian murder, in the West of Ireland, of the Earl of Mountjoye and his only son Viscount Adair. The account concluded thus: "Lord Mountjoye is succeeded in the title and estates by his nephew, Major Adair, who is at present with his regiment in India." A brief reference to the Peerage verified this statement. Viscount Adair had no son, and I knew that Trix's father was next heir, though his chance of succeeding had hitherto seemed so remote as to be out of the question.

I went up to my room, and locked myself in. "Lady Beatrix Adair!" I had never known how passionately fond of her I had been in my boyish way till now, when she was suddenly removed beyond my reach. While I was trying hard not to disgrace my manhood in my own eyes by blubbering, a light footstep ran upstairs, a tap came to the door, and Trix's voice, with "tears in it," pronounced my name. Before I could collect myself sufficiently to answer, "Lady Beatrix!" was called

from below; the light step slowly retreated, and presently the carriage rolled away.

I wandered about the fields till late that night, as wretched a young lover as could be found under the stars. When I returned, my mother, guessing how it was with me, forbore to probe the wound; and, indeed, she seemed in as desolate ease as myself. We never had any tidings from our lost treasure; but, being in Kensington Gardens one morning, a couple of years after, I heard my name uttered behind me in a tone of sweet and joyous surprise. It was Trix, looking—— Well, well, I sha'n't rhapsodise. She was beginning to tell me how she had lately discovered that a cruel plot had intercepted her correspondence with her old friends; but just then the fatal "Lady Beatrix!" broke once more upon my ear, and two majestic Gorgons bore her away.

So that's my story, old man, which isn't much of a story after all. It and my pipe are finished at the same time. The sequel? Why, the sequel is that, as is right and natural, pretty Trix goes to adorn the dinner-table of the millionaire, who is, I believe, not a bad fellow, and hardly old enough to be her grandfather.

Good-night!

"KING LEAR" IN PARIS.

By Dutton Cook.

A SMALL party of English ladies and gentlemen paid a visit to Paris in the autumn of 1802, and subsequently one of their number published an account of their adventures. It must be remembered that at this time France had been for some years almost as an undiscovered country to the dwellers on this side of the Channel, if not absolutely a bourne from which English travellers did not return. The ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves greatly; they spent a considerable sum of money, and were now amazed now delighted and now disgusted at what they saw. Among other places they, of course, visited Versailles, and made their way into the theatre of the Palais. They pronounced the decorations "splendid and quite princely," and judged that "when lighted up and filled with company it must have been the most beautiful theatre in Europe." But what was their surprise to find piled up at the rear of the stage various scenes bearing this inscription on the back of them: "Painted for the tragedy of King Lear in 1783." They could have believed themselves in Drury Lane!

M. Ducis's version of "King Lear" was an endeavour to lop and trim the tragedy into the classical shape demanded by the traditions of

KING LEAR.

ACT III., SCENE II.

Lear. Poor fool and knave. I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee!

the Théâtre Français at a time when the romantic drama did not exist in France, and when there seemed to be no medium, indeed, between plays of the severe antique pattern and the rude exhibitions of the funambulists. If Shakespeare was to be presented at all upon the French stage, it could only be in the strait-waistcoat prepared for him by M. Ducis; an unmaimed, uncondensed, unbuttoned, and perfectly natural Shakespeare could not expect to be tolerated in France—it was quite out of the question; that was the general opinion of the Frenchmen of those times. So M. Ducis set to work upon "King Lear," and produced his tortured, twisted, and mutilated version of the tragedy at Versailles first, in the presence of the Court, and afterwards at Paris, in 1783. The first act of the play he omitted altogether; that gave him very little trouble at any rate. Before the curtain had risen Lear was understood to have divided his kingdom between his two daughters Regan and Goneril; upon Cordelia the new name of Elmonde had been bestowed, and she was not permitted to marry the King of France; possibly this was thought to be an affront to French history. A new character was then introduced—Ulric, King of Denmark, to whom Lear designs to give the hand of Elmonde. The scene throughout the first act represents the castle of the Duke of Cornwall, the husband of Regan. The plan of marrying Elmonde to Ulric is speedily abandoned; Lear is induced to believe that such a union would have a dangerous effect upon the national repose. Thereupon Ulric threatens to invade England. Elmonde is accused of carrying on a secret and treasonable correspondence with that prince. The calumny serves as a pretext for the banishment of Elmonde, and is the cause of all her misfortunes. She takes to flight, and finds refuge in a hermit's cave hidden in the recesses of a forest. Thither arrive the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall to watch the movements of certain rebel English who purpose to turn to their own account the invasion of King Ulric. And so on. One wonders at last why the play should be called "King Lear," or why Ducis should have troubled himself about Shakespeare at all; so very little use has been made of him. Some account of the first performance of Ducis's adaptation is contained in the correspondence of Grimm and Diderot, published in England in 1814. "We do not," it is said, "reproach M. Ducis with having supposed all the events previous to the commencement of the poem; still less do we reproach him for ascribing the injustice of Lear towards Elmonde to a motive less frivolous and puerile. But we can scarcely pardon him for perplexing a narrative which already, without an uncommon degree of attention, cannot be understood, and which, even now, when regarded with the greatest attention, appears not more clear or interesting." It is decided that there are really but two characters in the tragedy: Lear, personated in a wonderful manner by M. Brizard; and Elmonde, admirably played, and especially in the third act, by Madame Vestris, the great tragic actress, it may be as well to note, who made her first appearance at the Théâtre Français in 1768. The performance was favourably received both at Court and in the city. A call was raised for M. Ducis, but it was not attended with much enthusiasm; for the last

act had pleased less than its predecessors. "Notwithstanding this, the author had the weakness to make his appearance at the very time when it was least desired; for the performer commissioned to announce the second performance of the play had just informed the public that peace had been signed." This was, of course, the treaty which secured the independence of America.

Edmund Kean played Lear with the English company visiting Paris in 1828. No doubt he appeared, as was his wont, in the acting edition of the play—the miserable adaptation of Nahum Tate. Before censuring M. Ducis too severely, it is as well to take into account the malefactions of our own stage in reference to Shakespeare. "Verily," as the poet Campbell wrote, "if Shakespeare be the idol of England he must be called our molten idol: we allow him to be cast into so many shapes and to be adulterated with such base alloy." With a view to the accommodation of the French audience patronising the English performers at the Salle Favart, a special translation of the tragedy was published "conforme aux représentations données à Paris, 1828." A later version, by Carlhant, "avec le texte anglais en regard," probably for the use of students, was published in Paris in 1847.

M. Jules Lacroix, who had published in 1840 a literal translation in verse of "Macbeth," produced many years later an adaptation of "King Lear." It is important to observe that, whereas in "Macbeth" the poet's text was strictly followed, in "King Lear" many changes were ventured upon—no doubt to suit the play to performance in a French theatre. M. Lacroix's tragedy, "Le Roi Lear," was indeed presented at the Odéon in 1868. Certain critics at the time regretted that the experiment had not been tried of exhibiting "une traduction scrupuleuse et non une adaptation;" while it was admitted that the play presented in its integrity, with all its "intrigues diverses," its many and complicated scenes, might have overtaxed the patience of a French audience. M. Lacroix, while he avoided M. Ducis's wholesale system of suppression and alteration, thought it well to simplify the fable by omitting all the incidents relating to the sons of Gloucester. The illegitimate Edmund does not appear at all; Edgar figures in one scene only, and his madness is not supposed to be simulated. He is a genuine lunatic of the period, escaped from a madhouse in his rags and tatters, who meets the raving Lear by chance in the storm upon the heath. To borrow from M. Jules Claretie's review of the performance, first published in "L'Opinion Nationale": "C'est une chose effrayante que cette rencontre de deux fous causant entre eux de leurs monomanies comme des gens raisonnables parleraient de leur affaires de négoce. On croirait voir, descendus de leur cadre, deux de ces agités qu'a peints Delacroix dans son tableau du Tasse." This was not quite Shakespeare's intention however. Gloucester and Kent had also, in the adaptation, lost something of their original quality; and generally it was thought that the play had become rather too much of a monologue, or less a play than a part. For M. Lacroix had been at great pains to preserve the character of Lear; he had regarded it "avec une sorte de piété." The catastrophe had not been tampered with; the example

of Tate was not followed, although it was conceded that the murder of Cordelia was a supreme atrocity, and that many of our "faiseurs contemporains" would have been greatly tempted to provide a more comfortable conclusion. Hamlet, at the opera-house, survived the slaughter of the other dramatis personæ, to be proclaimed king as the curtain falls; and it was probable that some adapter of the future, "ami des dénoûements heureux," would save Ophelia from her "muddy death," and lift her to the throne of Denmark, to reign there as the queen-consort of young king Hamlet. Why should not the life of Cordelia be spared? Because, M. Claretie explains, "l'innocent paye pour le coupable." She was born to be a martyr. In her death the punishment of Lear is completed and the sins of her sisters find expiation. In the judgment of the poet her cruel doom was inevitable—as logical a necessity as the drowning of Ophelia.

Shakespeare awoke memories of Balzac. "Le Roi Lear" was pronounced to be an epical "Père Goriot." Delphine and Anastasie, the two daughters of M. Goriot the vermicellier, bring their parent to ruin much after the manner of Goneril and Regan. It is true that Delphine and Anastasie are not tragedy-queens, that they move in a very vulgar sort of world, and that they do not plunder their father of his kingdom, but of his bank-notes: still, the result is the same. And M. Claretie even finds in M. Goriot, "le vieux bonhomme de marchand, avec son amour instinctif, immense et stupide," a strong resemblance to the Lear of Shakespeare. Balzac was reproached for degrading paternal dignity in his portrayal of a father so weak, fatuous, credulous, humble as M. Goriot. Why is not Shakespeare in like manner reproached? But for his part M. Claretie finds in the overwhelming distress of the tragedy "la glorification même de la paternité. Plus le pöete courbe ces têtes blanches, et plus il flétrit les enfants qui les insultent." Finally, the critic pronounces King Lear to be "le drame éternel de la famille."

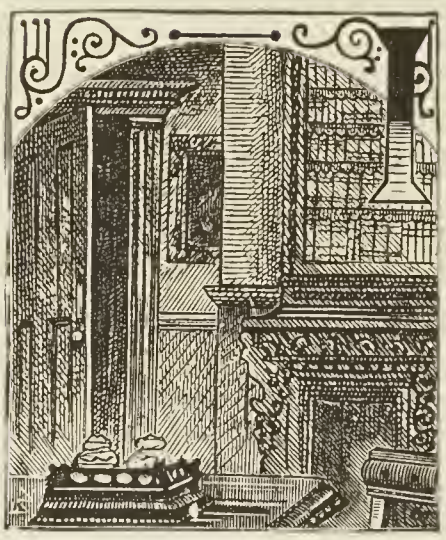
The representation of M. Lacroix's "Roi Lear" was much approved. The arduous character of Lear was personated by M. Beauvallet with admirable art. Terrible in the scenes of madness, the actor was most pathetic when he bent over the body of the murdered Cordelia. "Un seul mot, le 'Qu'est-ce que tu dis?' simplement murmuré à l'oreille de cette morte qu'il croit entendre encore parler, vaut tous les grands éclats du monde." The actor was finely "made up," with long white beard and hair flowing about his shoulders. As the madman Edgar, M. Taillade greatly distinguished himself. His appearance in the scene of the storm, "en haillons, demi-nu, pauvre fou poursuivi par ses terreurs," thrilled the house. The effect was prodigious. Of Kent and Gloucester, MM. Paul Deshayes and Laute were excellent representatives.

As Cordelia, Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt played charmingly, proving herself indeed "cette gracieuse et harmonieuse femme" of whom Lear said—

> Her voice was ever soft,
> Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

RARE OLD MEMORIES.

By W. Miller.



I AM an old playgoer, and some of my theatrical experiences have been of rather an exceptional character. I have been present at some very amusing "first appearances;" I have formed one of a party of four in a private box —the fourth being a Bengal tiger! and I was one of the audience at the Astor Place Opera House on the night of the "Macready Riot" in New York, on which occasion twenty-two persons lost their lives. Of this last occurrence, however, I do not propose to speak here, a description of it, from my pen, having already appeared elsewhere.

My earliest recollections of the drama date so far back as 1836. At that period, and for several years thereafter, I was a resident of New York, and I purpose confining myself in this paper to narrating my experiences as a playgoer in that city. It could then boast of but three theatres: the Park, the Bowery, and the Franklin; the latter a little bandbox of a place scarcely so large as the Royalty. Both the Bowery and the Franklin were situated on the east side of the town, and occupied about the same relative position as regards the Park that the city and transpontine theatres here do towards those of the West-end. Indeed, then and for some time afterwards, the Park rather contemptuously ignored the existence of the other houses, its play-bills being simply headed "The Theatre," without any further title. Nor was it altogether without some show of reason that the Park arrogated to itself this pre-eminence, for it was at that day the only theatre frequented by the better class of citizens; and on its boards had appeared, without exception, all the great English actors who had crossed the Atlantic, amongst whom may be enumerated Cooper, Conway, Cooke, the elder Kean, Booth, Mathews, and Power.

The theatres of that day differed widely, and for the worse, from those of the present time; indeed, the improvement, both before and behind the curtain, in the American and English houses has been most marked during the last quarter of a century. The Park was, in fact, in all respects an example of what a theatre should—not be. It was ugly, dirty, gloomy, inconvenient, and ill-lighted. Ventilation in those days was an almost unknown science, and during the summer months the audiences suffered severely from the heat. In the winter, on the other

hand, as no provision was made for warming the building, the cold was sometimes intense. The Indian punkahs; the currents of air, cooled by being passed through a refrigerator, circulated through the house; the admirable system of warming, when necessary, every part of the edifice by means of hot-air or steam-pipes, were alike unknown. It was not until a much later period, when the Park had long ceased to exist, that the theatres of New York became, what they now are, the most comfortable in the world.

The stage appointments, too, closely resembled those of the London theatres of the time, and miserable enough they were. The arrangement of the scenery, in particular, was very ill-contrived—little or no improvement having been made in this respect, notwithstanding the great advance in the mechanical arts since the days of Garrick, a period of upwards of seventy years. Not only were the admirable set-scenes, elaborately built up, with which for some years past the playgoer has been familiar, wanting, but, whatsoever the place represented, the plan on which the stage was "set" was pretty nearly the same; the side scenes, or "wings" as they are technically termed, being invariably placed at intervals of six or eight feet apart, so that a distressed heroine might frequently be seen rushing from one side of the stage to the other, seeking vainly to escape from a spot, it was ridiculously palpable to the spectator, there was no obstacle to her leaving whenever she pleased. A carpeted floor was a luxury never indulged in, and the furniture was usually of the most beggarly description—a table, a sofa, and a couple of chairs being considered amply sufficient for any apartment in the palace of the richest noble. One thing, too, used to have a very odd appearance; when the play happened to be a tragedy, in those scenes in which any of the characters were to be killed, pieces of green baize were laid on different parts of the stage for the actors to fall upon, so as to save their dresses from injury.

These deficiencies were, however, not altogether the fault of the manager, but were partly the result of the plan on which the dramatists of a former generation construeted their plays. When the scene had to be changed six, eight, or even ten times in a single act, it was not of course to be expected that the mise-en-scène should be as complete as it now is. Still, making every allowance for the difficulties which had to be contended with, it must, I conceive, be admitted that much that might have been done to give completeness to the representation was neglected.

But to return from this digression. I recollect, shortly after my arrival in New York, being taken as a child to see Miss Ellen Tree (afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean) as Viola, Desdemona, and Beatrice; and, somewhat later, Mr. Macready in several Shakespearean characters —amongst others, Macbeth.* Little did I then dream under what peculiarly painful circumstances I should, many years afterwards, witness his performance of that part for the last time in America.

* It was in this play that Mr. Macready appeared at the Astor Place Opera House, on May 10th, 1849, when the terrible riot previously referred to in this paper occurred.

One of my theatrical experiences about this time was of rather an exceptional character, a party of three in a stage-box on one occasion being very nearly rendered a parti carré by the addition to our number of a—tiger! It occurred in this way. In the year 1836 or 1837—I cannot, at this interval of time, recollect which—a man of the name of Carter arrived in New York with a troupe of wild beasts, which he had trained after the manner of Van Amburgh. He was engaged at the Bowery Theatre, and made his appearance in a piece written expressly for the purpose of affording him an opportunity of displaying the really very extraordinary mastery he had obtained over the brutes. The play itself was utter trash, and the man no actor whatever; the only feature of interest being the feats he performed with some of the animals. Among others he was drawn across the stage in a species of triumphal car, to which two lions were harnessed. Highly-coloured bills, representing him in the act of doing so, were posted about the streets. One of these attracted my attention, and, boylike, nothing would satisfy me until I was taken to see the piece which had excited my curiosity. One night, therefore, my father, having secured a private box, took me and one of my schoolfellows, a lad about the same age as myself, to the Bowery.

In one scene, Carter, who played the part of a shepherd, was supposed to be lying on the ground asleep. A tiger springs upon him from a tree; he grapples fiercely with the brute, and after a desperate struggle succeeds in mastering it. Of course a performance of this character, in which a wild beast enjoys the free range of the stage, would not at any period have been permitted in this country, nor, in all probability, would it now be allowed in any American city; but at that time the authorities were not so particular. Unfortunately, on the night in question, Carter, in some way or other, failed to obtain a hold of the tiger, as usual, after it had made the leap. The animal, bewildered by having lost its cue, as it were, ran down to the footlights, glared for a moment at the audience in the pit, almost frightening the musicians in the orchestra out of their senses, and then, when its master followed and attempted to seize him, rushed to one side of the house and began to climb up into the box in which I sat, which was at an elevation of some eight or ten feet above the stage. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued; some women fainted, others shrieked aloud, and soon the whole house was in an uproar. Both my young companion and myself were very much terrified, and even my father, a man of considerable nerve, turned perceptibly pale. He, however, caught up one of the heavy chairs on which we had been seated, and stood prepared to hurl it at the tiger so soon as it should reach the level of the box. It quickly did so; and I saw with horror its head projecting over the balustrade, when the chair descended with such force upon its skull as to cause it to give a roar of pain and partly release its hold. At the same moment Carter, who had by this time recovered his presence of mind, snatched up his long shepherd's staff, and with the spiked end of it prodded the beast so sharply in the lower part of the body, that it fell back on to the stage

growling with rage. Carter then seized it by the throat, and notwithstanding its struggles, dragged it from the footlights. The temper of the brute was however thoroughly roused, and had it been an older and more powerful animal, the issue might have been different. As it was, for a few moments it was doubtful whether Carter would be successful in mastering it. He did so, nevertheless, and then dragged the tiger off the stage, and after a brief interval the performance was resumed.

I have been present at the débuts of many performers, male and female, some of whom subsequently attained no mean rank in their profession. I well remember the first time Patti sang at the Academy of Music in New York. She appeared unheralded, and almost unnoticed, by the press; and those who heard her, although they perceived that she possessed a voice of exceptional purity, little dreamt that she was destined, hereafter, to occupy the position as a singer she now holds.

I was one of the audience on the first night "Our American Cousin" was played at Laura Keene's Theatre. Mr. J. Jefferson, of Rip Van Winkle fame, was the Asa Trenchard, and his delineation of the Yankee was most admirable. In his hands the character was a fair unexaggerated type of the native of New England—cool, clear-headed, brave, warm-hearted, but ignorant of the conventionalities of society; and it was accepted as a faithful portrait by those who had the original constantly before their eyes. The part of Lord Dundreary, which subsequently became the principal feature of the piece, was entrusted to the late Mr. Sothern, and in his performance of it there was, during the first few evenings after the play had been brought out, but little promise of that rich vein of humour he afterwards developed. In fact, during the run of the piece at Laura Keene's Theatre, although the rôle of Lord Dundreary became gradually a more and more prominent one, Asa Trenchard still remained, as the author had intended, the most important character. It was not, indeed, until the production of "Our American Cousin" at the Haymarket, that Mr. Sothern put forth all his powers, rendering Dundreary one of the most original as well as one of the most amusing delineations of an individual idiosyncrasy ever presented on the stage.

Some of the "first appearances on any stage" I have witnessed have been of anything but a successful character. I remember one, indeed, in which the débutant was particularly unfortunate in his essay, although he afforded no little amusement to the audience. About the year 1846, during that part of the summer when the Park Theatre was usually closed, poor Simpson, the lessee, on one occasion let it for a few nights, just after the regular season had terminated, to a stage-struck youth with more money than brains, who was desirous of "strutting his brief hour upon the stage." He made his first, and, as it proved, his last appearance as Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons." Even had the young man in question been a tolerably fair actor, he would have experienced but a grudging support from the members of the regular company, who regarded him with that species of contempt which, in

every art or science, the professional is apt to feel for the amateur. But he was so atrociously bad that he neither deserved nor received the slightest consideration from any one of the performers, with the exception of the lady who played Pauline, who really seemed to feel some compassion for him. An actor of the name of Bass—the Colonel Damas of the evening—in particular, made the poor fellow appear as ridiculous as possible. In the fencing scene, before three passes had been made on either side, Bass twisted the foil out of the hand of his adversary—who scarcely knew carte from tierce—and sent it flying several feet from him. Claude picked up his weapon and resumed the encounter. A second time the result was the same. On the third occasion Bass permitted himself to be disarmed in the usual way. Taking Claude by the arm, he advanced to the footlights, and, winking one eye at the audience, said, as the text requires: "Young man, you fence exceedingly well." He uttered these words in a tone which convulsed the house with laughter, and not a little confused the individual to whom they were addressed. Throughout the performance the amateur would persist in pronouncing Damas, "Dammer," which, on one occasion, in the fifth act, had a decidedly ludicrous effect. Claude should say to the Colonel: "I loved her, did I not, Damas?" But, in this instance, the peculiarity of his pronunciation made it appear as though he had exclaimed "D——n her!" and Bass said, sotto voce, but in a tone quite audible to every one in the pit: "Well, if you did, you need not swear about it." The laugh that followed must have been anything but grateful to the ears of the unlucky aspirant for histrionic honours, who, although he went through with the rest of the performance, did not venture to again appear before the public during the remainder of the term for which he had engaged the theatre.

And here I must add a word in praise of the conduct of the audience on this occasion; not a single hiss, or other manifestation of disapproval, being heard throughout the evening. It is true the spectators laughed every now and again—and who could help it?—but otherwise they listened in silence. The public would not be found so tolerant to incapacity in this country; and, in fact, an audience in any place of amusement in London never hesitates to express its sentiments pretty freely. But the Americans seem to consider, with Lovelace, that "to manifest dislike to a performance by tumultuous disapprobation is in bad taste," and seldom if ever do so. The only occasions on which I have known a New York audience to hiss have been those very rare ones when an actor has been guilty of some breach of decorum, and then he has been dealt with pretty sharply.

In concluding these desultory reminiscences I may say that, although it is an especial characteristic of old playgoers to be laudatores temporis acti, yet I am free to confess that both the English and American theatres of the present time are a vast improvement upon those of my younger days; and, as regards the acting, it will, for grace, delicacy, and fidelity to nature, challenge comparison with that of any previous period in the history of the stage.

FALSTAFF IN A FIX.

By Arthur Sketchley.

"I WISH you'd play Falstaff for us!" said an elderly lady at whose house I was drinking tea many thousand miles beyond the bills of mortality.

"Play Falstaff!" I exclaimed; "impossible!"

"Why, you have done so. We read about it in the London papers," said Mr. McTab, a worthy Scot, and devoted to the immortal bard, from whose works he was, as I understood, in the habit of giving readings, his accent giving a particularly fine effect to the play of "Macbeth."

"Oh yes," I replied, "I played a selection from 'Henry the Fourth,' but I could not expect to find anyone here to support me."

"Oh dear, yes! our amateurs would do so."

"I should hardly think they would care to take the trouble to get it up," I observed, "as most likely none of them are familiar with the play."

"Oh," said Mr. McTab, in a lofty tone, "our amateurs are quite equal to anything. They are much better than many professionals. You should see them play 'Caste' and 'Still Waters.'"

I said: "No doubt; but Shakespeare?"

"Oh, they've played 'Claude Melnotte,' 'Money,' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' so I am sure they would feel quite equal to anything."

I was equally certain that they would, for I never knew anything approach the courage of amateurs except the endurance of their audiences.

"Come," said McTab, "you must play it, just to oblige us all. I remember seeing Dowton when I was a schoolboy in Edinburgh; and then I saw Elliston about fifty years ago, just before I came out here; and the last play I ever saw in England was 'Black-eyed Susan,' at the Surrey. I cried like a child, and my mother went into hysterics. I was a great playgoer in my youth."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bellamy, "I remember Miss O'Neil, as Mrs. Haller, made me quite ill, though I was only fifteen; and that's nearly sixty years ago. I went with an uncle of mine who had written a play himself. So do play Falstaff, just to remind me of the old country. I should so like to see it once more."

I was not certain whether she meant she should like to see me as Falstaff, or the old country once more; so I said: "If it would give you any pleasure."

"Oh, he will!" burst out a chorus of ladies.

"How awfully kind! Won't it be jolly?" said the young ones.

"It will afford us the highest gratification," said their elders.

I must admit I had a sneaking sort of desire to appear as Falstaff; and as I had received great kindness from those around me, I thought I would gratify them in this particular. Whether it was generous of me to so requite their kindness, I cannot say.

I smiled again, and then said: "I should be happy, but I fear there

will be no time. I am leaving this to-morrow, and shall return for one night only."

"Why not fix that night?" said McTab.

"No time for rehearsal," I urged, in a deprecatory tone.

"You are, of course, perfect," was the reply to this objection; "and I'll undertake to drill the others. Leave it to me; I'll guarantee that our amateurs are up to their work."

"Well, then," I said, "I'll agree to appear, if nothing should occur to prevent my doing so."

Every one present was most enthusiastic about Shakespeare, though some were foggy about his plays, especially one elderly lady who was very deaf, to whom I had to explain about Sir John and the Prince of Wales.

"Ah!" she said, "he was a sad dog. I've heard my mother say how handsome he was, and very nearly had his head chopped off for marrying a Roman Catholic, which used to be high treason, and was a very great beauty, and no doubt his lawful wife, and tried to get into Westminster Abbey to be crowned with him. I can just remember it, because my father lived in Westminster, and was sent out to Botany Bay the year that he died."

I said: "Indeed!" not being quite sure what I ought to say, as I did not know under what circumstances her father had been sent out to that once famed colony; though I learnt subsequently that he had been a military man and deputy-governor of some part of Australia.

Others were equally foggy about the fat knight. One thought he was a character in "The Tempest"; another remembered to have read about his being so fat that he was called ironically Master Slender; whilst one very old gentleman said he had heard of someone who played the part without stuffing.

I said: "Oh yes—Stephen Kemble."

"No, no; not a Kemble. He was not editor of 'Punch.'"

I said: "No; you mean Mark Lemon, only a very few years ago."

"Oh, you're quite wrong; it was when my mother was quite a girl."

Feeling all chance of arranging dates or persons under such circumstances to be hopeless, I lapsed into silence.

When Mr. Bellamy—a sound Shakespearean—came in to tea (it was at his house the scene I have been describing was laid), he was delighted to hear that I was going to play what he termed, with justice, the greatest of Shakespeare's comic creations. He also remembered having seen a Falstaff played without stuffing when he was twelve years old. I presume he was speaking of his own age, not Falstaff's, in which case I could cap him, for I was taken when seven years old to see Fanny Kelly (still alive) play in "The Sergeant's Wife," and perfectly remember all her scenes.

The day following this conversation, I went off up-country, and had been away ten days when I got a letter stating that everyone was looking forward to my return. Then came a telegram: "Will you play Falstaff on the 23rd?"—the day I had fixed to be back, and which I had

hoped to have passed with my friends. I telegraphed back: "Too short notice." Then came another wire, as Colonials call telegrams: "Have announced you for the 23rd." I did not know the name of the sender of this last message, but felt that I was committed both to my friends and the public. With considerable misgiving I resolved to accept the position, so I wrote at once full and ample instructions and directions as to rehearsals, dresses, etc., and found on my arrival at the scene of action, a week after my letter, that nothing had been done beyond securing the theatre and placarding the walls of the town with bills about "Old Jack Falstaff, the Fat Knight." I moreover ascertained that McTab had been in bed with gout from almost the day of my departure, and was now barely convalescent, and that law business had called Mr. Bellamy elsewhere. I was moreover informed that the application for tickets had been so great that the theatre had been secured. I interviewed Prince Hal: he could not rehearse, he said; nor could his colleagues, all being too fully engaged till seven o'clock in the evening. His royal highness was confident that all would be right. I visited the theatre, and, seeing the style of its occupants, a strolling company, I returned to charge the Prince and all concerned in our performance to have an eye to the money-boxes and beware the strollers, of whom I had already had some experience.

My own immediate friends, with admirable skill and marvellous expedition, got me up a dress, with the exception of trunks, a pair of which, ample in width, had been shown me at the theatre in the afternoon, and I thought they would do. In the evening I went by seven o'clock to the theatre, and was shown into a filthy room; one broken chair and fragment of looking-glass, no preparation for washing. Trunks produced, not a button or any sort of fastening attached to them. I appealed in vain to the door-keeper. I saw nothing of any of the amateurs, though, as I subsequently learnt, they had taken possession of the only dressing-room, and also, on seeing them, observed that they had provided themselves with really good dresses. What was I to do? No one knew or cared. I found that I had made a mistake and fallen among cads. My friend, who assisted me in my toilette, neither buttons nor tailor being obtainable, sewed my trunks to my camisole, as I fondly hoped, quite firmly.

There was a crowded house, a capital audience. I soon discovered that the Prince not only knew the text imperfectly, but was utterly incapable of delivering what he did know. He was weak in his aspirates; and as to the other amateurs, they knew nothing of the play. Dame Quickly was cleverly impersonated by one who appeared to be an undersized Hebrew youth, but was in reality an elderly Jew, without front teeth, and consequently in speaking spat in my face so perseveringly that I was almost compelled to use my shield as a protection. He was, however, the only one of the party possessing any idea of acting. Bardolph, a professional specially engaged, who, being in liquor and having never played or even rehearsed the part, went off after the tavern scene, to reappear no more. The whole thing was simply disgraceful, and reflects the highest discredit on all who took part in it,

including myself. The audience behaved admirably. I went through my part to the best of my ability under the circumstances, disturbed at times by sundry crackings and slippings of my costume. I hardly remember what I did in the way of acting, but somehow contrived to keep myself together till the battle scene, wherein the Prince and Poins walked on arm-in-arm to a wrong cue, and then amused themselves, as far as I could make out, by engaging in a fencing bout, during which I, finding no one coming to knock me down, discreetly stretched myself on the stage whilst the Prince, Poins having walked off, addressed himself to the audience with a promise that he would see them embowelled by-and-by, and then withdrew. I then rose by degrees, that is three times, bobbing down again each time for fear of being detected alive, and as I did so, each time the sewing which attached my trunks gave way, till at last, when I did sit up to make the speech: "Counterfeit, I am no counterfeit," I found that I was nearly trunkless! What was to be done? I succeeded with difficulty in getting hold of one of Hotspur's feet —his body having appeared by some mysterious agency on the scene—and in so doing I brought down the whole "bascless fabric" of my nether garments. My situation was most critical, and rendered more painful by the old charwoman of the theatre approaching the wing and saying: "You're all undone, so don't move, or they'll see you." What to do I knew not. I could not sit on the stage till the audience had withdrawn, or the curtain had come down at last. By a superhuman effort I gathered myself into a bunch and got on to my feet and made a bow, ignoring the presence of the Prince and Poins, who of course were on again, and so the curtain fell, leaving an impression on my mind never to be effaced of the kindness of the audience, especially that of the local press, in which I was most generously spoken of; besides the praises undeserved bestowed on my performance by those friends, and they were many, who really thoroughly understood the author. As to the amateurs, I have no word but contempt for them, both as men and actors, excepting always the small Hebrew, who has a capital idea of acting, only he must have his teeth attended to. My caution regarding the money-boxes having been, as I heard afterwards, totally ignored, the strollers who had the theatre got possession of the receipts, which were consequently absorbed. Of course the whole blame rests entirely with me, and I hope that my kind friends will accept as an excuse—temporary imbecility.

A Stage-struck Youth.—A foolish stage-struck youth ran away from his friends, and got among a most miserable set of strollers. A relation after a time discovered him just as he was going on the stage in "King Richard," and after reading him a severe lecture on his folly and disobedience, received an answer suitable to the assumed dignity of the stage monarch. To this he answered: "These are fine and lofty words, no doubt, but it's a great pity you can't buy a better pair of shoes." The actor, looking at his toes, which were staring him in the face, exclaimed: "Shoes, oh sir, are things we kings don't stand upon."

Poem for Recitation.

NINA LA FIORAJA.*

A Neapolitan Story.

YOU may meet me each day on the "Chiaia,"
The "Toledo," and at the "Europe":
I'm Nina! Nina la Fioraja,
And I'm quite as well known as the Pope.

Take a flower? "How much?" I don't ask it,
But I wait, with a smile on my face;
And if a coin drop in my basket,
I take it; and where's the disgrace?

All Naples knows Nina. I bring them
Sweet flow'rs that they cherish and prize;
In their laps, on their tables I fling them,
To gladden their noses and eyes.

There are eight of us—hungry, forsaken,
For God took our màmma away,
And father to battle was taken,
And died, like a soldier, one day.

I'm the eldest. There's Pépé—he's lazy—
Caterina, Giuglelmo, and Rose,
And Bianca—she's white as a daisy—
And the twins, in their tight swaddling-clothes.

When Pépé ain't lazy, he fishes;
The rest beg—at three they begin;
All Naples bestows its good wishes,
And, sometimes, a coin or two in.

You're English? I know it, and love you;
One like you said he'd make me his wife.
He swore it by Heaven above you;
He didn't. So I took his life!

"His name!" He was called William Marneaux,
The son of an English Milord.
"Did he love me?" I thought so; but, ah no!
'Twas a fair English maid he adored.

* This story was written expressly for Miss Cowen, and has been frequently recited by that lady.

He was handsome; had lands and had treasure;
  To Naples one winter he came;
He painted, but only for pleasure;
  We paint, sir, for glory and fame.

I sat to him; daily he studied;
  I loved him much more than my life.
Southern girls are quick-hearted, hot-blooded. . . .
  He swore that he'd make me his wife.

* * * * *

A year passed, as lovely as flowers,
  I was happy from night time till morn;
I sang and I danced through the hours
  Till our little bambino was born.

Then he seemed to grow colder and colder,
  At Capri he'd pass many days;
I was sad, but a mother grows bolder,
  Though she still love the man who betrays.

So I asked him, one day on the mountain,
  When he'd make his child's mother his wife?
He dabbled his hand in the fountain,
  And said: "He was weary of life!

"That he loved me, but never could wed me,
  For his father, the arrogant earl,
If, as wife, to the altar he led me,
  Would curse him!" The cowardly churl!

I left him. He tried to detain me
  I went to our cottage and cried.
I prayed unto God to sustain me—
  And I would that that night I had died.

Next morning a friend came and told me
  That William was going away,
But wished once again to behold me.
  I said "Yes"—for what else could I say?

* * * * *

The moon lit up, softly and brightly,
  Our barca, ourselves, and the Bay.
He told me—his voice trembling slightly—
  He was going to England next day.

He was leaving our Naples—the sunny—
  Some cold Northern maiden to wed.
I loved him! He offered me money,
  But I flung it back at his head.

Then a passionate fury came o'er me,
  For I saw, as I sat in the boat,
The sad life and sorrow before me,
  Then I rose, and I sprang at his throat.

I drew forth my knife, and I slew him;
  Overboard when his body I'd thrown—
He sank, for the knife had gone through him—
  I rowed back to Naples alone.

* * * * *

When I lie on my bed in the night time,
  I think of the light on his face;
I think of our happy and bright time,
  But I think of my shame and disgrace.

They tried me: the kind-hearted jury,
  Said that he'd worked the ruin of me;
That a crime done in passion and fury
  Was no crime, so they let me go free!

You may meet me each day on the "Chiaia"
  The "Toledo," and at the "Europe:"
I'm Nina! Nina la Fioraja,
  And I'm quite as well known as the Pope.

Sydney Montagu Samuel.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SADLER'S WELLS.

I HAD but a faint idea, when rapturously looking at a picture, in Hone's "Everyday Book," of Sadler's Wells Theatre some forty years ago—I was then but ten years of age—that in after years it would become one of the greenest spots in my memory; one of the happiest associations in connection with my boyhood; one of the dearest remembrances of my early manhood. The illustration now before me—for I still retain possession of the cherished book—as may easily be imagined, presents a widely different view of the Sadler's Wells Theatre of more than half a century ago to the present structure. The New River, peacefully winding its course by the side, the row of trees—willows I should imagine—gracefully overhanging the same, and the fisherman with his rod and line, completing the idea of all that may be imagined in connection with a country theatre; and even thirty years since, or perhaps less, the New

River, running onward through Duncan Terrace, yet remained open, and the row of houses, in close proximity to the old "stage-door," were erected more recently still.

My first appearance at the old house as one of the audience was at the age of twelve, and the appearance of Carter, the Lion King, was the entertainment that delighted my youthful mind; and, having once smelt the gas—or I should perhaps say orange-peel, for the latter article has ever been associated in my mind with "Pit and Pantomime"—I was naturally, in my boyish ardour, anxious to revisit again the glimpses of the footlights.

If my first visit enthralled me with delight, how shall I describe my feelings on the second, when I witnessed a thrilling melodrama, called "The Old Blue Lion in Gray's Inn Lane; or, Death on the Tavern Stairs:" and I think, if my memory serves me rightly, Henry Marston was the hero of the same—at any rate, after this lapse of time, it is his voice that seems to ring in my ears when I recall to my mind the ominous warning:

> Beware, oh beware, of the seventh stair!
> For danger and death lie lurking there!

My third visit in no way diminished the love I had formed for theatricals (and which to this day I retain, though in no way connected with the profession), the bill on that occasion being "Oliver Twist"—a pretty certain dish to please a lad—with R. Honnor as Fagan, Mrs. Honnor as Oliver, and B. O. Conquest as Bumble; a representation not to be laughed at even in these days, and which to me seemed perfection.

Harking back a few years I come to a period—to a never-to-be-forgotten period—when I saw Samuel Phelps. I went with my father to see "Pizarro." I was still too young, or considered so, to go alone; and that was I then thought, and do so still, the first real acting I had seen. Marston was the Alonzo; G. Bennett, Pizarro; Mrs. Warner, Elvira; and Miss Cooper, Cora; and, if anything had been wanting to complete my determination to become an actor, Mr. Phelps as Rolla settled it. From that moment, in the inmost recesses of my heart, I made up my mind to adopt the stage as a profession. It may be I should have committed no serious error of judgment had I done so, more especially when I think of subsequent essays at Pym's old private theatre —now I believe a chapel—in Gray's Inn, presided over in those days by a man named Marr, not so straight in his legs as was desirable for an interpreter of Hamlet, a character he essayed on several occasions, and I believe considered it the best since the days of Kemble. I was at that period closely associated with men who have since attained great eminence in their profession, and who warmly eulogised my earlier and more subsequent attempts.

I now come to a time of the dear old home of Shakespeare, when I can hardly be deemed accountable for my actions, inasmuch as I was over head and ears in love—in love with an actress, and in such a despondent state of mind did I actually get, that for a time I abandoned my amateur pursuits, only, however, to be redoubled with greater

vigour when I thought it might be the means of furthering the one great object I then had—of ultimately marrying the aforesaid actress. "Romeo and Juliet" was the tragedy, with Creswick as Romeo—how I did envy that man!—and Miss Laura Addison as Juliet; Mrs. Marston, Nurse; and in giving a portion of the cast—I was seventeen then—I reveal the object of my affections. Were I to wander over the countless happy nights I have spent within its walls; of the planned appointments made over our dinners in the city, with others almost as enthusiastic as myself; of never missing a benefit of Phelps'; or regarding being away on a first night of anything as little short of crime; or were I to wade through the vast number of plays and the still greater number of times I had witnessed them, I could certainly fill a fair-sized one-volume narrative: suffice to say, that I saw every play that was produced under the Phelps and Greenwood régime, many of them dozens of times, and, I think I might fearlessly assert, some a hundred.

My constant attendance at the "Wells" for fifteen years enables me briefly to enumerate a few of the characters in which Mr. Phelps excelled, and in the majority of which representations, if equalled, he could scarcely have been surpassed: Othello, Shylock, Justice Shallow, Malvolio, Christopher Sly, Timon of Athens, Falstaff, Richelieu, Virginius, Tell, Werner, Romont ("Fatal Dowry"), Calaynos, Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Bertuccio ("Fool's Revenge"), Thorold ("Blot on the Escutcheon"), Garcia, Sir Giles Overreach, Mr. Oakley, Lord Townley ("Provoked Husband"), Luke ("City Madam"), Sir Peter Teazle, Dr. Cantwell ("Hypocrite"), Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Mephistopheles, Bottom, Manfred, King Jamie, and Lear.

I have said the first character I saw Phelps in was Rolla, and the last, at Sadler's Wells, was Dick Stubbs, in "Doing for the Best;" the last time of all, at the Princess's, as Sir Peter Teazle, with Mrs. C. Young (Mrs. H. Vezin) as Lady Teazle, Walter Lacy and Anderson being also in the cast.

The happiest portion of my early life was spent at Sadler's Wells, and how well do I remember my father's words in reply to my mother's reproach, about going there two or three times a-week spending money: "Better spend his time and money there than at billiards or in a public house."

I may mention a little incident occurring some twenty-seven years ago. "John Savile of Haysted" was being performed, and during a most interesting portion of the play an alarm of fire was given, when an immediate rush took place to the doors. I, however, made a bound into the orchestra, followed by a crowd of others that, like myself, were in that vicinity, and clutching hold of the footlights have good occasion to remember the result. After some time Mr. Phelps assured the few remaining and bewildered people there was no danger to be apprehended—a gas-pipe in the gallery was the cause; and one by one the majority of the audience returned, but owing to many of the instruments being broken, had to submit to witnessing the pantomime which followed—without music.—G. L. C.

PARIS AT THE PLAY.

THE rehearsals of the long-postponed "Tribut de Zamorra" at the Paris Opera were, as a good many rehearsals are, a good deal more amusing than the performances. The vast half-lighted horseshoe of the new Opera is not eminently mirth-inspiring, as scene; but Gounod is so amusing as player! Jerky and angular of movement as the Marionettes, whose Funeral March is famous, the maëstro at his conductor's desk leads not only the orchestra, but the company, the manager, the privileged auditors, even to the scene-shifters. In a shabby shooting-jacket and the inevitable skull-cap the composer was all an operatic troop in himself, sketching a gracious gesture for the soprano, and giving the baritone his idea of military deportment. This with an almost continuous murmur of song, and an occasional plunge at the piano when a particularly tough morsel or morceau required elucidation. There is a legend in the orchestra that Gounod has been known to twirl round on one toe in order to show Mdlle. Sangalli what a real pirouette should be; but for all the gentle jocularities the maëstro is well loved by musicians and singers, who repeatedly rose and rapturously applauded him during the rehearsal last month. And the Grand Opera orchestra is a body of gentlemen who are supposed to be capable of oratorios down to the big drum.

The "Folies-Bergères"—dear to 'Arry on his travels, dear, too, to a better class of Parisians who might set 'Arry a better example—the "Folies" has been affording us an edifying instance of the peculiar ways in which Republicanism controls the theatres. There are several things in the ordinary audience, as well as in the ordinary performances of the Montmartre music-hall, that might be looked after by the authorities with advantage. The latest liveliest ballet, "Odeurs et Parfums," is not as improving as it might be; but all the harm the Prefecture can see in it is that four constables are made to figure in it in correct uniform. In the chief scene of the ballet or pantomime they disturb a supper-party feasting in the illegal small hours at a Boulevard "finish," gravely pocket the champagne and foie gras pies with which they are bombarded, and end by joining in the inebriate cancan themselves. This the Prefecture will not tolerate, and it has solemnly reminded theatrical managers of all the public functionaries who must not be produced on the stage in uniform. You may produce a deputy, an ambassador (not a foreign one), but not an academician or a prefect. No minister of any religion ought to be made to walk the boards, but to this rule exceptions are tacitly allowed; and monks, though not nuns, may be freely used for dramatic purposes. Soldiers in uniform must never be presented in any evil or ridiculous light, the practice being much more lax where sailors are concerned. A fireman may also be legitimately caricatured; and a sapper satirised is not held to sap the bases of society.

Those same bases are not exactly shaken by the formidable fact that Théodore de Banville has left the "National;" but if you polled all that Paris that stretches from the Madeleine to the Faubourg Montmartre, you would find an imposing majority regarded the event as infinitely more important than the assassination of a Czar or the coercion of a Land League. The poet of the "Odes Funambulesques" has filled the critic's fauteuil of the "National" rather more than twelve years—an eternity in a land where newspapers last no longer than soap-bubbles, and critics, after three seasons, blossom into ambassadors or ministers of agriculture. For a number of inextricably complicated reasons the management of the Gaité has been systematically offending the dignity of M. Hector Passard, editor of the "National." It was a journalistic-theatrical feud, which culminated in this atrocious outrage: the managers sent only two stalls for the first performance of "Lucrèce Borgia." Journalistic flesh and blood could not bear it; and straightway M. de Banville was requested to take no notice of the Gaité. But the critic had his professional dignity too; and solemnly declared that while he held a feuilleton he could not consent to ignore a piece of Victor Hugo's (Hugo was his proposer at the Société des Gens de Lettres, forty years ago!), so he resigned his post.

This little storm in an ink-bottle has had one good effect in drawing general attention to the subject of the relations existing between the press and the stage. These are, in pretty diplomatic parlance, not unfrequently "strained." Theatres are persuaded that they could do without newspapers; and newspapers are convinced that without the benediction of printers' ink, a company of stars with a playwright from heaven could scarcely secure long runs. And, prejudiced camaraderie of the mere scribe apart, a recital of the French journalist's debtor-and-creditor account with the managers is calculated to make most people take his part. Look what he does for the manager: to begin with, he advertises his theatre every day gratuitously—the programmes on the last page of French journals being never, under any circumstances, paid for. Then from a column to two columns daily is devoted to gossip and pleasantries, nearly all of which relate to different theatres, which they consequently advertise. Every dramatic novelty is elaborately noticed by a regular critic, and in addition there appears two or three times a-week in most journals humorous sketches of the chief theatrical question of the moment. Moreover all secrétaires de direction expect the newspapers to insert any correction, announcement, or explanation they may wish to make public. In return for this the manager, for every first performance, sends two stalls for the critic, two stalls for the fantaisiste, and occasionally a box for the editor or manager; that is all. If a journalist requires more he must take the risk of a "paper" hunt like anybody else; the regular service de la presse consists of four, or even three, stalls for every new piece, and these are not always given graciously. Boycotting between theatres and newspapers in Paris is a common practice. One journal steadfastly

refuses to notice the Palais Royal; another will have nothing to do with any theatre where Victor Koning may reign. On the other side, the impresarii of the Patti-Nicolini operas roughly refused to give more than a stall apiece to the principal newspapers. But the end of all such struggles must be that the newspapers, having least to lose, inflict the greater injury.

Two of the most conspicuous successes of recent weeks in Paris are antipodean contrasts, in respect to their moral plans and purposes. "Le Parisien"—it is a startling fact that the title has never before been used—is a clerk, sent to Marseilles to hurry a consignment of oranges, and made, out of malice, to bear the reputation of a man utterly insensible to feminine fascinations. Misled by his supposed character, his Marseilles friends are comically anxious to confide their wives to his frigid surveillance. The father of the girl he aspires to marry declines to give his daughter to a man without passions; but, half doubting, invents a series of experiments—which may be imagined—to put the Parisian's insensibility to proof. It being demonstrated that the Parisian has been anything but insensible to the charms of a housemaid, everything is deemed satisfactory, and the marriage takes place. This is a very mild version of the real story, which is crammed with coarse, but, sooth to say, irresistible humour. Brasseur and Berthelier, as the Marseilles merchants, provoke the mirth that wets one's eyes and wrings one's diaphragm.

The very title of the second play is antithetical: after the "Parisien," "L'Esclave du Devoir!" But the remote Château d'Eau theatre has patrons of a type almost unknown to the giddy Nouveautés—plump and plain retail shopkeepers, middle-aged artisans with money in the funds, and a five-franc piece to spare for an occasional lapin sauté at the restaurant and a modest seat at the theatre afterwards. Them M. Valnay has presented with a comedy severely moral enough to rejoice the susceptible soul of the Trappist brother Paul Féval. M. Valnay is a general-utility actor of old experience, whose name will be familiar to English playgoers as that of the associate of M. Pitron in the management of French companies in London; and, like most comedians' comedies, his "Esclave du Devoir" is somewhat over-stagey. Of course there is a husband, a wife, and a lover, but here all three are thoroughly estimable personages. Lover and husband are dear friends—mechanicians and inventors, who are about to enter into partnership, when, finding that he loves and is loved by his colleague's wife, the "slave of duty" voluntarily exiles himself. The husband, a theorist, half ruins himself, albeit he has invented a new motory wheel, which can be instantly stopped; and finally appeals to his friend, who returns and restores credit to the enterprise. But the husband discovers that a secret interview has taken place between his wife and his friend, challenges the latter, but, to avoid all scandal, insists on the antagonists drawing lots to determine who shall give himself up to be crushed by a machine

from which the newly-invented curb shall have been—accidentally—abstracted. If the wife enters the room first her husband is saved; if her sister precedes her, the friend wins. He wins in effect; but as the husband is about to throw himself into the jaws of the iron minotaur, hurling a bar of iron at the machine he stops and breaks it. Finally, he espouses his friend's sister-in-law, in order to restore peace to the household. The situations are coarsely but strongly drawn, and the play should do well in an English dress. The factory scene is a realistic representation of the great ironworks of the Rue Oberkampf, the proprietor of which, M. Lecouteux, obligingly coached the artist.

The "Noces d'Argent" is the burlesque Odyssey of a matron endeavouring to persuade an inconstant husband to celebrate their silver wedding by a practical return to the old love. The piece is indescribable in detail in decent English, but again one must make the sorry confession that it is intensely funny. M. and Mdme. Montrouge —not unlike a Parisian Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews—deliver their double meanings with an arch art that is infinitely amusing.

Your conventional British critic has an unconquerable contempt for bricks without straw; but a strawless wife is now and then a joy for a minute, simply quâ strawless. The volume, "Idylles Parisiennes," which a young critic, Paul Ginistry, has just published at Paul Ollendorf's, is a capital example of such brick-making. The collection skims a multitude of theatrical subjects, and is, moreover, graced by an etching by Blanche Pierson, whose skill as a limner deserves nearly all the eulogies the universal Sal volatile gets. Take this sonnet on the "Ouvreuse," that familiarest feature of French theatrical interiors:

Pink-capped, black-aproned, dressed in green or blue,
  Unmoved by comic quip or tragic crime,
  If she thinks, thinking only of the time,
She knits in corridors the trite act through.
Let virtue win, or heroes, in the mime,
  Perish because they win not where they woo,
  She recks not, so the clocks go; in her view
Plays soonest played are always most sublime.
  Perchance a novice with a louis lays
In her dry hand notes full of frantic flights
For some lean nymph in cherry-coloured tights,
  Or long-held, but at last unthrown bouquets;
And then she half dreams in her partial sleep
Of days when flowers were given her to keep!

Sarah Bernhardt and Blanche Pierson do not by any means exhaust the list of actresses who have made a chief recreation, or, sometimes, a second profession of the plastic arts. Jeanne Granier, the merry prima donna of the Renaissance, is possessed of a passion for drawing, and

covers her letters with fantastic figures of hobgoblindom; Céline Montaland is a landscape painter of excellent taste and not a little originality; Cécile Bernier, of the Châtelet, is prized, ay, and paid, as a flower-painter by people who never saw her play; the petulant Mdlle. Piccolo, of the Nouveautés, affects a harmless sphere of art, but in it she is supreme—her instrument is a camera obscura!

The gala performance given for the benefit of Dacier, the famous old singer of Paul Dupont's songs, produced a little less than thirty thousand francs. The committee of management wished to buy an annuity with the money; but, justifying the popular idea of the improvidence of his profession, the ancient tenor has insisted on the sum being placed in his hands in order, as he audaciously declares, that he may squander it as he pleases.

The two Coquelins and Dieudonné (the inimitable comic) are about to take a troop of their own through all the northern capitals, beginning at The Hague, and, it is seriously asserted, finishing at Iceland! No British city is in the itinerary.

The assassination of Alexander II. was an opportunity that could hardly escape the Barnums of the Boulevards. At the funeral service at the Russian church of the Rue Daru, M. Marais appeared in his costume as Michel Strogoff the courier. He was deeply indignant when the authorities refused to allow the ceremony to be a vehicle for theatrical advertisements. The next day the management declared that the entire company should appear in military mourning until the State burial of the Czar had taken place. Madame Patti's public notice of the tragedy was in better taste. In the third act of the "Traviata" she wore on her left wrist a superb bracelet, conspicuously set in which is a portrait of the late Emperor. The trinket was a present of Alexander II., and, in wearing it, the diva simply followed a romantic Russian custom, which ordains that on hearing of a friend's death one shall carry about with one some relic of the departed.

There are few very noticeable new pieces in Paris. Trifles, like the "Klephte," an airy act based on a matrimonial quarrel arising out of a wife's declaration that she cannot bear the word "klephte," which her husband has just read in some verses of Victor Hugo's; the "Sleeping Car," the tone and plot of which may be imagined; the "Couronne Nuptiale," a title that is equally suggestive; and "Le Parisien." These are the small successes of the fleeting hour. "Mon Deputé" is the fleeting hour's one failure. All anticipations are centred in Coppée's "Mdme. de Maintenon," which is announced as a historical study as well as a poetic drama.—Evelyn Jerrold.

Our Play-Box.

"PEGGY."

A New and Original Drama, by Joseph Mackay.
First produced, Royalty Theatre, Monday, Feb. 14th, 1881.

Peggy	Miss Kate Lawler.	Mrs. Cadworm ...	Miss Ruth Francis.
Granny O'Flanigan	Miss Harriet Coveney.	General Pentycost ...	Mr. S. Dallas.
Miss Amelia Pentycost	Miss Amy Crawford.	Lord Ronald Scowry...	Mr. Kelcey.
Mrs. Duffy... ...	Miss F. Lavender.	Jemmy Johnson ...	Master Lock.
Lady Honoria ...	Miss B. Young.	McNab	Mr. E. T. Stanley.
Lady Letitia ...	Miss De Couvigne.	Smith	Mr. H. Marshall.
Mrs. Brucciani ...	Miss St. Clare.	Bedford...	Mr. Martell.
Betsy Byrne ...	Miss Sylvia Grey.	Beppo Spartolotti ...	Mr. Frank Cooper.
		Dr. Ulysses Molloy ...	Mr. E. Righton.

Members of the S.S.O.O., etc. ... Messrs. Franklin, Carpenter, Gresham, etc.

There is true nature in this clever little play, a thorough absence of stale conventionality, and at least one character singularly well drawn. If it had been written in the French language it would have been lauded to the skies as something very wonderful indeed, and quoted perhaps as an example of the great superiority of French dramatists, it would have been translated and adapted and had its very heart cut out of it in order to suit the assumed tastes of an audience; but being the thoughtful original work of an English dramatist it is passed over as merely pretty but sad. The story is simple but sorrowful enough. A waif of the streets, brought up in a London alley near Saffron Hill, has fallen in love with one of those handsome Italian scoundrels who wheel about the piano-organs. The love of Peggy for this unscrupulous rascal is no ordinary caprice, it is one of these maddened absorbing passions, the kind of soul delivery and abandonment that so often falls to the lot of bad men. People who know nothing of the world will be inclined to quarrel with this notion, and say that Italian organ-grinders do not inspire grand passions, and that all this is an exaggerated romance of the kitchen. Then all I can say is that they know nothing about the class and are ignorant of important facts well known to the police. A few years ago I was called upon to interview an Italian organ-grinding colony at Hammersmith, and there my eyes were opened to a scene of horrible depravity. These Roman-clad maidens who go about the streets are wretched servant-girls who have been attracted by the dark eyes of the foreigners, and who give up everything, modesty, respectability, and parents, to live in a fiendish pandemonium and to become the abject slaves of their disreputable taskmasters. By them they are taught to steal and made to beg, and when their attractions fade they are cast aside with insolent indifference. But the women love these men all the same, and that is Mr. Mackay's point.

Peggy is just such a sweet confiding creature, and her day-dream of unquestioning love is disturbed by the fact that somebody discovers she is well-born and well-bred, and must come away from savagery to civilisation. They take her away to home and comforts, to flower-gardens and Brussels carpets, to refinement and affectionate guardians, but the dreary child pines for her dark-eyed lover who has absorbed her very existence. Knowing that the girl has money the ruffian robs her, and having thrown her away like a dead weed, he marries a flashy brazen-faced proprietress of a public-house, and pale-faced Peggy dies of a broken heart. A sadder story cannot be

conceived, and yet it is absolutely true to life and human nature. It is strange how women profess to detest this little play, and why? Because it is stamped with the hall mark of truth, and exhibits in strong colours the weakness of women. They say, who would be such a fool as to love a man like that? who would give up comforts and affection for such a villain? who would die of a broken heart for a scamp? Why, a woman would, and women daily do such things; only they hate to confess it, and are angry when it is known. The Balzac-like severity of the satire would have been incomplete had not Mr. Mackay drawn the Italian Beppo Spartolotti in all the crude and cruel horror of his nature. Every line, every feature, every dirty spot in the man's mean soul is photographed; nothing is spared; and, luckily, the author has met with a young actor—Mr. Frank Cooper—who thoroughly understands and appreciates the author's design. We talk sometimes in a loose and glib way about character-acting, but seldom find anything so good as this. It is more than acting, it is personation. Mr. Cooper becomes the "persona," and does not, like some other silly actors, turn up his nose because the part is disagreeable. What does it matter to art whether the man is disagreeable or not? He is a type, and that is sufficient. If actors always want to be loved and petted by the ladies in front then there is an end of art. Paradoxical as it may sound, I verily believe that secretly, in their hearts, the women like the determined devilish nature of the man when it is shown so truthfully. Peggy loved him and she was a woman. The Peggies who watch the play are women also. The part of the simple-hearted heroine is acted with great feeling and nature by Miss Kate Lawler, who is admirably versatile and thoroughly in earnest with her work.—C. S.

"TOM PINCH."

A New Comedy, in Three Acts, adapted from Charles Dickens's Novel of "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Joseph Dilley and Lewis Clifton.

First produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, Thursday, March 10th, 1881.

Seth Pecksniff ...	Mr. William Farren.	Tom Pinch... ...	Mr. Thomas Thorne.
Martin Chuzzlewit ...	Mr. John Maclean.	Mary Graham ...	Miss Kate Bishop.
John Westlock ...	Mr. J. R. Crauford.	Charity	Miss Sophie Larkin.
Mark Tapley	Mr. W. Lestocq.	Mercy	Miss Cicely Richards.
Martin Chuzzlewit, jun.	Mr. J. G. Grahame.	Ruth...	Miss Lydia Cowell.
		Jane	Miss E. Palmer.

The famous novel of "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Charles Dickens, and as popular as any in the immortal series, has been dramatised times out of number. There was the famous version at the Lyceum in 1844, then under the management of the Keeleys, when Mrs. Keeley was inimitable as the boy Baily. Mr. Keeley was, of course, Sairey Gamp, Frank Matthews was Pecksniff, and Emery, Jonas Chuzzlewit; but I have often heard my friend E. L. Blanchard declare that one of the most wonderful bits of acting on this occasion was by an actor up to that time unknown to fame. He played Nadgett, and gave a marvellous bit of pantomime with his legs, and he was none other than Mr. H. J. Turner, the old Strand favourite, for whom Mr. H. J. Byron so kindly got up a benefit the other day. Another version was produced in 1844, at the Strand, when the parts of Pecksniff and Sairey Gamp were doubled by an actor called Hall; but about those plays I am not myself entitled to speak, seeing that I was only three years old, and had not much power of discrimination between good and bad. But we all remember the version in which John Clarke—by-the-way, how soon John Clarke has been forgotten, his name is never heard now—was so fond

of playing the gin-drinking old nurse. The broadest of low comedy and the wildest of pantomime were the main objects of these earlier dramas, but in the present instance an attempt has been made to take the sentimental side of the story in connection with the house of Pecksniff and the unerring faithfulness of poor Tom Pinch. We do not even catch a glimpse of Todgers or Baily; Jonas Chuzzlewit does not appear, and Chevy Slyme is not heard of.

Mr. Thomas Thorne finds a congenial character in the simple-minded pure-hearted pupil, who lives a dreamy existence, and is suddenly awakened from his reverie to find that his old master is a contemptible scoundrel. Those whose views are so superficial that they consider nothing is dramatic except it is noisy, have asserted that the connection of Tom Pinch with the story is undramatic. They say it is dramatic when old Martin Chuzzlewit knocks down Pecksniff, but that Tom Pinch is pleasant, sympathetic, but undramatic. This is to take a strange view of the requirements of the drama. It seems to me that the scenes where the scales fall from Tom's eyes and he discovers the true character of Pecksniff; where the poor heart-broken fellow leaves the home he had considered as his own; where the sweet-voiced dove-like little sister finds out the one sad secret of her brother's life; and where young Martin unworthily suspects an honourable friend of dishonour, are essentially dramatic, far more so, in fact, than the bluster of young Martin in the first act, or the humiliation of Pecksniff in the last. And Mr. Thorne invests them all with very pretty pathos; his gentleness is never sickly, his sentiment never maudlin. The real Tom Pinch cannot exactly exist in the mind of the spectator without those interludes of description, as he sits at the church organ and breathes out his pure heart to the music, for they are the gems of the book. But such as Tom Pinch can be made he is made by a very pleasant and popular actor. It is the most difficult thing in the world to tone down on the stage that which is an intentional caricature in the book. We know Pecksniff as a caricature and probably should not like him if he became a human being. So Mr. Farren caricatures him still, to the delight of the audience, and makes the pictures of Phiz speak, move, and breathe. Nothing can be better, more thoughtful, or more true, than the old Martin Chuzzlewit of Mr. John Maclean; and the stage has not recently seen two prettier cabinet pictures than Miss Kate Bishop as Mary Graham, and Miss Lydia Cowell as Ruth Pinch. I hope they will put on their old-fashioned charming dresses and go off at once to be photographed by Messrs. Lock and Whitfield, in order that they may charm the readers of The Theatre as much as they fascinate the lucky audiences at the Vaudeville. Now they cannot say that I have not asked them to oblige us, can they?—C. S.

Miss Helen Barry opened for a short season the Imperial Theatre on March 14th, giving performances both morning and evening. At the former "Led Astray" was presented, a piece in which she played her original character of the Countess Armande de Chandoce with considerable force and effect. She was well supported by Messrs. Barnes, St. Maur, Garthorne, Proctor, and Weathersby, and Mdlles. Daly, Millar, Abington, Duvernay, and Hilyer. In the evening, Mr. Cheltnam's comedy, "A Lesson in Love," was given, Miss Barry playing the Widow with much spirit. A new comedietta by Mr. Savile Clarke was also produced for the first time at the evening performance.

"MICHAEL STROGOFF."

A Drama in a Prologue and Five Acts, written by D'Ennery and Jules Verne. The English Version by Mr. H. J. Byron.
First produced, Adelphi Theatre, Monday, March 14th, 1881.

Michael Strogoff ..	Mr. Charles Warner.	Tartar Chief ..	Mr. R. H. Lingham.
Ivan Ogareff ..	Mr. James Fernandez.	Officer	Mr. W. H. Perrette.
Governor of Moscow	Mr. J. A. Rosier.	1st Traveller ..	Mr. R. M. Archer.
General Kiezoff ..	Mr. T. A. Palmer.	1st Fugitive ..	Mr. Barkly.
Aide-de-camp ..	Mr. E. Blandford.	A Gipsy	Mr. Ives.
John Blunt	Mr. Henry J. Byron.	The Grand Duke ..	Mr. A. H. Warren.
M. Jollivet	Mr. F. W. Irish.	General Verouzoff..	Mr. Robinson.
Feofar	Mr. Howard Russell.	Aide-de-camp ..	Mr. E. West.
Chief of Police ..	Mr. M. Byrnes.	Olga Strogoff ..	Mrs. Hermann Vezin.
An Innkeeper ..	Mr. H. Proctor.	Sangarre	Mrs. Bernard-Beere.
Passport Agent ..	Mr. G. H. Jones.	Nadia Fedor ..	Miss Gerard.
Telegraph Clerk ..	Mr. E. J. Henley.	Fugitives, Travellers, Tartars, Gipsies, etc.	

Prologue.
MICHAEL STROGOFF'S MISSION.
Scene—The Palace of the Governor of Moscow.
Interlude—Grand Ballet. Principal Danseuse, Mdlle. Zanfretta.
Act 1. Ivan Ogareff's Treachery. Scene—Post-house on the Frontier.
Act 2. Mother and Son. Scene—Telegraph Office by the Battle Field of Kolyvan.
Act 3. Michael Strogoff's Doom.
Scene 1—Ivan Ogareff's Tent. Scene 2—Tartar Camp.
Grand Procession and Reception of Feofar, Emir of Bokhara..
Act 4. Through Fire and Water.
Scene 1—The Banks of the Angara. Scene 2—Partial Destruction of Irkoutsk.
Act 5. The 24th of September. Scene—At the Grand Duke's Palace.

Seriously, if this is a play in its best, most legitimate, and accepted sense, I wonder how the actors like it. Let me put it broadly: Are the actors and actresses becoming of the first importance or the last? What went ye out for to see, you changeable, fantastic, and altogether incomprehensible public? The horses of Mr. Sanger, the infinitely funny trained jackass who was so enamoured of the footlights that he had to be torn off at the wing by the snout, or the art feeling and melodramatic power of Mr. Charles Warner? Which conquer most, the quaint witticisms of Mr. H. J. Byron, or the superb scenic illusions of Mr. Beverley? Which were heard most, cries of passion, accents of love, wails of despair, sympathetic heart-beats, or the popping of innumerable pistols, the exploding of countless mines, and the firing of many rifles? Frankly, who conquered in the end, the scene-painter or the actor, the property-man or the actress, the manufacturer of mechanical effects or the creator of character? This is becoming a very serious question, and it will not do to shirk it now. Remember, I am not blaming anybody or cavilling at the inevitable. A manager is human like the rest of us; he has his business to attend to, his books to balance, his way to make in the world, his debtor and creditor account to adjust, and, mark my words, if he finds that the ballet and processions arranged by Mr. J. Cormack, the dresses designed by M. Wilhelm and executed by Mrs. E. May, the mechanical effects by Mr. Edward Charker, the properties by Mr. F. Burdett, and the horses provided by Messrs. Sanger pay better than the best actors and actresses that the combined dramatic profession can give, then most assuredly the acting art will be compelled, as the Americans say, to take a "back seat." I suppose we have all, at one time or another, seen a panorama exhibited, to which a description is appended, delivered with appropriate action by a gentleman in evening clothes armed with a lengthy wand. The panorama is the feature of the entertainment and costs a great deal of money; the gentleman with the dress-coat and the wand is essential, but comparatively cheap. The

A quiet corner.
The British Museum
Art Students.
M. Smythson.
del.

one is paramount, the other is subordinate. Now I have heard that actors and actresses in these days make a vast amount of money, that the profession was never so well paid, that the acquired incomes are incredible; but following the ordinary rules of demand and supply, how long this state of things will last when the dramatic artists are in the position of the lecturer describing the panorama, I am not prepared to say. I should say a very short time indeed, for I cannot believe it possible that Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. Henry J. Byron, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Mrs. Bernard Beere, or Miss Gerard conceive that they were never so well or so profitably employed as when they are speaking the text sufficient to render intelligible a series of superb tableaux more imposing, perhaps, than the stage has ever seen.

Believe me when I declare that this question is at any rate ripe for discussion. Time was when scenic illusion illustrated the dramatic action; nowadays the action explains the scenery. These two strong forces have fought and grappled together, and scenery has conquered. The designer of the architraves and the pediments is getting a far more important person than the elocutionist and the actor; the man who can build up a Temple of Artemis, with its countless columns and changing fancies of light and shade, the dressmaker, and the lime-light man, to put it coarsely, actually pay better than the poet highly honoured by a nation; and it is a sign of the times, though I doubt if it is a good sign for art, when I hear it said, "splendidly put on the stage," "superbly mounted," "absolutely realistic," or "illusion complete," and then afterwards trickles out a little faint praise, a small sop in the pan, a trifling tribute of homage for the artists who have personated the characters and discussed the words that should be the first consideration and not the last.

I shall be told, perhaps, that it was always so, and it will be thrust down my throat that the greatest actors of every age were, in their artistic capacity, boldly resisting the check of their superiority and endeavouring to discover the golden mean whereby scenery and acting might go hand in hand. In our own time Macready and Charles Kean were roundly abused for their ultra devotion to the development of archæological accuracy and scenic art. But, dear me! matters have grown apace since Macready and Charles Kean faded sadly from our sight. Has the history of scene-painting ever given us anything like the majesty of the Artemisian Temple in "The Cup"? Has the intellect of Mr. Beverley, amidst his greatest triumphs, ever conceived anything to compare in effect with the battle picture in "Michael Strogoff"? Respectfully I may be permitted to doubt it. But then I hear in anticipation certain expressions of careless comfort, remarking that it is useless to be too serious, that serious critics are a nuisance, that after all it is only at the Adelphi, and that this is the traditional house of melodrama and spectacle, that there never was a time when the eye was not considered before the mind in what are called sensation-pieces. I venture to dispute it altogether. There never was such a house for human sentiment, for honesty of feeling, or for depth of tears as the Adelphi. What are "The Green Bushes," "The Flowers of the Forest," and all the dear old dramas, but plays of strong, noble humanity, made attractive by their admirable but subordinate illustration? "The Colleen Bawn" was a sensation-piece, but what a tender, loving, pure, and human story! "Leah" was a sensation-piece, but it was the sentiment of sympathy with a forlorn outcast that attracted, and not the direful thunderstorm, or the pretty churchyard. "Arrah-na-Pogue" was a sensation-piece, but what man or woman was not the better in heart

or feeling from watching the movement of the story, and scenting afar off the poetry that emanated from it? "Proof" was a sensation-piece if you like, but we think of the convict and not of his surroundings. In all these cases the acting is paramount; the scenery is an accessory.

Honestly and sincerely I was surprised, astonished, and delighted with what my eyes saw at the Adelphi; but never for one instant was my mind exercised, my pulse stirred, or my heart touched. I was kept in a state of jumping excitement, as if I were watching fireworks at the Crystal Palace or witnessing a sham-fight. I longed to indulge in an "Oh!" as crowds do when rockets go up and explode into detonating balls and cascades. I was fevered and stimulated, but scarcely satisfied, for I knew, as everyone must know, when the curtain rose that Michael Strogoff would arrive at the end of his journey, and I will own that the scene with the excellent young gentleman and his mother bored me not a little. What, in fact, did I see? A splendidly-arranged ballet, with countless processions of dancers, and the costliest dresses, that seemed as if it had been imported from the Alhambra, and had positively nothing whatever to do with the action concerned; an innocent man's face lashed with a whip, a villain driving across the stage with great difficulty with a horse and carriage, and a low comedian astride a marvellously funny donkey; a telegraph-office blown into the air, and a tableau of a battlefield, which looks like a picture in "The Illustrated London News" highly coloured and brought into bas-relief by a powerful stereoscope: a superb scene of a Tartar camp in which I should like to have seen Mr. Warner and Mr. Fernandez acting the grand dramatic scene of father and son in Matthew Arnold's poem of "Sohrab and Rustum," instead of knouting one another and burning one another's eyes out; the old dramatic effect of the comic man coming up at the exact moment to kill the murderers of a defenceless old woman: a consumption of powder that would have done credit to Dr. Carver or Mr. Scott; the burning of a beleaguered city for no dramatic purpose whatever, and finally a dagger fight which gave occasion for a serious accident to Mr. Warner's hand, and was one of the most legitimately exciting moments of the evening. The last act is altogether the best from the point of view of dramatic as opposed to scenic art.

If criticism is only concerned in the lavish and successful expenditure of money, then all has been said that need be said. But I could have wished more. For the talent of Mr. Warner, Mr. Fernandez, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, I have the highest appreciation. I have seen them do things worthy of their distinguished reputations. To say so now would be unwarrantable flattery. What they have to do they accomplish remarkably well; but they are subordinate in a scenic show of this kind, and they must know it. Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Miss Gerard are at a period of their career when they are willing and anxious to work and show the brave stuff that is in them; but was there ever such brick-making without straw as here? It does not do to talk of acting with such characters. As to Mr. H. J. Byron, he has done his work remarkably well, far better than many people know or will care to acknowledge. A play of this kind, with revolting scenes in the original opposed to English tastes and with an unsympathetic comic interest, might have failed ignominiously and completely. The danger was cleverly got over, and a comic interest has been supplied that no other man could have given it. Besides Mr. Toole, no other actor but Mr. Byron could have assured the success of such scenes—for both of them are so popular that they can do anything. In a word, though I think that the scenery made the success of the play,

there was one man, and one man alone, who put his hand into the fire and saved it from failure, and that was Mr. H. J. Byron. A play of this kind could not have been better done, but I deplore the public taste that demands it.—C. S.

"A LYRICAL LOVER."

New and Original Comedietta, in One Act, by H. Savile Clarke.
First produced at the Imperial Theatre, March 14th, 1881.

Alice Fane (an heiress)	Miss Ethel Hope.
Frank Greville (a poet)	Mr. E. B. Norman

"A Lyrical Lover" has a simple plot which turns on a misunderstanding that arises between two young people. The lady believes the poet to be a young man from the City, and he in turn fancies that she is a sort of Miss Kilmansegg, whereas she is very romantic and an ardent admirer of a book of poems which he has published anonymously. She accidentally reads a paragraph of literary gossip which tells her who he is, and in revenge she chaffs the sensitive poet till he flies off in a rage. She charms him back, however, and then he in turn discovers that she had found out who he was, and turns the tables on her by proposing to her as the incarnation of all prosaic virtues, a lady who "would make the butcher's life a burden to him." At last a reconciliation takes place, the young man makes love in earnest, and we are left with the understanding that the young lady will accept "A Lyrical Lover." The little piece was very brightly and intelligently played by Miss Ethel Hope and Mr. Norman, and their exertions were thoroughly successful. The action of the piece takes place in a drawing-room, and "A Lyrical Lover" should be invaluable to amateurs on the look-out for a new duologue, as well as an acceptable lever de rideau for the theatre.

Our Book-Shelf.

"Nell, On and Off the Stage." By B. H. Buxton. London: Tinsley Brothers.

In Mrs. Buxton's latest novel, "Nell, On and Off the Stage," she takes her readers once again into the world to which she introduced them in a former work, and establishes still more firmly the reputation already gained by "Jennie of the Prince's."

The characters and subjects of which she treats are not new, but they have so frequently been exaggerated and misrepresented by the novelists that a writer who is thoroughly familiar with the one, and draws the other from nature with skill and fidelity, gives to her work an original charm. The life of an actress, on and off the stage, has a fascination for most people, and the readers who follow Nell through the experiences and difficulties with which these volumes will make them familiar, may feel assured that in Mrs. Buxton's charming heroine they have no mere fancy sketch, but a real character, as true to life as an actual portrait. It is impossible not to sympathise with Nell, as, from within and from without, at home and on the stage, troubles and anxieties surround her, each in turn to be met and overcome by her gentle strength of character and firm integrity of

purpose. She is equally admirable in her home-life, made difficult by the well-meant interference of her weak-minded loving mother; and in her professional life, whose inevitable trials are augmented by bitter personal experiences, for a time inextricably mingled with it.

Nor is the heroine the only character which the reader will feel to be true to the life. In Miss Eliot it is not difficult to recognise a portrait drawn with loving care from a well-known original, and in Rosamond and Jack Clifford the authoress has given two admirable creations. The contrast between Nell—actress by profession, true and tender by nature—and Rosamond, who acts a part while seeming to live her own life, is very effective; and Clifford—the accomplished male flirt, blown hither and thither by the fickle winds of fancy—is made interesting, in spite of the repulsion naturally felt towards such a character.

How Nell's lovers, young and old, melt away to give place to the lover who is really worthy of her, must be left for the readers of her story to discover for themselves. Though in these volumes we only follow her history for three short months, and her career is but beginning at the last page, Mrs. Buxton has contrived to make Nell so attractive that we part from her with regret; and the assurance that the woman is "happy, prosperous, and successful," scarcely reconciles us to the disappearance of the girl, in whose existence we come to believe as we read her story in these interesting volumes.

A. Kipling.

Our Omnibus-Box.

I AM surprised occasionally to find with what persistent ridicule amateur actors are treated by many who imagine they are serving the cause of dramatic art by so doing. Trade journals devoted to the drama think it necessary, as part and parcel of their existence, to abuse amateurs, and to criticise their entertainments with every form of scurrility and vulgarity of which the English language is capable. An amateur is a red rag to the critical bull of a theatrical newspaper; and though lavish praise can be bestowed on the inanities, coarseness, double-meaning and hideous depravities that are occasionally the outcome of our music-halls, there is nothing but abuse of the most unsparing kind for the amateur actor. And yet, according to my poor experience, these gentlemen are as a rule the most devoted and constant playgoers, invariably earnest in the cause of dramatic art, and far more tolerant as critics than those who lash them so severely.

It is doubtless true that the practice and experience that even amateur acting gives exaggerate the importance of the amateur actor; and I have, in common with others, heard many silly things said by those who strut and fume upon the unprofessional stage. But who does not say silly things at some period or other of his existence? And I should be surprised to learn that, if the whole dramatic profession were canvassed, no actor or actress would be found who had not started their career by acting as an amateur. I could put my finger on dozens who first appeared in the glow of the footlights on private stages, and gradually gained the confidence and experience necessary for a regular professional life. By those who are

earnest and love the art, the amateur stage or club is the stepping-stone to the regular theatre. And it is well that it should be so; for though an amateur actor is never destitute of a certain conceit, still the practice of acting, in whatever sphere, knocks the conceit out of the unduly-ambitious and over-arrogant. For my own part, I wish the amateur well, and shall encourage everything, to the best of my ability, that tends to apply intelligence and culture to the consideration of the stage and its many branches. Amateurs who have honest aspirations, and who love acting as an art, shall not be neglected in The Theatre, which professes to do its best for art in the bud as well as in the blossom. When we have such enemies to encounter as ignorance, want of education, conceit, bad taste, and ill-breeding on the part of those who profess the stage, I consider that the amateurs, who as a rule are educated and intelligent, are as necessary as auxiliary forces to art as are volunteers to the regulars.

Scarcely a month passes that I do not receive earnest and pathetic letters from young people of either sex, imploring me to tell them what they are to do in order to get on the stage. They have no friends or advisers; they seem to have a call for the dramatic profession, a secret passion for the footlights, and hunger for notoriety; and they have an idea that it is as easy to take up acting as to make entries in a merchant's ledger. Unfortunately I have no time to answer all these requests as fully and completely as I should desire; and as yet we have no academy of art to which students can be attached. Energy, aspiration, and natural craving for distinction in a particular line of life should never be roughly checked; and failing the old stock companies at provincial theatres, which if they did not give polish, at any rate contributed experience, I should be inclined to recommend a preliminary practice with some amateur club, a few lessons from an experienced actor, and then a career round the country with a travelling company, no matter in what insignificant capacity, just to live in the stage world, to study, to work hard, to understudy, and to wait for the opportunity which always comes to those who are determined to get on. To the man who means to be an actor "there's no such word as 'fail'," for some of our best artists were once sticks. Genius is a thing exceptional and apart; but many an industrious hard-working student has become a very respectable actor. The career of Charles Kemble is a case in point. He determined to conquer and he conquered. But why well-wishers of the stage, as they call themselves, and those who have done so much for the profession, as they confidently assert, should ridicule amateur societies when private acting clubs have given the stage its most accomplished artists, is a thing I never could understand. The memories of our oldest actors are true to their old loves in Catherine Street or Leicester Square, where ambitious amateurs could purchase parts and immortal fame for a few shillings. Times are changed; but St. George's Hall feeds histrionic ambition now in the same way that the "Sans Souci" and Smythson's did in the days gone by. We are a little more refined perhaps, but not a whit less in earnest.

Elocution is one of the great drawbacks. Young people who want to go upon the stage have never been read to properly; and they do not know how to read. The fault is not confined to amateur enthusiasts. How few actors there are on the stage who, if asked to take up a book, a play, a

poem, a stirring passage from Macaulay or Aytoun, could off-hand make an effect with it. The recent Shakespearean performances at the Princess's Theatre must have shocked Mr. Edwin Booth, for scarcely a member of the company had the faintest idea of the delivery of verse so as to show an appreciation of its balance and meaning. When Mr. Booth or Mr. Ryder spoke it was like a new language. If elocution, or at any rate reading, is now taught at our public schools as it ought to be, how the boys must have laughed at the cruel mutilation of Shakespeare.

The proper use of the voice is just as necessary for acting as for singing. Now no artist would attempt to sing a ballad at St. James's Hall without being taught to sing and to phrase. The audience would not for one moment tolerate the best voice in the world unless the singer had been taught how to use it. And yet actors and actresses instantly assume the characters of Shakespeare without understanding the meaning or expression of his verse. At an academy of dramatic art all this would be taught, in conjunction with deportment, fencing, the art of movement, and all the necessary appendages of an actor's calling. Failing such an academy, I would draw attention to a very complete treatise, written by Mr. Charles John Plumptre, called "King's College Lectures on Elocution," recently published by Trübner and Co. of Ludgate Hill. Mr. Plumptre is very well known as the Lecturer on Public Reading and Speaking at King's College in the Evening Classes Department, and I should have thought that many actors present or in the future could have stolen a few hours in order to get a practical illustration of Mr. Plumptre's system. The whole theory of elocution is in this book scientifically explained, and there are exhaustive remarks on the physiology and culture of voice and speech, as well as the expression of the emotions by language, countenance, and gesture. In fact the book is an elementary treatise on the art that most becomes an actor, and to it is appended a very interesting lecture on the causes and cure of impediments of speech. It is difficult, no doubt, to obtain a good practical result from reading a lecture instead of hearing it delivered, but those who are unable to attend Mr. Plumptre's lectures in public or in private cannot do better than obtain the book, in order to see that the difficult art of elocution, so despised nowadays, is essential to all public men, whether on the stage, in the pulpit, or on the platform. The eyes of actors and amateurs will be opened when they read what Mr. Plumptre has to say.

Mr. M. A. de Leine, an old personal friend of Lilian Adelaide Neilson, has written and published "A Memorial Sketch, Personal and Critical," (Newman and Co., Hart Street, Bloomsbury) of that gifted and much-regretted lady. I cannot find that it contains any new facts, and failing novelty it might have been well to have added as an appendix the best of the criticisms of the actress during her life, and the memoirs and verses suggested by her sad and untimely death. Apart from the personal popularity of this lost artist, she gave out from her nature beautiful thoughts to sympathetic writers, and this was an excellent opportunity of preserving them. But in this age that which is essentially literature becomes waste paper, and the result of culture and acquired taste is flung into the waste-paper basket. The best things that are written are not always contained in books. Some day some enthusiast will reprint the scrap-books.

A well-informed correspondent in "Society" writes as follows on the Irving and Booth combination. I thoroughly endorse all that is said of the malignant attempts made by a certain section of enthusiastic Americans in London to find a disagreeable and discreditable motive for any difference of opinion on the acting of Edwin Booth, and to assert that there ever was anything at any time to justify the statement that these two great artists were lacking in cordiality and good-fellowship. If the scurrilous articles that have constantly appeared in the American newspapers wanted any refutation, they receive it now in the most complete manner by the appearance of Henry Irving and Edwin Booth at the Lyceum Theatre, and in the play of "Othello":

"The engagement of Edwin Booth at the Lyceum Theatre in conjunction with Henry Irving is just the kindly, generous, and spirited act that might have been expected from an actor ever on the alert to do credit to his profession, and to contribute his share to the better understanding and appreciation of English dramatic art. I am delighted to hear of the combination, for art's sake; delighted to find that we shall have a play of Shakespeare so worthily represented; delighted to be able to give a proof, if indeed any were wanted, of the disinterested character and unselfishness of English-speaking actors. It has already been settled, and in a few months will be an accomplished fact, that Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, and Ellen Terry are to be in combination, and that the play chosen for this special occasion will be Shakespeare's 'Othello.' The tragedy will be specially mounted, and, following the precedent adopted when foreign stars visit our country, the Lyceum prices will be raised. You will find that stalls will cost a guinea, and dress-circle seats half-a-guinea, at the very least, when this art triumvirate appeals to the suffrages of the public. I don't myself think that any complaints will be made in that respect, for if society can afford to pay a guinea a seat to see Sarah Bernhardt, badly supported by indifferent French actors, it will do the same when Irving, Booth, and Ellen Terry appear in our own language in a Shakespearean play.

"When Edwin Booth arrived in this country, a foolish, weak, contemptible, and impotent attempt was made on the part of an ungenerous American faction to declare that Henry Irving was jealous of him. Nothing was further from the truth. Booth never believed it to be true, and Irving was guiltless of any such idea. The men were perfectly good friends; they met at the houses of mutual acquaintances, they interchanged the ordinary civilities and courtesies of life. But it satisfied the Americans in London to spread this cruel and unjustifiable falsehood. Not content with this, the same talkative and superficial Americans maligned and vilified the critics who did not bow down and grovel at the feet of Edwin Booth. This excellent actor from the first to the last has been treated with uniform kindness, consideration, and civility. He first appeared as Hamlet, and the performance was analysed with marked care and generous good feeling. I can quite understand the delicate and difficult position of such public writers as disagreed with Mr. Booth's conception. They honestly wanted to say all that they could for him, and they were as honestly treated with insults and contumely. The criticisms had scarcely been telegraphed over to New York before nearly the whole of the American press took to blackguarding—there is no other word for it—every gentleman who was not prepared to glorify Edwin Booth's Hamlet without stint, but who were

prepared and able to say that they disagreed with it, and to give their reason why.

"I have on my desk an article communicated to an American newspaper by an Anglo-American journalist, who mentioned all the English dramatic critics by name, and had the effrontery to state that the reason they did not praise Edwin Booth was that their attempts to blackmail him had been unsuccessful. It was the kind of thing such an anonymous scoundrel would have done in his own country, and he conceived such a thing was possible in this. This kind of stuff the American paper printed, libellous, mendacious, impudent stuff, that had not the shadow of foundation for it; and the Americans for a time believed it, until the successive criticisms, written in a fair, upright, and impartial spirit, gave the lie direct to such idle fabrications. Those men who wrote over and wired over those scandals to America never had the honesty to acknowledge their error. When the critics who had disagreed with the Hamlet admired the Richelieu, when the public writers who had nothing to say for the Othello had much to praise in the Iago, when the admirers of the Bertuccio were enthusiastic about the King Lear, these backbiters and slanderers, who asserted that Booth was not praised as Hamlet because he did not stand good dinners and symposia, had not the manliness to state that they had been as venomous as serpents. They coolly let the matter drop, and America confessed she had been deceived and misled by her reviling scribes.

"Time crept on, and that which I individually knew was ever on the cards grew to a head. Booth always wanted to play at Irving's theatre. He wrote to him and proposed it long ago, long before he arrived in this country. He offered Irving his own theatre in America if he might take Irving's theatre in London. Everything that courtesy and good feeling could do was done. But the time was not ripe. The hour was needed. Suddenly Edwin Booth bethought him that when he was turned out of the Princess's he would like a few matinées at the Lyceum. He proposed it to Henry Irving as a matter of business. But what did Irving do? He treated Booth as a friend. 'No,' said he, 'why should you waste your money on a series of unremunerative matinées at the Lyceum that may probably be misunderstood? Come to my theatre at night and play with me, and we will have such a combination as has not been seen for some time before.' So the matter was settled then and there, and I anticipate Henry Irving will by another stretch of courtesy play Iago to Mr. Booth's Othello directly the arrangements can be perfected. I need scarcely add that, though Irving has played Othello, and Booth acted both as Othello and Iago, Irving's Iago has never yet been seen. It is impossible to avoid the prophecy that it will be a very remarkable performance. I have dwelt at some length on the story of the combination, because so many falsehoods have been told about the matter that I am anxious they should be corrected at the earliest possible opportunity.

"Far from being unselfish, Irving is likely to be a loser and not a gainer by the transaction. The present programme would take the Lyceum well on to the end of the season without any extra expense, whereas the mounting of 'Othello' will cost considerably over a thousand pounds. I don't credit the rumour that 'Venice Preserved' will be played this season at any rate. We must wait for that. But my mouth positively waters for 'King Lear,' with Booth as Lear, Irving as Edgar, and Miss Terry as Cordelia. Ye heavens! what a Cordelia would not this Burne Jones-like young lady make! May I be there to enjoy the treat when it is fairly announced."

Mr. Tom Taylor's version of "The Vicar of Wakefield" was played by the Philothespian Club at their invitation performance at St. George's Hall, on March 5th, before a very large audience. "The Vicar of Wakefield" has the advantage, possessed by few of the pieces available for amateurs, of being comparatively fresh and unhackneyed. Unfortunately, it has little else to recommend it. It is a heavy and somewhat clumsy adaptation, and, on the occasion under notice, I heard it more than once described as "slow." It certainly dragged at times. Nor do I think the performers were to blame for this. Mr. Charles Myers, it is true, was somewhat overweighted with the part of Dr. Primrose; but, on the whole, the piece was well acted by a cast which included Messrs. A. O. Purkis, F. J. Lowe, W. L. and C. M. Hallward, W. S. Matthews, Harding Cox, and Marcus Davis; Mrs. Lennox Browne, Miss Helen Maude, Miss Hebe Barlow, Mrs. Walter Symons, Miss Zoe Bland, Miss Saunders, Miss Barlow, and the Misses Dora and Mabel Young. The most successful performances were those of Mr. A. O. Purkis as Moses, of Mr. W. S. Matthews as Ephraim Jenkinson, and of Miss Zoe Bland as Miss Skeggs. All three were really good, and deserved the applause they received. Miss Helen Maude, too, showed promise as Olivia. The piece was well put on the stage, and well stage-managed. Indeed, the Philothespians had done much to deserve success, and on a future occasion, when more fortunate in their choice of a piece, they are likely to be eminently successful.

The Bedford Park Amateur Dramatic Club gave, with much success, on the 26th February, a performance of "Checkmate," and of Mr. G. C. Herbert's "Our Bitterest Foe." In "Our Bitterest Foe" (a pretty one-act piece in which, it will be remembered, Mr. Emery and the late Mr. Montague played at the Globe), Captain Perceval Clark acted remarkably well as General von Rosenberg. "Checkmate" was well played all round by Mr. R. C. P. Gethin, Mr. Arthur Goldsmid, Mr. A. P. Sinanides, Mr. Fifoot, Mr. E. Godfree, Mr. Sealy Allin; Miss Dora Bevan, Mrs. Gethin, Mrs. Perceval Clark, and Miss Bevan. Mr. Gethin and Mr. Goldsmid were specially good and successful. The pieces had been rehearsed under the direction of Mr. Edward Hastings, of the Haymarket Theatre.

A performance of the "Pinafore," with the principal parts sustained by children, was given on March 7th, at the Lower Norwood Institute, under the direction of Miss Blanche Grey. It was chiefly remarkable for the cleverness displayed by Miss Edith Clinton as Josephine, and Miss Rose Clinton as Sir Joseph Porter. The music was often too much for their voices, but the acting of both, and especially of the former, was full of promise. Master Willie Granville sang "The Englishman" song very well indeed, and the whole company deserve praise for their rendering of the choruses.

Friends, amateurs, artists, and art-lovers were invited, on March 10th, to the Dilettante Club, to see a remarkably bright and pleasant operetta, called "Quid pro Quo," written by Rutland Barrington and Cunningham Bridgman; music by Wilfred Bendall. It was received with great favour by the audience at the Dilettante, and would be sure to succeed anywhere with the two characters in it sustained, as on that occasion, by

Mr. Barrington and Miss Emily Cross. Both were excellent, and Miss Cross's performance a surprise to most of those present, who had only seen her as the "piratical maid-of-all-work." The lady's part is the better of the two, and it was played with admirable ease, spirit, and humour. The "book" of "Quid pro Quo" is well written, and the music is pretty.

A correspondent sends me the following. It is a curious circumstance:

"What manuscripts, I wonder, now do duty at the Haymarket, as the plays in which Mr. Triplet so devoutly believes? I happen to know that, during the run of 'Masks and Faces' at the Prince of Wales's, they were represented by the original MSS. of two pieces. One of these had then been acted not long before; the other has been acted since. For a time after the production of the first, their author was inclined, like Mr. Triplet, to think that he was a 'dramatic gold mine.' In the interval, however, between the two revivals of 'Masks and Faces,' this delusion has been dispelled, and he has now come to the conclusion that neither he nor his pieces will, to borrow a word from Manager Rich, 'doo.' Mr. Bancroft himself did not know what he carried at the Prince of Wales's. To him the parcel was a 'property,' and nothing more. It is curious to reflect that about the pieces he unconsciously held in his hand there had been, perhaps, as much vain hoping and castle-building as about those of Mr. Triplet."

Mr. John Child, who has long been well known as a reader and reciter, and whose performances of Hamlet and Othello with the Irving Club have more recently attracted a good deal of attention, has joined the ranks of the profession, and will appear at the Gaiety in four matinées in May as Othello. Among those already engaged to support him are Miss Blanche Henri, who will play Desdemona; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Emilia; and Mr. F. H. Macklin, Cassio. Mr. R. Markby will be stage-manager.

To avoid misconception, I think it well to add that I believe the dates were fixed for Mr. Child's performances, and the play for his début decided on, before the announcement of Mr. Booth's engagement at the Lyceum.

The following kind and interesting letter comes from Boston in America:

"In the epitaph on Quin, given in The Theatre for February, there are two misprints, both in the last line, which are worth correcting. 'Conclusion' should be 'complexion,' and the line should be placed in inverted commas, as a quotation. The point of this last correction is this. No one has ever been able to trace the line,

To this complexion she must come at last,

to its original source. Many people, when asked, say 'Hamlet' with all confidence, although there is nothing in 'Hamlet' more like the line than the prose words, 'To this favour she must come.' Garrick's use of the line in quotation-marks proves it to be older than his day. The question of the origin of the line was one of a series of prize Notes and Queries published in 'The New York World' last year. I answered it by citing Quin's epitaph, and no one went farther back.—I am, sir, one of your many admiring readers in America, B. W."

Mr. W. Yardley's excellent essay this year on Pantomimes, published in our New Year's Number, has met with signal favour in many quarters. An enthusiastic correspondent, after praising it highly, writes as follows:

"Pantomime is divided into so many sections, each of which has its admirers, that the difficult point would be to settle what was the genuine Simon Pure. Exempli gratiâ: We have the style Grimaldian, now represented by the circus clown, with his songs and badinage: he has his admirers, but they are not playgoers. Then the style Deburawn, or mining pure and simple: exemplified nowadays in the person of Mr. Paul Martinetti. This is dumb show—facial, digital, and corporal gesticulation; a pleasing section, but has now and has always had but few exponents. The gesticulation required by a mime of this class is not merely that which would accompany the dialogue of the rôle he was impersonating if it were changed into a speaking character. By the dialogue-deliverer gesticulation is only used for emphasis; but by the mime it is adopted to express both dialogue and emphasis. The gesture of the mime and of the actor have therefore very little in common. Then there is the rollicking and boisterous true English style, of which Tom Matthews and Harry Boleno were past exponents. At the present day it has its representatives in Charles Lauri, Harry Payne, Tom Lovell, Fred Evans, and others. This, though apt to degenerate into buffoonery, is commendable. Lastly, there is the style mechanical and gymnastic, of which Mr. Conquest, sen., is the acknowledged head. The general adoption of every one of these styles would not please everybody. There would have to be a skilful blending of one or more of them, and I cannot think of a happier example or a more successful one than the case of the Hanlon-Lees. In them we have united the style Deburawn, the style mechanical and gymnastic, and the style boisterous and rollicking. The deserved popularity which they have attained everywhere makes me think that no better system could be lauded incessantly by those who long for better things by way of pantomime."

On a memorable Saturday evening (it was March 5th) I was present at the quaint little picturesque theatre on Richmond Green, to see an amateur performance in aid of the Richmond Hospital, and a new and original comedy by an actor well known to fame. The play was called "Yvonne," and it is written by none other than Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who adds to his conspicuous talent as an actor the pen of a very ready and accomplished writer. I will not say that this comedy of modern manners and continental society is without fault, but, like all plays arranged by actors, it is decidedly effective, and is written by one who can retain and give forth again his experiences. A very fashionable audience from all the surrounding country, extending from the Thames side at pretty Hampton to the romantic glades of Putney and Mortlake, assembled to assist at this memorable entertainment, and the only drawback was the incessant rain, that I fear found its way very rudely behind the stage and played havoc with the gentlemen's hats and the ladies' dresses. I certainly was not prepared to find so much care and finish bestowed upon a play destined to enjoy but the fickle favour of one night, but it was evidently a labour of love. Mrs. Robert Graham, who, by-the-way, was superbly dressed, undertook the difficult character of a young mother who has unwittingly destroyed the happiness of her child, by uniting her to a scandalous adventurer, and endeavouring to conceal the skeleton in the family cupboard when the daughter is honestly and warmly loved by an upright

gentleman. When the great dramatic situation came Mrs. Graham rose to the occasion, and was rewarded with applause from all parts of the courteous but critical house. The half-dreamy indifference of Mr. Trevenen in a subordinate character, the Irving-like changes from savagery to humour by Mr. Courtenay Thorpe as the revengeful villain, the refined serenity of Mr. C. J. Newcome as the handsome lover—a very promising piece of acting indeed—and the love-lorn abstractedness of Miss Annie Howard as the sentimental heroine, were much appreciated by the audience; but I saw nothing in its way so good as the Eric D'Arcy of Mr. Robert Graham. It was good because it was natural, manly, and fresh. Mr. Graham spoke as if he were perfectly familiar with the stage, or rather indifferent to its hampering conditions, and he acted like a gentleman and a man of the world. As the play may become historical I annex the original cast:

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, RICHMOND.

Saturday, March 5th, 1881 (for the benefit of Richmond Hospital), a New and Original Play, by Kyrle Bellew, will be produced for the first time on this occasion, entitled

YVONNE.

Characters:

Eric D'Arcy ...	Mr. Robert Graham.	Montefiasco ...	Mr. H. Russell.
Sir Gerard Adair...	Mr. J. C. Newcome.	Suarez	Mr. Courtenay Thorpe.
Featherstone ...	Mr. William Trevenen.	Waiter	Mr. Walter Holberton.
Dr. Lorny	Mr. Aubrey Reed.	Madame Moreau ...	Mrs. Robert Graham.

Yvonne Moreau ... Miss Annie Howard.

Act I.—Public garden outside gambling-house at Monaco.
Act II.—At Madame Moreau's villa, Modena, Monaco.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew has made a very marked success at Bristol and Birmingham in the old comedies; and I hear excellent accounts of Miss Litton's spring tour with plays that have literature and not folly to recommend them. Miss Litton and Mr. Lionel Brough have each had a fair share of the applause of our country cousins, who know good plays when they see them, and appreciate them when found.

A great and unique combination of dramatic talent will take place at Milan during the next summer on the occasion of the Great National Exhibition, which will be opened in the spring. This will be the performance of Alfieri's tragedy "Orestes," by such an ensemble as the following:

Oreste	Tommaso Salvini.	Clitemnestra	Adelaide Ristori.
Pilade	Ernesto Rossi.	Electra	Virginia Marini.
Egisto	Cesare Vetaliani.		

Virginia Marini is the greatest actress on the Italian stage at present; she is superb in comedy and drama, and to see her in "La Dame aux Camélias" is a thing never to be forgotten. She is never artificial and tricky, but invariably real and true to nature, to such an extent that the spectator never sees the artiste Marini on the stage but the personage that she represents.

All the principal dramatic companies of Italy are now engaged to give representations abroad. There is that of Adelaide Tessero (a very clever actress), which has been engaged for South America six months, then three months United States; the company of Alamanno Morelli (the master of all the best young actors of the day) has gone to Buenos Ayres for six months; the company of Luigi Bellotti-Bou will go to Spain; the company of Ernesto Rossi now at St. Petersburg; the company of Giacinta Ceznana (another great actress) has gone to Roumania for three months.

The Hanover Dramatic Club gave a performance of "Money" at St. George's Hall on March 17th. I cannot help thinking that it should be necessary for amateurs to have a special dispensation to enable them to play five-act pieces; and if the decision rested with me, I confess I have so much respect for the comfort of audiences that the dispensation would not be easy to obtain. In "Money," as given by the Hanover Club, only two of the performers were at all above the average merit of acting on such occasions. Mr. W. T. Blackmore, who played Evelyn, has intelligence, a good voice, and a fair delivery; he wants animation and life. It was Canning, I think, who, noticing a young orator sailing very successfully over a sea of commonplaces, exclaimed, "Confound that young man, why don't he risk himself a little?" If Mr. Blackmore had risked himself more he would in several places, and notably in the club scene, have been more successful. Miss Ada Mellon played that melancholy young woman, Clara Douglas, remarkably well. The other characters were sustained by Messrs. J. H. Murel, E. Spilsbury, J. R. Boddy, J. H. Ibbott, E. A. Whittle, C. Viner, W. R. Rylands, C. H. Eccleston, W. Spelman, F. W. Shakel, J. Hardy, and Vagnolini; Miss Kate Carlyon and Miss Pattie Bell.

An amateur who wishes to make the stage his profession writes to me complaining that for six months he has been endeavouring in vain to obtain an engagement. He also wishes particularly to point out that "it is practically useless for anyone to think of adopting the stage unless he has a certain amount of capital." On this latter point I may have something to say on a future occasion; but with regard to the first point, if my friend has only waited six months as yet since he first thought seriously of taking to the stage, I really don't consider he has much to complain of. The time has no doubt seemed long to him, but the beginner in things dramatic, whether he be anxious to make his mark as author or actor, should, above all, learn to possess his soul in patience. That knowledge will indeed be necessary to him if he is ever to succeed. "They also serve who only stand and wait," says blind John Milton.

At Mr. Wilson Barrett's superb Grand Theatre at Leeds, the Hanlon-Lees have produced, with considerable success, a new play. "The Leeds Express" speaks of it enthusiastically as follows:

"The performance opened with a new and original comedietta, entitled 'Coal-ition,' by Messrs. Thos. H. Hardman and H. North, the plot of which turns upon the extraordinary mistakes arising out of matrimonial advertisements. The dialogue is unusually bright, and some of the situations intensely funny; and as the audience were quick in catching the 'points,' the piece was played to continuous and hearty laughter. The acting could scarcely have been placed in better hands. Mr. Fred. Desmond, by his capital impersonation of Duke Yonge, was a great success, his every movement and expression provoking roars of laughter; whilst as a contrast to the outspoken and straightforward miner, Mr. W. H. Day, as the gushing Major Senior, left nothing to be desired. Miss R. St. George and Miss M. Hunt, as Phœbe Lovewell and Grace Little, played prettily and consistently; whilst the waiter of Mr. A. Murray was exceptionally good, and impregnated with the genuine spirit of humour. Indeed, upon every point 'Coal-ition' is far and away better than the ordinary run of 'playing-in' pieces, and forms a pleasing prelude to the fun that is to follow."

Mr. Cazauran, the "adapter-in-chief" for the Union Square Theatre, New York, has just produced an American version of "Le Fils de Coralie," by Delpit, of which there have been so many conflicting rumours good and bad. The last act of the play Mr. Cazauran claims as his own, and "The New York Mirror" stigmatises it as "the weakest in the play, anti-climaxed, slow and pointless." Charles Thorne, Parselle, Rose Eytinge, and Sara Jewett were all in the cast, but it is asserted that "Felicia," as the play is called, is quite as unsuited in its way to the stage of the Union Square as was the lurid "Creole." "The New York Mirror" has some strong observations on the general tone of the work which will be read with interest:

"A New York audience can stomach a liberal amount of vileness—especially when it is produced at the Square and bears a French label—they will not avert their eyes from scenes which drag in the breaking of the brittle Seventh Commandment; but when it comes to palming off upon them a Jezebel of the lowest order and asking their sympathy for her schemes and connivances to be looked upon as a model of matronly virtue, they naturally revolt and refuse to swallow such unpalatable and noxious mental food. The day for hot-bred drama is passed. Our people have developed a taste for plays that are natural and healthy; they are surfeited with productions that have been forced into a sickly life with licentiousness and lust for their spring of action. The reaction has been slow, but it has been sure. French rubbish has been supplanted by honest English comedy, light opera, and pure drama. If the French stage creates anything good, let us have it by all means, but our public has acquired a keen moral sense that is dangerous to the hopes of those who once profited by their taste for vicious and enervating plays."

The Americans do not like "The Upper Crust." "There is nothing very funny about the story," says a critic, "and it is too thoroughly English to interest or amuse an American audience that is unable to appreciate it. Yet there is much about the comedy that is enjoyable, even to a benighted American; and it is not singular that a run of a year has been scored to its credit at the London Folly Theatre. The dialogue is crisp, brilliant, and epigrammatic, and the characters are true types of certain classes of our English cousins, and there is a brisk wholesomeness about the whole thing that the nasty "Cat" of Albery wholly lacked. Byron must be given his due, and in this instance it consists of unqualified praise for a witty, clear, and sparkling comedy." But, after all, what would "The Upper Crust" be without the inimitable J. L. Toole as Doublechick? William Elton plays the part in America, at Wallack's.

I hear wonderful accounts from the provinces of a Mr. W. Speakman, an actor attached to one of the Wilson Barrett travelling companies, that has been playing recently in Brighton. My informant dwells upon the gentleman's expressive voice and his intensely natural and sympathetic style. Why does not Mr. Wilson Barrett bring Mr. Speakman up to London? We have plenty of good actors, no doubt, but London has room and enough for talent of every kind. And actors who, by their own intense feeling, melt audiences to tears, are not to be found every day in the week.

A play called "Sixes and Sevens," written by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, has been produced with but small success at the Bijou Theatre, New York, after a preliminary trial in Boston. It is said that the story is simple and

of the frothiest nature. A young artist, who cannot paint, marries a girl in California, brings her East, and in order to domicile himself in the house of his aunt, Mrs. Vandervoort, who has matrimonial plans in view for his future, introduces his wife into her establishment as his sister. The aunt endeavours to make matches between both of them with a fop and a young girl of her acquaintance. Everybody is at cross purposes. Plots are laid in order to avert this wholesale marriage calamity and avoid the unpleasant future of two bigamous alliances. A medical man, Dr. Delehanty, is taken into their secret by the artist and his wife, and he promises to see them through their difficulties. He masquerades as a clairvoyant and gives a séance, by which means he is enabled to put in a good word for the perplexed young people by pretending to receive a communication from Mrs. Vandervoort's former husband. This plan is spoiled by the entrance of a genuine spiritualist, who exposes and unmasks the doctor. Matters are finally set aright, and a stupid farce is brought to an end.

Mr. Irving's programme of prospective arrangements for the Lyceum company during the remainder of the year are somewhat startling. In order to vary the bill, he withdraws, in the height of its success, "The Corsican Brothers," which on the last night of the winter season—9th April—will have scored somewhere between a hundred-and-ninety and two hundred performances. On the 16th April, he opens the summer season with "The Belle's Stratagem," to follow each evening Tennyson's tragedy, "The Cup." Mr. Irving of course plays Doricourt, and Miss Ellen Terry Letitia Hardy. Doricourt was Mr. Irving's first part at the St. James's Theatre, and not Rawdon Scudamore, in "Hunted Down," as is commonly stated. On the 2nd May he produces "Othello," with Mr. Edwin Booth in the cast; giving, as is graceful in the master of the house, the title-rôle to his guest, whilst he himself plays Iago. Miss Ellen Terry makes her appearance as Desdemona. "Othello" will be played three evenings in each week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; "The Cup" and "The Belle's Stratagem" making up the bill on the intervening nights. In the second week Mr. Irving and Mr. Booth change parts, Mr. Irving playing Othello and Mr. Booth Iago. The summer season is announced to terminate at the end of July, before which time Mr. Irving promises, for a few nights each, "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Eugene Aram," and "Charles I."

The month of August will surely be a welcome holiday to all; but after an especially arduous season, the Lyceum Company, including Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Howe, Mr. Mead, Mr. Johnson, Miss Pauncefort, etc., open an autumn tour in the Grand Theatre, Leeds, on 5th September. The tour should be a remarkable one in country management, for, not only will the entire Lyceum company play at Lyceum prices, but five plays will be given in which Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have not as yet appeared in the country—"Othello," "Eugene Aram," "The Cup," "The Belle's Stratagem," and "The Merchant of Venice." In the latter Miss Terry has appeared in the provinces, but Mr. Irving never as yet. The arrangements for this tour will be of a colossal kind, as there are between five and six hundred separate dresses; and "The Cup" scenery, if transported as it stands, will alone weigh many tons. From Leeds Mr. Irving goes in turn to Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, Birmingham, and Bristol, returning to London towards the end of December, in time to produce a fresh Shakespearean piece after Christmas.

I think this is a pretty accurate account of the accident that occurred to Mr. Charles Warner on the first night of the new Adelphi drama, by which he lacerated the palm of his hand in a dagger-fight on the stage. It was close upon midnight when the last of the six acts of "Michael Strogoff" was drawing to a close. The play ends in a grim duel to the death between Mr. Charles Warner, the manly hero, who has arrived at the end of his interminable journey, and Mr. James Fernandez, the villain who has pursued him with undying hate and hunger for vengeance. The scene reminded me very much of the final passages of "Ruy Blas," as played by Mr. Fechter and Mr. John Ryder with such splendid melodramatic effect at the Princess's. In the present case the villain alone is armed with a dagger, with which he prepares to kill the hero, supposed to be blind. As the dagger is reaching the victim's heart he opens his eyes, and struggles for the possession of the weapon. The hero conquers, and is in turn the master of the situation, when, after a second struggle, the positions are once more reversed.

The excitement is now at fever-heat, and in the last bout—strength against skill—as Mr. Warner had just wrenched the dagger from the hand of Mr. Fernandez, I could see something serious had happened. "Go on!" whispered Mr. Warner to his frightened brother-actor; "go on, and don't mind me!" He turned deadly pale, and I could see the poor fellow was in terrible pain, striving all the time to hide his wounded hand from the audience, with its streams of blood. The Grand Duke rushed in to welcome Mr. Warner, and poor Mr. Fernandez was obliged to die and to see the blood of his wounded friend pouring on the floor. There was nothing to be done but to finish the play in a hurry, the audience all the time being half ignorant of what had occurred and half sympathetic with the brave young actor. But when the ladies (Mrs. Hermann Vezin and Miss Gerard) came on, they had no heart or patience to wait and see their companion in such intolerable suffering. Miss Gerard, with her own handkerchief, endeavoured to stanch the blood, and Mr. Warner, biting his lips, tried his best to look as if he were not tortured. At any rate, he ended the play without a cry, and actually took his call with his wounded hand and wrist hastily bound by Miss Gerard's kerchief. An act of greater consideration for the feelings of others, or one more loyal and brave, has seldom been recorded of an actor on the stage. The knife or dagger, I am told, was a brutal and murderous weapon, and at the rehearsals the stage-manager had protested against it.

The principal picture in the May number of The Theatre will contain portraits of "The Merry Family," in the burlesque of "The Forty Thieves," at the Gaiety Theatre—Miss Farren, Miss Vaughan, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Royce. The photograph has been specially taken by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent Street.

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The Theatre.—No. 17, Third Series. *Woodburytype.*

"We are a Merry Family"
Edward Terry
E. H. Royce
Kate Sheephaen
E. Terry

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SAMUEL A. WALKER, 230, REGENT STREET, W.

The Theatre.

MAY, 1881.

AMERICAN AUDIENCES AND ACTORS.

By Joseph Hatton.

AMERICAN audiences differ greatly from English audiences. They are more unsophisticated. They often appeared to me to be more easily pleased. They certainly behave better. They are more respectful to the actors. However bad the play they never hiss. There is no pit in an American house. The entire floor, from the entrance to the orchestra, is occupied by what in England would be a stall audience. There is no "gallery," and there are no "gods." The house is not "dressed" from an English point of view; that is, there are no feminine chests exposed to draughts and opera-glasses, no men in swallow-tailed coats and white ties. An English audience, therefore, looks more imposing, but not more comfortable. The American audience at night is dressed something after the manner of the English at a morning performance. It is well dressed in all parts of the theatre; the people in the upper seats wear clothes as good as those in the lower, and behave as well. On the first night of a new piece there are no running comments on the play. If the spectators do not like the play, they do not go to see it any more; if it is particularly bad they leave before the last act. But they make no noisy protests. Joining issue with the managerial judgment, they are dignified and quiet. The success or failure of a play is not left long in doubt; though, from the general and national habit of going to the theatre, a failure at some houses will yield almost as much money as a so-called success at some of the London theatres. First-night audiences in New York are very odd: it is as if they were actuated now and then by the spirit and impulse of one man. I went to the first night of a comedy. Everybody knew the play was a failure, yet everybody on this occasion stayed to the last, and called for a speech from the author. The curtain went up on all the company. The artists were applauded, the author made a speech. The audience, with a broad genial smile on its

face—the smile as of one person—clapped its hands and went out afterwards, never to return. On the next night the theatre was empty. There is often a singular unanimity in the actions of an American crowd.

The theatre being a national amusement, it is made easy of access. Evening dress not a necessity, gentlemen "down town" (in the city) can meet their wives at a restaurant, dine, and walk into the playhouse afterwards, without any fuss. Thousands of persons go to the theatre by tram-car. It is not necessary to make a serious fixture of an engagement to go to the theatre. You can go on the shortest notice—drop in on your way home. If the play you wish to see is a very great success, there are speculators who buy up good seats, and you can be sure of getting what you require for a small premium from these persons in the neighbourhood of the entrance. Despite her popularity and the large sums of money she drew, there were "choice seats" to be had in this way even to see Mademoiselle Bernhardt. The moment you enter an American theatre with your numbered ticket you are free of the house. There are programmes lying in trays at the door. You pick one up as you go in. Nobody bores you for your cloak or hat. You are not worried for fees of any kind. Refreshment vendors are not continually at your elbow. You have come to see the play, not to be annoyed by licensed plunderers who have bought from the manager the right to tax your patience and your pocket.

The New York stage may be taken as representative, from an art point of view, of the American stage generally. Each great city, particularly as you go West, professes only to be guided by its own judgment; but, as a rule, New York largely influences the theatrical taste of the other States. Moreover, most of the New York actors have been endorsed in turn by the other cities. There are many excellent artists on the New York stage. Mr. Edwin Booth has done much to maintain the standard of taste in regard to the legitimate drama. Booth's Theatre is a handsome and elegantly-proportioned house. In the direction in which Mr. Irving is working in the English metropolis, Mr. Booth has already laboured in New York, so far as Shakespeare is concerned. The American tragedian has not the versatility of Irving, some of whose admirers prefer his comedy to his tragedy; others prefer his melodrama to both. While Irving has covered the entire ground of play-acting in his varied representations, in his production of new works, and in his revival of old ones, Mr. Booth has confined himself to established classic rôles. He is a great actor, and artistically his career has not been unlike that of Mr. Irving, inasmuch as he has been both severely criticised and enthusiastically praised by the press, and he has harsh detractors as well as enthusiastic and devoted admirers. Fortunate artistically, Mr. Booth has not been lucky financially. The temperament of the artist is strong in him; he is not a business man. He has probably earned as much money as any living actor, and lost no doubt a great deal more. He is the fourth son of the Booth who was contemporary with Edmund Kean. He was born in Maryland, November 13th, 1833; made his début at Boston, 1849: went to California as a stock actor; in 1854 he "starred"

in Australia; and later, in partnership with his brother-in-law, John S. Clarke, he bought the Philadelphia Theatre, and at the same time had a share in the Winter Garden Theatre of New York. In 1861 he made a tour in England, and in 1867 the destruction of the Winter Garden by fire involved him in serious losses. Nevertheless, he built Booth's Theatre, at a cost of a million and a quarter of dollars, and in the end was practically ruined. The inscrutable demon of finance would not work well in harness with idealism. To make matters worse, the actor had his arm smashed in a carriage accident. He was broken physically and commercially. But he is a brave man. He soon set out to earn emancipation from debt, and in three years paid off all his liabilities. To-day he is acting once more in England, and among those who have received him with friendly and cordial greeting is Mr. Henry Irving.

Mr. McCullogh and Mr. Keene are the other two leading tragedians of America. They are both more popular in the other great cities than in New York, though Mr. McCullogh in his last engagement in New York seemed to have made a sudden and tremendous stride in public favour. His Virginius is an eminently interesting performance, and was hailed as a revelation by some of the best New York critics, and notably by Mr. William Winter. Mr. McCullogh has a fine robust appearance, and revives in the memories of old playgoers the best characteristics of Edwin Forrest. He dresses with artistic taste and discernment. His last tour through the States was a "dramatic progress." Enthusiastic crowds welcomed him everywhere. Personally and socially, he is one of the most popular artists in America. On the night when I sailed for England, I saw him in one of the gentler scenes of "Virginius," and was touched by his artistic calmness and repose. Conscious that my time was short (for my barque was on the shore, and my mind was chiefly with my baggage, which was in charge of "van-demons" and "express-smashers"), I was hardly in the humour for critical observation. It was McCullogh's birthday. His friends knew it; and this, as well as his return to New York for a short season, brought out the sympathetic recognition of his friends and admirers. Great floral trophies were handed to him from various parts of the house, and he received an ovation of which any artist might well feel proud. The audience were far more excited and enthusiastic than they were on the first night of Sarah Bernhardt's appearance at a neighbouring house.

If, like our own, the American stage were not handicapped with the "star" system, New York and London would have no cause to envy Paris, where they do not suffer from the splitting-up of high-class companies into star leaders of inferior organisations. Imagine the strength and perfection of a company in one theatre consisting of Booth, McCullogh, Jefferson, Leicester Wallack, Gilbert, Fisher, Charles Thorne, Raymond, Florence, Lewis, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Maud Harrison, Rose Etynge, Genevieve Ward, Mrs. Ponisi, Sara Jewett, Miss Claxton, Mrs. C. H. Gilbert, and Miss Rehan. What would the Comédie Française be in comparison with such a company? Similarly, what would it be against a company including Irving, Terriss, Brooke,

Bancroft, Neville, Vezin, Ryder, Warner, Conway, Cecil, James, Thorne, Wyndham, Toole, Terry, Coghlan, and Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Bancroft, Lydia Foote, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Eastlake, Miss Hollingshead, Miss Illington, Miss Larkin, Miss Bishop, Miss Farren, and Mrs. Vezin?

In my reminiscences of the American stage two women make a special impression upon me, one as the finished artist, the other as the promising comédienne. The first is Clara Morris, the second Miss Rehan, a stock actress at Mr. Daly's Theatre. Miss Rehan has the vigour and brightness of Nellie Farren, with more delicacy of finesse and a higher sense of genuine comedy; Clara Morris has no counterpart on the English stage, nor on the French. She is of native growth. She has the fervour of a Southern nature with the naturalness of a born actress. It was no mere affectation that drew from Sarah Bernhardt an outburst of admiration as she sat for the first time in a New York theatre witnessing the performance of an American actress. Mademoiselle Bernhardt herself is eminently natural. That she is so, is the great secret of her success. Clara Morris is natural. Her own personality is in every character she plays; but it is lost in the part. It is her own heart and feelings that are at work, her own sense of injury and wrong for the time being, her own joy and sorrow, infused into the character she is impersonating. She has that electrical power which dominates an audience, takes possession of it, plays on it as if it were an instrument. So long as she is on the stage the audience has no wandering thoughts, it is wholly engrossed in her, as she is in the action of the drama and the motive for passion which holds her. It has often been said that Clara Morris would not be successful on the English stage because she has "a Western intonation," otherwise an "American accent," as it is called in England. My own opinion is that her emotional power, the vigour and truthfulness of her art, would obliterate all thoughts of accent in any audience, just as Salvini's genius has proved too much even for the incongruity, not to say absurdity, of playing Shakespeare in Italian, supported by a company of English-speaking actors. My friend Mr. Joseph Cowen has the Northumbrian accent. Years ago at a public meeting in the North I sat near a bishop while Mr. Cowen was proposing a resolution. "Who is that man?" asked his lordship as the first few rugged tones and single words fell from the orator's lips. Presently his inquiry changed to "Who is that eloquent speaker?"

Mr. Charles Thorne, Mr. Steele Mackaye, Mr. Raymond, and the Florences have made successful appearances in London. Miss Morris, Miss Davenport, Miss Rehan, Miss Jewett, Miss Claxton, Mrs. Gilbert, and many other notable lights of the American stage have not yet been seen here. Unfortunately for the reputation of American dramatic art, the native plays which have been brought to England have been inferior ones. Mr. Rankin travelled with the best American melodrama, "The Danites," which has been seen in England, and he had some excellent actors in his company. But England has yet to

see a thoroughly representative troupe of American comedians. The Union Square Theatre has a very excellent company. I saw "Daniel Rochat" there, admirably represented. Apart from a somewhat risky incident which an English gallery would be inclined to laugh at—the scene where the husband visits his wife at night and offers to go through the clerical ceremony upon which she insists, and refusing which she has left him—there is no reason why the work should not prove a great success in London. Miss Jewett is the leading actress at the Union Square, Mr. Charles Thorne the leading man. The company includes a remarkable character-actor in Mr. Stoddard (who is not unlike Mr. Odell when Mr. Odell is in earnest), and Mr. John Parselle, an Anglo-American who has the dignity and presence of an English comedian of the old school.

In this brief reference to the Transatlantic stage I have only mentioned names that have occurred to me in passing, preferring rather to rely on my memory than to "hunt up" authorities. It cannot be said that artistically the New York stage at the moment is equal to our own. But morally it has a higher tone, and is in more complete harmony with the decencies of social and domestic life. There is no theatre in New York as handsome as Her Majesty's, or as well conducted as the Lyceum; while on the other hand there is not a theatre in Europe which combines so many novelties and excellences of construction and arrangement as Mr. Steele Mackaye's little house near Madison Square.

Since I first visited the United States, two distinguished representatives of the drama in America—Mr. John Brougham and Mr. E. Sothern—the one an Irishman, the other an Englishman—have died. Mr. J. Brander Matthews, writing of the Transatlantic stage in "Scribner's Magazine," says: "Acting was the first art in which America was able to hold her own, or even make headway, in any contest in comparison with the more mature life of Europe. There are as good actors in America as in France, or Germany, or England. Since the success of Miss Cushman in 1845, and of Mr. Jefferson in 1865, the quality of the best American dramatic art has not been doubtful. Some of the most popular and skilful of the favourites of the British public have received their professional training on the American side of the Atlantic. Foremost among these is Mr. Sothern." This is rather the reverse of the true position; and one may say so with all respect. The best American method is clearly the outcome of English training and English tradition. America necessarily built up her theatre on British foundations. The comedy-house of New York (Wallack's) is even to-day essentially an English theatre, with an English company. The late Mr. John Brougham, in discussing this very subject with me, found satisfaction in the reflection that the tone of the American stage is British rather than French; and, for my part, I think our cousins may congratulate themselves that it is so. The influence of French art upon our own stage is by no means an unmixed good. Mr. Matthews says: "You may see just as bad acting in Paris as in New York"—and I will venture to add, "just as good acting too." But I did not see in New

York a company as efficient as that of the London Haymarket. My experience of the Continental stage is not extensive; but neither in France, nor Holland, nor Germany have I seen anything to excel the comedy representations at the Prince of Wales's, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and in no country more artistic stage-pictures than those of the Lyceum, under the management of Mr. Henry Irving. London has much to learn from New York in the construction and management of theatres, but nothing as yet in regard to the business of the stage or the art of acting. It is possible that in the future London may occasionally sit at the feet of New York or Boston. Our cousins are making progress in every branch of art; and, as acting is with them the most popular of the arts, there is every reason why it should become the most efficient. London is ready to be instructed; and, seeing how abjectly she is content to accept the haughty snubs of France (as well she may, since her dramatists have settled down into mere translators of her plays), there is no reason why she should be ashamed to learn anything that New York can teach her. At present the empire city and the Athens of the States can only teach us utilitarian lessons of the builder, the machinist, and the manager. But these are well worthy of study and consideration; and the day may come when the art laurels of London will not be secure, for there may be a future in which actor-managers with cultured instincts, like Irving, Booth, Hare, and Bancroft, will find their reward at the hands of New York and Boston audiences. At present the variety-show class of entertainment, with some honourable exceptions, is supreme in the United States, and the condition of the stage is not one for congratulation. This is the verdict of leading actors and critics. But ten or a dozen years ago America could hardly engrave a wood block. She now leads the world in the smaller class of book and magazine illustrations. There are indications of a bright future for theatrical art in America; and progress in any direction, when it sets in earnestly, is very rapid on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Stephen Heller, a remarkable artist in his way outside theatres, and a great friend of Sothern's, died shortly before the famous comedian. The double demise forcibly recalls to me Sothern's "reception" at his chambers in Vere Street. It has become historic. Death and the public chronicles have made it so. Several journals, English and American, had reports of it at the time. One of these was written at Sothern's personal request, he was so pleased with the success of the party. There is therefore no breach of good manners in printing these reminiscences of the event. It was Sothern's last social gathering; and within the two years that have elapsed, the host, his friend Heller, and his guests Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Lionel Lawson, and Mr. John Clarke, have died. It was a Sunday reception. The weather was most unpropitious. It rained in torrents, it hailed ice in lumps, it lightened, it thundered; but all the same, Sunday found Mr. Sothern's rooms thronged with interesting and distinguished men. I remember among these Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist; Mr. Lewis Wingfield who used to write dramatic notices in "The Globe" under the sig-

nature of "Whitetyghe," and whose recent novel had proved a great success; Mr. Joseph Knight, the genial critic of "The Athenæum" and "Sunday Times"; Mr. Clement Scott, the dramatic pen of "The Telegraph"; Mr. Bancroft, the accomplished conductor of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and husband of Marie Wilton, the leading comedy actress of the English stage; Mr. George Grossmith, "the humorist lecturer" who read "Dickens" better than any "reciter" I ever heard. Presently, when the storm cleared off, and the sun came out bright and hot, these gentlemen were joined by Lord Londesborough, "my noble partner" of the Boucicaultian days at Covent Garden; Mr. Levy and Mr. Lionel Lawson, proprietors of "The Telegraph"; Mr. Howe, of the Haymarket Theatre; "Johnny Clarke," the English low comedian; Charles Millward, treasurer of the Savage Club, and author of innumerable pantomimes; and many other equally representative men, who came in and went out from one in the day to seven or eight at night.

A breakfast of well-chosen viands was spread all over the place, and a more attractive menu could hardly have been devised even at Delmonico's. The rooms were daintily furnished. Bric-à-brac, pictures, books, South American birds, exotic plants, and, pervading the rooms, the genial presence of the actor playing the part of host with the tact of a diplomatist and the hearty bonhomie of a kindly and good fellow. It was a delightful meeting in every way. The right men came together They never lacked topics of conversation. Everybody had something to say to everybody else. A piece of news or a witty remark met you at every point. It was a touching incident when a well-known provincial journalist and art-critic, who had physically broken down some years ago, was led in, blind, and placed in a chair. This was "Joe Nightingale," of Liverpool, around whom came Howard Paul, Sothern, Grossmith, Heller, and a host of others, to shake his hand. It was only a gathering of men, this party at Sothern's. The tender influences of woman were absent, but there was not wanting romance enough for a score of dramas if you had hunted up the details. Mr. Robertson, the manager of the Aquarium, was there. Robertson built the Vaudeville and Court Theatres, and is the author of the Westminster Aquarium. Chevalier Whikoff, too. This "butterfly of society" is surely a modern "Rip Van Winkle." He knew men who seemed to me to have been dead for centuries. An intimate friend of the late H. L. Bateman, he looked just as old as he was twenty years ago.

"Hush!" says Sothern. "Gentlemen, Mr. Heller has consented to sing us 'Sam Hall.' When first I heard this song I thought it was funny; the second time I thought it was sad and tragic."

And so it is. "Sam Hall" is one of the most dramatic of songs. In the time of the London night-houses a famous free-and-easy vocalist used to sing it in the early hours of morning at Evans's. It delineates the fears, passions, and depravity of a wretched man condemned to be hanged, and going through the last sad minutes of the fatal hour. He is supposed to be looking through the grating of his prison and apostrophising the crowd that is waiting to see him turned off. Sothern

himself could sing the ditty with wonderful effect; but Heller at the piano gave it with a grim dramatic humour that was strangely impressive. In his hands it was a sort of wild recitative, accompanied with musical language that seems to repeat the doleful story. Sam Hall is a degraded, uneducated, miserable ruffian; and the objection to the song for a mixed audience is, after all, only in the realistic imprecation that closes each verse. In Charles Reade's version of "Foul Play," at the Olympic, the audience was at first shocked and then impressed at a dying sailor urged by the heroine to forgive a comrade who had wronged him, exclaiming, "Yes, I forgive him, —— his eyes!" This was repeated every night as long as the piece was played; it was a bit of realism upon which Mr. Reade insisted. It is this same imprecation that makes "Sam Hall" difficult in general society, but Heller had a way of slurring over the words so as to make them comparatively unobtrusive. The song begins something in this way:

"My name it is Sam Hall,
I've murdered great and small;
But now I pay for all."

[Here occurs the optical imprecation referred to above.]

A doleful strain the music, a weird melody, full of wailing that grips you. The crowd repeats some of the lines in an awe-inspiring chorus. "But now he pays for all." You can hear them chant it in a hushed way, anticipating the show. Heller's moaning chords in minor keys, and his hushed hoarse voice, realised the whispering of the surging crowd collected to see Sam Hall die. At last the end:

"But now I go upstairs,
And there end all my cares;
Kind friends, give me your prayers—
All your cursed prayers."

[Closing line as before.]

The admiring, half-stricken wonder and horror of the crowd breaks out, following Heller's eloquent fingers on the piano. "All your prayers!" he repeated in a low voice, and there was a sobbing cry of a savage agony in those last words that haunted you long after they were drowned by the applause of Heller's appreciative audience. I fear I shall fail to convey more than a mere idea of the weird dramatic force of this strange song; if I succeed in touching you, then the terrible realism of it will be forgiven in the awful picture of the murderer's last moments, when thousands of degraded men and women found a savage delight at the foot of the gallows. "The Ingoldsby Legends" and the works of Jerrold and Dickens did a great deal towards the abolition of public executions. The ballad of "Sam Hall" is a reminiscence of the days of "Tom and Jerry," the Fleet Prison, oil-lamps, and ancient watchmen.

Leaving Sothern in the midst of his admiring friends, with the wail

of this wretched Sam Hall in my mind, I encountered a local antiquarian who had followed me out.

"Startling ballad that!" he remarked.

"It is, indeed; it has made me feel miserable."

"An appropriate spot for such a song!" said the shrivelled, gray-haired, starchy-looking gentleman. "Oxford Street was the way to Tyburn. Scores of unfortunate wretches have passed through it on the road to death. The place of execution for criminals convicted in the county of Middlesex was formerly situated in this parish, at the west end of this very street."

"Let us talk of the gallows," I said, smiling.

"Tyburn Tree was not far from where we are standing."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, I assure you we are on classic ground. In 1626, Queen Henrietta Maria did penance under the gallows at Tyburn, and in 1628 Felton, who stabbed the Duke of Buckingham, was executed here. I have a bit of the old gallows in my possession."

He took me to his house close by, and showed me this treasure, together with a bit of the tanned skin of a malefactor who had been gibbeted not very far from the scene of Sothern's party.

"Dr. Dodd was hanged in this parish for forgery, and so was the infamous Catherine Hayes, who lived in the parish, and murdered her husband in a house two or three streets from here. She was sentenced to be hanged, and then her body was to be burned. The murder was of such an atrocious character that the mob fell upon the executioner, lighted the fire before she was hanged, and literally burned her alive. Will you take a glass of wine?"

"No, thank you; I must be going."

"I thought you wanted to talk about Tyburn. I am compiling a history of the subject. You could not have fallen in with a man who knows more about it. When Tyburn ceased to be the place of execution in 1783, the gallows was bought by a carpenter, who converted it into stands for beer-butts at a public-house in Adam Street, close by here. In 1758, when Dr. Hennessy was to be executed for high treason, a reprieve came at the last moment, and the mob was so disgusted that those who had paid for seats (they used to erect grand stands) created a riot, and one man was killed. A man named Ryland was the last person hanged in this neighbourhood. His crime was forgery. We were a bloodthirsty lot in those days. On June 23, 1784, when they transferred the business to Newgate, fifteen persons were hanged there with 'the new drop,' which worked so well that in December, 1785, they executed ninety-six persons."

My antiquarian friend seemed to revel in these incidents; I spare him the mention of his name. If he had lived in the days of Sam Hall, he would have been one of the gloating crowd; in the time of Hennessy he would have rioted in disgust when the reprieve came. I could not drink his wine; it would have choked me. I slipped out while he was looking for a piece of the chain used on a gibbet at Hampstead. I went

back to Vere Street, and found a tenor singer telling the vocal story of his love for "Pretty Sally." It was a comfort to feel that I was out of the immediate control of the antiquarian who had taken me at my word and talked of the gallows and of kindred horrors. But not all my tenor friend's rhapsodies about Sally, nor all Sothern's dry champagne, would drive Sam Hall out of my mind. His last moments would make a grim scene for an opera! The gallows, the prison-cell, the face at the bars, the awful mocking crowd, the arrival of the sheriffs, the going upstairs, that awful ballad (with a suitable orchestral accompaniment), and the sad, weird, savage chorus of the London crowd!

THE OLD HOUSES.

By W. F. Waller.

II.—THE FIRST HOUSE IN "THE FIELDS."

By the purlieus of a sometime pandemoniacal "Park," whereto the surname of the speculative, seventeenth-century, St. Giles's vestryman who built it still clings; through a turnstile where beeves were once barred out of Holborn; through a passage where the stock Falstaff of the first Theatre Royal, William Cartwright, was once a bookseller; into the great Square that was laid out to rival the superficial area of the Great Pyramid itself. And so across these flagged fields of Lincoln's Inn, where associations incongruous somehow intermingle, and one is reminded of William Russell coming here to die, and of William Charles Macready sitting down there, in No. 61, to dine "on sausage, brown bread, and soda-water"—of "proud" Somerset and rowdy Rochester—of imperial Barry and Inspector Bucket—of disembowelled Babington and swaddling-clothed Beauclerck—of Scarecrow of the Mumpers and Soane of the Museum—of Tulkinghorn and the author of the "Trivia"—of Sir Joseph Jekyll and Mr. J. W. Anson—of Inigo Jones and Jo—of Miss Jennie Lee and of another Lee, antecedent—poor punch-bibbing, crack-brained, broken-hearted Nat, who reels away one bitter winter's night from that last bout at The Bull and Harrow down the dark archway into Duke Street yonder, to sleep his death-sleep in the snow.

Wan-faced, wild-eyed, with streaming hair, Nat's ghost promptly vanishes as we pass through the portals of Positivism, to enter anon a certain hall now part and parcel of the Surgeons' College.

A place it is of skulls and skeletons, and pickled monstrosities and anatomical wax-work—the scientific charnel-house which has put out of sight and out of mind the china shop of Spode and Copeland, which had been a barrack, which had been a ball-room, which had been an auction-mart, which had been a failure as an opera-house, which had been a play-house, which had been built by Christopher Rich and opened by John, which had replaced the theatre erected by Betterton under license from

"Great Nassau," which was the second house in the Fields on the original site, which, some two-hundred-and-twenty years ago, when "Chyrurgeons' Hall" was no nearer Lincoln's Inn than Monkwell Street, City, had been occupied by a tennis-court.

And Mr. Gibbon, proprietor of a rival establishment round the corner in Vere Street, had often wished this court farther, no doubt; but it did well enough where it was for the purposes of a rather battered but still buoyant elder, with a moist lip and something a liquorish eye, and, except, perhaps, John Donne's—the Dean's son, not the Dean—with the most rueful nose in London—for rare Sir William Davenant, knight, dramatic author, poet-laureate, ex-Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, licensed dealer in theatricals, present Manager and future Patentee of His Royal Highness the Duke's Company of Comedians. And so the tennis-players were turned out, and the builders were turned in; the first House in the Fields was commenced and finished; and thither, after intermittent occupation of the roughly renovated Cockpit, and of an extemporised stage in the ancient granary off Fleet Street—thither came the young stagers of the Duke's to do battle with the veterans in Vere Street for the favour of the town.

The veterans were better matched than they had probably done their opponents the honour to believe. At the head of those opponents there was that young Mr. Betterton, whom not so very many strides more were to place at the head of his profession; who was to hold that headship for something like half a century against all and singular, and who, dying, was to lie some thirty years in the cloisters of Westminster before "Mr. Lyddol" came from Ipswich to Goodman's Fields to take up his succession; but who has never had, I think, even in David Garrick himself, altogether his equal.

Next to the father who begot him—the sometime sous-chef of the First Charles's kitchen—I suppose it is to old John Rhodes that the English stage owes the glory of its Betterton. The circumstances of his time were not precisely favourable to the development of dramatic genius. When the royal cook's son was a child, civil war silenced the theatre; when he had become a man, the saint had suppressed the stage. Taking one consideration with another—the whip, the stocks, and the gyves in this world, and, if sanctity said sooth, eternal damnation in the nethermost Gehenna of the world to come—the player's lot was not a tempting one. It is just possible that, strong as the player must have been within him, the quondam apprentice to the book business, under the sign of "The Ship," at Charing Cross, might have concluded to stick to his counter and till, if that book shop had had any other proprietor than the late prompter of the King's Company at the Friars. In those hard times old John had to live as best he could, and not as best he loved, and so he sold his plays he could no longer prompt; but, I take it, he never made a model tradesman. The old leaven leavened all his life, and it leavened all the boy's life too. It worked whilst the elder talked of what the stage had been, of what, when the present tyranny should be overpast, it might be again. It worked whilst the youngster turned over the play-books, and saw visions and dreamed dreams. Anon the work was done.

Some pet passage came trippingly from the tongue in those wonderful tones that were hereafter to sway the full house, and hush and rouse it at the speaker's will—that even when the young Lord Hamlet was grown old, alas! and when "our son was fat," and gout had crippled the then unwieldy limbs—that even then could "enforce an universal attention even from the fops and orange girls," and an unwilling compliment from crabbed, censorious, cantankerous Tony Aston himself. So the actor

THOMAS BETTERTON.

stood revealed in the person of the apprentice at "The Ship," who could never, I imagine, have seen the inside of a theatre in his life till he passed through the stage-door of the old Cockpit to his first rehearsal. But in "The Loyal Subject," in "The Mad Lover," in "Pericles," and "The Bondman"—that ancient story to which he gave such new and vigorous life—as Deflores in "The Changeling," a part he must have had the fullest confidence in his powers ever to attempt, Mr. Betterton was soon drawing most appreciative audiences.

By-and-by, no doubt, the Roscius and Œsopus of Killigrew's company took advantage of an off-day to have a look at old Rhodes' phenomenal novice. And possibly their opinion of him was not so favourable as that of the general public; and to Mr. Hart and to Major Mohun it may have seemed that the audience were unduly appreciative. They, you see, were pupils of Robinson, and of Beeston, graduates who had proceeded to their degree in the usual way; and, good actors as they both were, they had, somehow, never taken the town by storm all at once in this fashion. Good fellows as they both were also, I should not wonder if the Major commented on the new man's most unorthodox style, or if his friend entertained some such opinion as Macready is credited with having expressed of Fanny Kemble, and muttered something about ignorance of the rudiments of a profession. On the whole, the opening of the Duke's House, with a beginner like Mr. Betterton at the head of a company of more or less unknown performers, was probably received without any grave apprehension in Vere Street.

The priority of choice which seems to have been accorded Killigrew, and of which he had availed himself so fully as to select from "all the companies" everybody he considered worth having, Kynaston, Rhodes's own former apprentice, included, had left Rhodes in the first instance, and Davenant later, only men who had got their names to make to recruit from. The names which some of these actors subsequently did make witness to the judgment with which the recruits had been enlisted. Besides Sheppy, celebrated for his Changeling; Lovel, a distinguished Malvolio, and the original "Old Truman" of Cowley's "Cutter"—the character from which Sheridan took his Sir Anthony; Lilliston, the Claudius to Betterton's Hamlet; Richards, who played the Ghost—Shakespeare's own part, according to the legend; Price, "the inimitable sprightly actor," whose Coligni, the scrivener's son, in Tom Porter's successful "Villain," was voted the "quite too tooly too" thing of the day;—besides these accomplished second-rates, Rhodes had picked out talent of the first order in Cave Underhill and James Noke; and Davenant had done as much when he engaged Harris, William Smith, and Sandford.

Cave Underhill, the bibulous, was not quite the sort of person to fill agreeably a lady's eye; but, forty years after it was uttered, John Downes had not forgotten his manager's dictum which pronounced Cave the truest comedian of the troop. There were six feet of this comedian, who was corpulent withal, and sheep's-headed, and raven-voiced, and elephantinely active. Lolpoop, in "The Squire of Alsatia," must have been written for him expressly by Shadwell; Cibber swore by his Sir Sampson in "Love for Love;" and he was the Gravedigger in "Hamlet" from first to last during his fifty years' service. And—it is Mr. Bickerstaffe, bespeaking the patronage of the public for "honest Cave Underhill whom my father knew when he was a boy"—it is Mr. Bickerstaffe himself who vouches for the fact, that honest Cave was ever guiltless of "gag." Oh, my popular comedian—à bon entendeur, salut!

When Cave was playing in one of the most successful pieces produced at the first House in the Fields—that "Comical Revenge; or, Love in a

Tub," of Sir George Etherege, which, by its "clean and well performance" —the performance might well be cleaner than the piece—earned a thousand pounds in a month—the Sir Nicholas Cully to his Palmer was sustained by that James Noke, whose surname it afterwards became customary to pluralize, and who, by reason of an impersonation for which, to the very last night of his career, he was famous, is best known as "Nurse Nokes." James was, in fact, the impersonator of two "nurses"—one in Nevil Payne's ferocious "Fatal Jealousy," and the other in Otway's outrageous malversation of "Romeo and Juliet" to a tragedy of ancient Rome, wherein Montagu and Capulet become Marius and Sylla, and Caius Marius, junior, wishes he were a glove upon the hand of Lavinia Metella, and our lively, sparkling Mercutio is toga'd into a Sulpitius, sententious and somniferous. But "the Nurses" properly belong to Dorset Garden.

In the Fields, Nokes first attracted attention—and that, royal attention—by his performance of the Duke of Norfolk in "Henry VIII." —a revival which achieved the longest recorded run under Davenant's management, and filled the house for fifteen days, though Mr. Pepys, adding insult to injury, pronounced it "a mighty simple thing," and James Howard's "Usurper" the better play of the two. Nokes, "with shambling leg, long chin, and foolish eyes," must have looked Norfolk as little as he did the feminine Florimel in "Maid of the Mill," which he had played under Rhodes, upon his first appearance, in conjunction with Betterton's younger brother, William, who expiated his less heinous shortcomings as an "actress"—and a swimmer—by death under Thames water at Wallingford.

Fate was kinder to the more valuable James. When he had put off Norfolk and that other misfit, the "Constable of France," in Orrery's high-falutin' "Henry V.," he must have fairly revelled in the half-dozen other parts that were moulded on to him so exactly, beginning with that Sir Nicholas of the "Tub"—his excellence in which character helped old Downes to burst out into rhyme—including his Sir Arthur Addel, which accompanied the Court to Dover in 1670; and ending with his incomparable Brittle, the antlered hero of Betterton's "Amorous Widow," his last creation at the House in the Fields before the company removed to Dorset Garden. Cibber has painted him for us with a loving and a master hand. In all Colley's gallery of portraits, there is not one that more impresses us with its absolute fidelity than that of "inimitable" Nokes.

The Proteus whom Killigrew had secured in John Lacy was not inadequately matched by the accomplished and versatile Harris of the Duke's troop—to whom, by-the-way, the baptismal appellation of Joseph, which in reality belongs to the obscure Harris of the Theatre Royal, is often unwarrantably tacked. Of the Duke's Harris, his friend Pepys has recorded nearly as much as he has done of Mistress Knipp—always without any mention of the christian-name of either. Whatever, though, his godfathers and godmother called the child in whose behalf they made certain rash promises at the font, they carried there the making of an admirable actor, whose Romeo and Aguecheek—whose Wolsey and Sir Frederick Frolic—Sir Positive Atall and Appius—attest the wideness of his

range; whose Wolsey used to be pitted against Betterton's King, and who, in one or two light comedy parts, was cried up above the less "ayery" Thomas, as was but natural. The result of this crying up—of the petting and spoiling Harris got from the King and the Court—from the wits at Wills's—from Pepys and the public in general—the result of all this was that the popular pet became preposterous in his pretensions. Mr. Harris coolly insisted upon having "£20 extraordinary, more than Betterton or anybody else, upon every new play, and £10 upon every revive." Davenant laughed at him, of course; but it proved no laughing matter. The actor flung up his parts and walked off, leaving half-a-dozen pieces unpresentable. Thereupon Davenant broadly hinted to his Majesty that if this sort of thing were to go on he might as well "shut up house." Of the two, the play-loving sovereign would no doubt have preferred to shut up Mr. Harris; who, of the two, in his turn, preferred returning to his duty. Into the composition of the managerial bed of those days there seems to have entered not very much more of what Albert Smith used to call "rosæ fol." than there does now.

When, in his second season at the Fields, Betterton made his first appearance in Macbeth—and thereby gave his critics in Vere Street yet further reason than they might have found in his Hamlet and his Mercutio, to reconsider their opinion—the part of Banquo was played by a gentleman with a remarkably tall and commanding figure, whose name was William Smith, and who had been lately of Gray's Inn, barrister-at-law. When in due course Banquo was disposed of, and it was time for his ghost to rise and take possession of the vacant seat at the board, then it was the odd usage that the phantom of tall and commanding Smith should be represented by the corporeal presence of "mean and diminutive" Sandford—the best of Banquos by the best villain the Second Charles declared he had ever seen—on the stage. Off the stage, his Majesty was sometimes wont to hint he knew a better villain, who wore not his black wig which Sandford seems to have made "the badge of all his tribe," but Anthony Ashley's fair peruke.

Smith's best time was yet to come. Whilst the Duke's company remained in the Fields he did, however, make his mark in two characters —Zanger in Lord Orrery's "vastly profitable" play, "Mustapha," one of the successes of 1665; and Courtall in Etherege's second venture, "She Would If She Could," which was produced on February 6, 1667–8, and had been so eagerly anticipated that the pit was crammed by two o'clock, and "a thousand people were put back." But Harris, who played Sir Joseeline Jolly, was in a bad humour, and "would do nothing;" everybody else was more or less "out," and though Smith afterwards made a hit with his Courtall, the piece fell flat and never recovered altogether from the fall. Besides creating these two parts, Mr. Smith created a social sensation by killing a man "upon a quarrel in play." This appears to have made everybody very sorry—for Mr. Smith; "and the ladies of the Court do much bemoan him"—the slayer, apparently, not the slain. The actor's name is missing from the bills for a while after this; but no ill consequences appear to have befallen the homicide; who lived long enough to kill himself, at the second House in the Fields, in

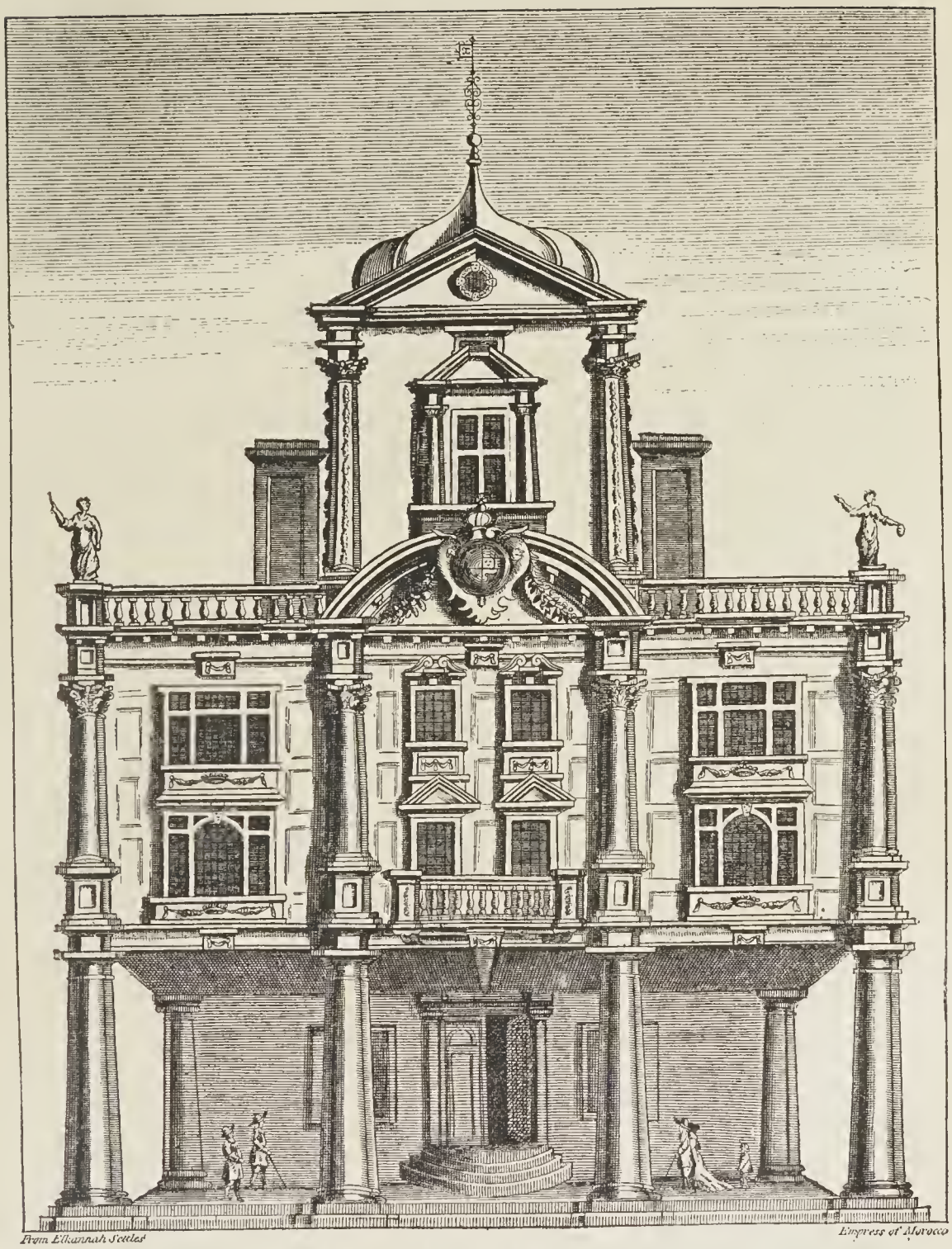
1695, by playing once too often the lung-straining part of Cyaxares in John Banks' strange compound of Mademoiselle Scudéry and the Book of Daniel—"Cyrus the Great."

Sandford's is another portrait to be found in Cibber's collection—the round-shouldered, apish-armed, meagre-faced, sour-visaged, spindle-shanked, splay-footed villain of villains, whose aspirations after stage honesty once made an audience damn a piece in their disgust;—the actor whom, Cibber asserts, Shakespeare would have selected from all actors to represent his Richard—the model to which the modest Colley is pleased to say he himself was indebted for whatever success attended his own representation of the tyrant.

The list of the original members of the Duke's House, côté des hommes, closes with the names of Medbourne, the first adapter of "Tartuffe," and, let us hope, the last actor who will die in Newgate, whither a too fervent religious zeal conducted poor Matthew in October, 1678, during the "Popish plot" scare;—of Young, whom Mr. Pepys has gibbeted as "a bad actor at best," whom, though the management thought him good enough to replace Betterton, then on sick leave, in Macbeth, "everybody" appears to have agreed in disliking;—and of Norris, who claims notice as "utility" chiefly for being the progenitor of "Jubilee Dicky." "Dicky's" mother was one of the ladies of the company in the Fields. Into the bemused brain of E. Curll it once entered to suppose, and assert, that she was the first English actress. In reality Mrs. Norris's right to distinction is, mutatis mutandis, only that of her husband. In the same category with her may be placed Mrs. Gibbs, the Olivia of a certain "silly play, not relating at all to the name or day," called "Twelfth Night;" Mrs. Jennings, and Mrs. Holden, who once, by the accidental mispronunciation of a monosyllable whilst speaking one of her lines in "Romeo and Juliet" and "giving it a vehement action, put the house into such a laughter that London Bridge at low water was silence to it." Mr. Downes, however, must take the responsibility of this little anecdote.

More prominent personages were the four other actresses whom Davenant boarded in his own house adjoining the theatre—Mesdames Davenport, Saunderson, Davis, and Long.

The Davenport was the glowing Roxalana of the "Siege of Rhodes"—the "first Roxalana;" and thereby hangs her story. Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford, was a debauchee of prejudices few and scruples none at all. Roxalana would be a countess—or nothing. So a metamorphosed trooper of my lord's regiment, the Oxford Blues, presently witnessed a ceremony of marriage which a regimental trumpeter, in cassock and bands for the occasion, was sufficiently able, in view of so exquisite a jest, to keep his countenance to perform. The victim eventually became enlightened—desperate—inconsolable—consolable—consoled. Next New Year's Day she was at the Duke's, in front, conspicuous in the chief box and a velvet gown, as the fashion was, and very handsome. By-and-by little Aubrey Vere was born. And, later, Madame was engaged to add attraction to another Roxalana in "Mustapha;" and, failing, was fain to retire upon her three hundred a year



From Elkanah Settles' Empress of Morocco

THE DUKES THEATRE
in Lincoln's Inn Fields.
as it appeared in the reign of King Charles II.

and leave the lead to Mary Saunderson, who was Mary Betterton by that time.

And Mistress Betterton? Well, the Ianthe, the Ophelia, the Juliet, the Lady Macbeth, the leading lady of the Duke's House, so famous on the stage in her time, has no story off it. Off the stage she was only a pure woman, only a true wife, only her Thomas's faithful helpmeet from the happy days of their youth when he won her—through the toils and the trials and the triumphs of seven-and-forty years—to that last night of all when, "weak by time and fate, yet strong in will," he left her to die in harness almost within sight of his last audience. Then she, too, died—distraught. And that is all.

The daughter of dirty Thomas, Earl of Berkshire, or of his son, the Colonel, or of, perhaps, the better gentleman of the three, the Wiltshire blacksmith—that little Miss Davis who, once from the upper-box tier of the Duke's looked down, a sleek young cat with sleepy eyes, upon a king, and caused a Castlemaine to look "like fire"—she has her story, of course; albeit she seems scarcely to have been entitled to sit jowl by cheek in the same room at Davenant's with Mary Saunderson; albeit to call her an actress is to miscall the calling, and to bestow a title of honour upon Miss Stripwell of the Nudity Theatre that now is.

But Davenant, like other practical managers, was bound to take a cheesemonger's view of his receipts, and to deal in that article which pleased his public and paid him. And, sooth to say, dealing in Miss Davis, he gave the public a better article than the Stripwell. For Moll, by all accounts, must at least have danced well, and, to sing Celania's song à ravir as she did, must at any rate have known how to sing; whilst in point of being "a most impertinent slut" and "the homeliest jade,"—in point of ability to eke out lack of "chic" with lots of "chien," she was probably no ways inferior to the Nudity damsel of to-day. Anyhow, his Majesty remarked Miss Davis, and the Derwentwaters of the past, and the Petres of the present, were the consequence of that remark.

What Mr. Pip's noble friend the Viscount understood by human nature, and what in the natural human are understood to be legs, was, in the case of Moll's playfellow, Mistress Long, again the sic itur to left-handed honour—only, however, such as a mere Duke had to bestow this time. Mistress Long might have been left without such honours altogether with much advantage to the stage. The Dulcedo of Shirley's "Grateful Servant"—the woman "Justice" in doublet and hose of Betterton's first comedy, which, thanks to her, scored a run only just short of the phenomenal fifteen days of "Henry VIII."—had something better than this sort of thing well within her reach; and when Betterton wrote a second piece—a comedy that a hundred years later was as full of life as ever—Mistress Long created a Mrs. Brittle that only Anne Bracegirdle ever equalled, and only Ann Oldfield ever beat.

In addition to Betterton, and exclusive of Shakespeare, and of Webster—the revival of whose "Duchess of Malfy," with Betterton in Bosola and Harris in the Duke, was the leading feature of the season of 1664, when it ran eight days—some ten authors furnished the successes of the ten years that the Duke's company occupied the first House in the Fields.

Of these authors, the most successful, next to Shakespeare himself, was Shakespeare's soi-disant son—Ben Jonson's successor in the laureateship—the actual patentee and manager, Davenant. His contributions were an amplified and elaborated version of that "Siege of Rhodes," which Whitelocke's interest had enabled him to produce during the Commonwealth in 1656, as "an entertainment;" a comedy called "The Wits," originally brought out in 1633; a romantic play, "Love and Honour," which had first seen the lights in 1634; and an adaptation, with the now familiar title of "The Rivals," from the "Two Noble Kinsmen" of Beaumont and Fletcher.

A perusal of these pieces has scarcely left the impression upon my mind that, however curiously "content" the writer might have been to be thought illegitimate, one of the most cogent proofs of such illegitimacy is that he "writ with the very spirit that Shakespeare writ with." On the contrary, the more I read of the Laureate of the Restoration, the more aptly applied to him I find the line which Scott quotes ad hoc from Fielding:

"You the Sun's son, you rascal! You be d——d!"

—and the better, par conséquent, I am led to think of John Davenant the Oxford vintner's pretty wife. Still, notwithstanding the marked absence of the spirit of Shakespeare from these compositions, they were all very successful—the "Siege" especially so. This, when the Puritan powers that were had winked at its performance in a room at Rutland House in Charterhouse Square, had been produced in five "entries"—the word "act" being of course carefully avoided, as smacking of the sinful—and announced as "a representation by the art of prospective in scenes," the story being "sung in recitative music." The scenery, being confined "to eleven foot in height, and about fifteen in depth," could hardly have done full justice to "the excellency of Mr. John Web, who designed and ordered it;" and the original performers were all amateurs—Mr. Pepys's future dinner acquaintance, bumptious Captain Cook, personating the magnificent Solyman, and Mrs. Edward Coleman, "wife to Mr. Edward Coleman," and the first amateur actress ever billed, enacting Ianthe. When the "Siege" was transferred to the regular stage in the Fields on the opening day of the Duke's House (Friday, June 28, 1661), the five "entries" were expanded into ten acts, divided into two parts, and taking two days to get through; the scenery was pronounced "magnificent;" Betterton and Harris were in the cast; the sweet voice of Mrs. Saunderson ravished her hearers in Ianthe, and the dashing Davenport declaimed the newly added part of Roxalana. The "Opera," as the Duke's House got to be called, was crammed daily, whilst the theatre in Vere Street was, for a time, deserted.

The "Siege" presently raised, Cowley's "Cutter" ran its six days, not over-pleasantly, driven by alternate blasts of praise and blame. And then the Duke's stage was occupied by two soldier-authors in succession—Tom Porter, the Major; and old Sir Samuel Tuke, the Cavalier Colonel; —the last furnishing a capital version of Calderon's "Adventures of Five Hours," which Mr. Pepys saw played at Court from Lady Fox's "pew,"

and, compared with which, he pronounced "Othello" a mean thing; and the comparison is as queer as the conclusion.

The Major's play was "The Villain;" and Sandford laid the foundation of all his stage villainy, and made himself the talk of the town, in Maligni. The author was destined to become town talk later on in another way. Manners in those days were not always distinguished, even in distinguished society, by "that repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere." Indeed, the de Veres of the period, my Lord Oxford's family, are described as being, Lord help us! as rude as they were dirty, which appears to have been saying a good deal. And this rudeness no doubt infected their guests. So that, when Major Porter and his friend Sir Henry Bellasis happened to be dining there once, the dining-room became the arena of such a free fight that Albemarle, who was of the company, and who loved a quiet bottle, eventually called in the Guard and disarmed the brawlers. But on Sunday, July 28, 1667, there was another dinner, at Sir Robert Carr's—"a house where it seems people do drink high"—and, unfortunately, the Major and Sir Henry were again of the company, and the Duke was not; and between the two familiar friends there passed that which one of them could not brook. Dryden's boy is sent to follow Bellasis, who has left the room, but whose coach, it is anon announced to the Major, is just turning into Covent Garden. At the other's invitation Sir Henry alights. He quite understands the purport of the invitation, for he draws his sword and throws away the scabbard. The two "fall to fight, some of their acquaintance by," and Sir Henry is run through the body. Then he calls Tom to him and kisses him, and says: "Tom, thou hast hurt me, but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of you; for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done." Ten days later this knightly knight is dead;—his slayer seen no more.

To Etherege's first comedy of manners succeeded Orrery's "tall" but attractive "Mustapha," and his stilted "Henry V.;" the "wit and dignity" of which—and, perhaps, the coronation suits in which it was clothed—so delighted one of his audience, who was, naturally, an acuter critic of dresses than of dramas.

The event of 1667 was the production of "Sir Martin Marall," a translation of Molière's "L'Étourdi," done very baldly by Davenant's old commander, then Marquis, now Duke, of Newcastle, and recast, and most effectively rewritten by Dryden, who worked in an underplot of his own, and fitted Nokes so exactly with Sir Martin, that no one else could get into the character whilst James lived; and he had been dead fifteen years before Bullock ventured to try.

The "man of tall stature, red face, short black hair, who lived in the City," and was hereafter to be its poet, Elkanah Settle, had made his bow at the Duke's, before Sir Martin, with the love-lorn, rhyming tragedy of "Cambyses," the burden of which the Bettertons managed to sustain for six days. But incessant work had begun to tell even upon a man of Betterton's exceptional bodily powers, whose full chest-measure, whose medium height, whose "limbs rather athletic than delicate" were admirably calculated to withstand the wear and tear of half a century of

stage life, and the "creation" of one hundred-and-twenty-eight original characters. So on October 16th Mr. Betterton's name was, for the first time, absent from the bills, not to re-appear until the 8th of the following July, when he made his rentrée as Owen Tudor, in "Henry V.;" and Mr. Pepys records his delight at seeing his favourite back again, "and so with wife and Deb to Spring Garden, and eat a lobster."

Meantime, Davenant had produced his last piece, "The Man's the Master," from Scarron; and the King and the general company had "thought meanly of it," though Harris and Sandford kept it alive for a while by their droll "singing of the epilogue in form of a ballad." This was in March. On April 7th Davenant died—his death perhaps accelerated by the conduct of his eldest daughter, who always "a very bad actor," had just about this time become a much worse woman. Two days afterwards, the Laureate, in a coffin of walnut-tree, the finest Denham—who seems to have been a connoisseur in coffins—ever saw, was carried to Westminster, followed by many coaches and six horses, and many hackneys, and many children; and followed appropriately enough, too.

On May 2nd, brilliant, much-abused Shadwell made his début as a dramatist on the Duke's stage with his famous "Impertinents." On its first day the new play was pronounced "tedious, and no design in it." On the next day it was "very contemptible." But on its third representation, my Lady Castlemaine and her friends were present, and led the applause. For by that time it had got to be understood that "Sir Positive Atall" meant the Auditor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Howard, whom the Castlemaine had two reasons for abominating: first, because Sir Robert cajoled the king out of money which she should have cajoled his Majesty out of; and next, because Sir Robert had alluded to her ladyship with a deal more point than politeness in the "Great Favourite," produced some three months back at the Theatre Royal. Sir Robert's enemy applauded Mr. Harris's lifelike rendering of Sir Positive with no niggard hands, one may be sure; and, then, "Lord! to see how this play in abuse of Sir R. Howard do take!"

Finally, Mr. Caryll gave the theatre a version of Molière's "École des Femmes." A grave, even lugubrious, gentleman, this future secretary to the Queen of James, whose fidelity to his exiled master was to be rewarded, by-and-by, with the barren honour of an earldom, only recognised at St. Germains—better fitted for the supply of such melancholy maundering as he had flooded the stage with in his "English Princess." And yet his "Sir Solomon Single" has Molière enough left in it to be decidedly comic. Flinging himself delightedly into a new line of character—a character that would have suited Munden or Dowton, "down to the ground"—Betterton in Sir Solomon kept the house in a roar for a dozen afternoons; and amidst the not less hearty laughter which greeted Betterton's own pieces, the Duke's company finished their farewell season at the House in the Fields. On November 9, 1671, they opened at the splendid new house which Davenant, its designer, was not to live to see completed—the House in Dorset Garden.

NANCY.

By A. Harvey.

SOME years ago I belonged to a travelling company of actors. There were several good fellows among us at that time, but the favourite with us all was Jack Santley, my particular chum. He was the prince of good fellows, remarkable for his kindness, generosity, and geniality in a community renowned for those qualities. He was my senior by a few years, but we had many ideas and tastes in common. Like me, he had run away from a desk when a youth; and, like me, he hid his real name on account of the susceptibilities of his respectable relations. We had struck up a friendship from the time I joined Hawkins's company. I looked to him for advice and sympathy, and he bestowed both on me freely, though the greatest evils of my life then were a shortness of cash and a despair of climbing the steep ladder of my profession.

Sometimes I would rave a bit on this latter subject to Santley. I would give him the benefit of my idea of "Hamlet," my rendering of Othello's rage or Joseph Surface's duplicity, and a merry twinkle would come into his eyes. "That is the way, old fellow," he would say. "It will not do yet, but the right stuff is in you."

"You have not made such a mistake as I have," he added, one day. "I shall never do anything, and I know it now that it is too late."

"You? Why, you——" I began eagerly.

"I know what you would say," he interrupted. "I am good enough in a hundred things, I daresay, but it's the hundred-and-first I should like to excel in. Do you think, lad, it is my ambition to play Cassio when there is such a character as Iago? Do you imagine any praise as Oliver can satisfy me when I know I may never be Orlando? No, no, Harry—I know, now it is too late, that I shall never do anything great."

"But I say, Jack, I have the same fate. I have to play all the young——"

"Your time is to come. I tell you, Harry, if you work hard, you will make a grand success by-and-by. Mind you, though, there must be plenty of honest hard work. As for me," he added, with his merry laugh, "I love the life, actor or no actor. And then, if I had not taken it up, I should not have had Nancy. I expect great things of her also by-and-by. You and she, Harry, must set the theatrical world ablaze."

Yes, he had Nancy; and that meant a great deal to him. It is strange how a man's love will wind itself round anything he befriends

and protects. And then the child was so fond of him, he could not have helped returning her innocent love.

A few years before, the Hawkins Company had included a young couple of the name of Collingwood. Mrs. Collingwood was a clever actress; the husband was not very great in anything. He was a gloomy disagreeable fellow, and (rumour said) was not very kind to his wife. They had one child, who was called Nancy, after her mother.

When the child was about four years old, the poor young mother died. She was not strong enough to stand the hard life, with its many privations, for it was a hand-to-mouth struggle with many of us at that time. The work was hard, and the pay uncertain.

A few days after his wife's death, Collingwood disappeared, leaving the little Nancy behind him. There was a talk of putting the child in the workhouse, though I believe more than one of the company would have stretched out a hand to prevent that, hard work as it was for some of them to make both ends meet. But before anything could be settled, Santley announced his intention of adopting the child if her father did not return. He had been very kind to both husband and wife during the latter's illness, and he and Nancy were already good friends.

It was rather astonishing at first, but by degrees everyone grew used to seeing Santley with the child; and they got on capitally together. She was always perched on a chair by his side, and when he went down to the theatre she trotted along with him. She would refuse the most tempting offers of games and toys from the Hawkins's children to go with him, and Jack seemed only too pleased to have her.

She soon became the pet of the company. She was a merry, quaint, irresistible child, and as she grew older and showed an aptitude for the stage, Santley set to work to train her carefully; and he proved that if he could not act, he could teach; for how exquisitely Nancy acted her small parts! Santley said she was very clever—I think much of it was due to his training; however that might be, everything went well till one unlucky day when Collingwood turned up again.

He told long stories of his adventures, and made many excuses for having left us as he did, and for the desertion of his child. "She had reminded him so painfully of his bereavement, the sight of her was more than he could bear in his stricken state; he had meant to return for her when the wound caused by her death was healed, but misfortunes by land and sea had prevented him;" and much more in the same strain, of all of which we believed as much or as little as we chose. Why he came back I could not make out. He was hard up evidently, and perhaps he had heard that Nancy was likely to do well on the stage. But whatever his reason might be he came, and persuaded our easy-going manager to take him on again, and the cloud slowly gathered that was to mar Jack's happiness.

At first Collingwood took but little heed of the child, but when he discovered that she was thought clever, he saw she might be useful to him; then he noticed her intense devotion to Jack, and her silent

aversion of himself, and he grew jealous. He began to talk of claiming his daughter.

"Surely he cannot have the impudence to interfere with you after having deserted the child all these years!" I said, when one day Santley was speaking of his fears.

"He has impudence enough for anything. The man has not a spark of right feeling in him. Confound him! I would not say one word, hard though it would be to part with her, if I thought the father wanted her. But it is the idle spendthrift who claims her, because he thinks to make money out of her talent. I tell him he is welcome to all she earns, poor child, if he will let her alone; but he is afraid of my influence over her."

"He is jealous of you. But do you mean to say he wants to take her from you entirely?"

"He would like to do so, and if he insists I fear he has the right. I have proposed his coming to share these rooms as long as we stay in this place—it may stave off the evil day."

"It will never answer," I said. "I should think it would hasten matters."

"We shall see," said Jack with a sigh, "any how it will give the child time to grow accustomed to him if the worst comes to pass. She is afraid of him still, poor little thing."

It was soon after this that matters reached a climax. We had been making a fairly successful tour in the Eastern counties, and our leading lady was about to enjoy a benefit at a town that had patronised us well. The bills were out, huge posters, announcing, in inky capitals on flaring orange, green, and red grounds that, for one night only, on the occasion of Miss Virginia Hamilton's benefit, Mr. Samuel Hawkins's Company would appear in Shakespeare's play "King John," the manager himself playing in the title-rôle; the heroine of the evening, Constance. Of course I ran my eye down the cast. Nancy's name was in large letters as the little prince—she was a favourite with the good people of Allthorpe; but what I was most pleased to see was that Santley would take the part of Hubert. I was on my way to Santley's lodgings when my eye caught sight of the bill. It was news to me, for I had had a few days' holiday, and I did not know how the parts had been allotted. There had been some excitement about this allotment, both Santley and Collingwood claiming the right to the part of Hubert. Apparently the former had gained the day, and I thought it was just as well, for Nancy acted much better with him than with anyone else. I quickened my pace to congratulate him. I was soon at his room, and settled with a pipe and glass at my side.

"I am glad you have won the day," I remarked presently; "but won't Collingwood be savage? he counted on the part. Thank goodness he is not here to-night. Nothing seems the same when he is lounging about."

"He won't be in yet. He went into Norwich to-day."

"Where is little Nancy? The room looks empty without her."

"Yes, that it does," said Jack with a sigh. "I do not think I can part with her."

"He still insists on it?"

"Yes; and the child makes him angry. She does not take to him. She is afraid of him, his ways are so rough and harsh, and we have all petted her, spoiled her a little perhaps; but who could help loving and petting her except the one man who should care most for her? And worst of all he drinks, Harry, and he is inclined to be very savage then."

"He must not have her."

"I have thought it over. I fear there is no way to save her. Unless—— Some night if you find us missing, Harry, you must do your best to mislead them."

"Indeed I will. But could he not be bribed?"

"I did hope so, but he will not hear of it. He has become very obstinate about it. It has—— Hush!" he broke off, as a light step was heard; "here comes Nancy, and she knows nothing of this. I have persuaded him not to speak of it until she grows more used to him."

The door opened softly, and Nancy came in. She paused on the threshold. The sun was low, and its last red rays, streaming in at the window, fell on the slim young figure hesitating in the doorway. Always a pretty child, she looked lovely now, with the sunset-glow on her fair short hair and in her dark eyes; even her shabby frock was transformed and beautified by the soft pink light.

"Come in, sweet Nancy!"

She was beside us the next instant. "The sun was so bright I could not see who was here," she said; "I am glad it is only you, Harry."

"Only!" I cried, in mock anger. We loved to tease each other. She brought a book, and sat quietly by Jack, as was her wont when he had friends, while we talked of everything but the subject uppermost in our thoughts.

"Are we to have supper to-night?" inquired Jack presently, breaking a silence that had fallen upon us.

"I suppose Harry will stay," said Nancy, jumping up to help with the arrangements. I did not refuse; no one ever did refuse to sup with Jack and Nancy.

There was no performance at the theatre that night, and, after supper, Nancy and Jack had some rehearsing for the benefit performance. I stayed awhile, admiring the way the child took Santley's hints. Then he made her say some of Constance's lines, and it was wonderful to see how she entered into the spirit of them. Her eyes dilated, her face worked, even her slight figure seemed to grow taller. I applauded her, telling her it was like looking at our "star" through the wrong end of the opera-glasses. We were very merry that night, making up for the quieter evenings spent in the irksome presence of Collingwood.

When Collingwood came back the next day, and found he was not included in the cast, he was furious. He announced his intention of leaving Hawkins at once, and of taking Nancy with him. He had made

some arrangements with a manager at Norwich, and as his time would be up on Saturday there was nothing to prevent him.

The blow fell very heavily on poor little Nancy. "Go away with him! leave you! Oh no, no; it is not time!" she cried. She fretted so that we feared she would fall ill. Both Hawkins and I assured her we would not let her go; her father must give longer notice, and meanwhile we would find some way of keeping her. Santley, on the contrary, did not attempt to make her think she could remain. "It will be better for her to know the worst;" he said, "if she has to go the disappointment will be doubled if she has learned to hope." So he tried to comfort the poor little thing by putting her possible new life in the best light. Nancy made no remonstrance when she found he thought she must go, but her patience and resignation to his will nearly broke his heart. "I cannot stand it," he said to me; "why doesn't she speak and cry? That pitiful pathetic face of hers is enough to make a man do anything rash and foolish to save her."

Collingwood had been inclined to carry her off at once, but the manager put his veto on that. Nancy must stay for the benefit; and the day of the benefit arrived.

That morning, when Nancy was reading over her part preparatory to rehearsal, her father came in, and told her to put on her hat and go with him.

She hesitated, murmuring something of "Jack" and the theatre. Her frightened unwilling face put the finishing touch to his anger.

"It is always Jack," he cried with an oath; "but I will have no more of it. You will come with me at once, do you hear?" Then, as she stood still, alarmed at his tone, he made a hasty exclamation, and struck her, not very heavily, but with a sufficient force to make her stagger. "Now will you come?"

Nancy had turned very white. She caught hold of the table near which she stood as if to save herself, and when he repeated the question she answered, in a low determined voice, "No, I will not." She stood defying the coarse cruel man, and for a moment he was quelled by the unexpected resistance of the small slight thing; the next he would probably have struck her again more violently in his rage, but fortunately at that moment Jack came in.

"Oh Jack, Jack!" screamed the child, flinging herself into his arms and breaking into an agony of crying.

I do not know what Santley said to Collingwood, but it must have been something very bitter, for I met the latter on the stairs a few minutes later, and he looked the least bit ashamed of himself.

I found Santley trying to soothe the little girl, who was heartbroken; and, seeing I was not wanted, I left very soon. Later in the day I looked in to walk down to the theatre with them. Nancy was on Jack's knee, her head on his shoulder. She had evidently been crying a great deal, but she was quite quiet, except for a long-drawn sobbing sigh that now and again broke from the sad little heart. Santley's face was hard and stern. He did not see me, but was bending

over her, stroking her fair short hair, and now and again pressing his lips to it.

I was loath to disturb them, but it was getting late. "Are you coming?" I inquired, knocking rather unnecessarily at the door.

Nancy fetched her hat, and Jack wrapped a cloak carefully round her, and we set out, Nancy walking between us and holding Santley's hand the whole way. As a rule she was before us, behind us, singing, laughing, and talking all at once; but to-night she was a very sober child.

"Santley," I whispered, as we were going in, "keep your temper with Collingwood. I believe he is bent on aggravating you. He has been going on awfully at The George."

"I shall take no notice of him," said Jack. "It takes two to make a quarrel, and I shall risk none for the child's sake. I have not quite made up my mind, but I think—— I can't resist those pleading eyes any longer——" He stopped, as if considering it at all points. "He has been drinking again, I suppose?" he inquired quickly.

I nodded assent.

"I think I must save her. How can I give up that tender child to a man who lets himself be overcome by that worst of devils? It is impossible." There was no time for more, we were in the theatre.

The curtain went up. The house was full, the audience enthusiastic. Miss Hamilton was loudly applauded, and so was little Nancy. She looked very pretty in her boy's dress, but at first I was afraid she would not act up to her usual mark: she seemed very nervous, and there was an uncertain quiver in her sweet young voice. She had not got over the trouble of the afternoon. But after the first few lines she grew steadier and improved, and when she came on again in the scene with Hubert she surpassed herself. There was scarcely a dry eye as the childish voice pleaded—

Arthur. Must you with hot irons burn out both my eyes?
Hubert. Young boy, I must.
Arthur. And will you?
Hubert. And I will.

Her voice sent a thrill through the house as she cried—

Arthur. Have you the heart?

Adding, in gentle persuasive tones—

When your head did but ache
I knit my handkerchief about your brows—
The best I had. A princess wrought it me—
And with my hand at midnight held your head.
. . . . . Will you put out my eyes—
These eyes that never did, nor never shall
So much as frown on you?

There was perfect silence in the theatre. Her sorrow was so simple and so real; the nervous hands, the pathetic voice, the mournful eyes, with real tears trembling in them, touched all hearts. The audience were astonished. They could not understand how such a child could throw herself so thoroughly into a part. They were not behind the scenes—they did not know that Nancy was pleading as really as the little prince had done, that in the poet's heartrending words she was imploring her friend not to be her executioner by giving her up to her father.

The applause was tremendous when once it began, and some of the bouquets, intended doubtless for Miss Hamilton, were thrown to the little girl.

Santley's acting was very fine, finer than I ever remember. He, too, was acting from his heart, and when the little prince, by his exceeding sorrow, conquered the other's purpose, I thought I read a double meaning in Hubert's answer, and I felt certain his plans would be put in execution.

Hubert. Pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.
Arthur. Oh heavens! I thank thee, Hubert.

The child clung to him for a moment, and then it was that the applause came thundering down, almost drowning Hubert's—

Silence; no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

As he finished speaking Nancy turned preparatory to making her exit; then, with a cry of "Jack! Jack!" she flung herself upon him, and at the same moment the report of a pistol and a loud scream rang through the theatre.

The curtain fell; and while part of the audience was clamouring for the reappearance of the little prince, and the other part trying to ascertain the meaning of the shot and cry, Santley was striding across the stage, clasping his darling tightly in his arms; and there was blood—blood marking the spot where she had fallen.

Behind the curtain all was confusion, and in the confusion the murderer escaped.

Santley carried his burden into the green-room. As he passed by me swiftly I caught sight of a drooping golden head, a white upturned face, strangely altered.

There was soon more than one doctor about her, but they could do nothing. She did not speak again, nor recover consciousness. Jack stayed beside her, holding one small damp hand in his, never taking his eyes from her face. She seemed to recognise him once, and smiled. A few hours later she passed quietly away. She had suffered less than they had dared to hope.

No one knew for certain how it happened. Collingwood, who had

been in a very excited state all the evening, had taken up his position at the left wing at the beginning of the fourth act. It was conjectured that the child must have seen him aim at Santley, and have thrown herself between him and the threatened danger.

Collingwood was never found. It was supposed he escaped to Australia. But if the cry of his dead child haunted him, he did not escape punishment.

It was long before we could persuade Santley to leave the body that dreadful night. He could not believe she was dead. And when we did get him away, his extreme quiet alarmed us. He seemed stupefied with the shock. Mrs. Hawkins wept for the child as she might have done for one of her own, and it was days before she could speak of her without tears; and each one of us lamented the untimely death of our little favourite with many a sigh and tender word. But neither at the time nor after did poor Jack say much. At first the awful shock seemed to stun him; later on, when he understood it better, he could not speak of it. The pain went very deep, too deep for words or tears. So deep did it go that, years after, I saw his face contract when a fair-haired child, resembling in mere colouring poor little Nancy, ran up to him; and no one was able to persuade him to enter a theatre again.

He went up to London directly after the funeral, and took to journalism; but we did not lose sight of each other, for in time my work brought me to London also.

Once, when I was on the eve of triumph predicted by him, he said a few words in apology for not being present.

"I would make an effort for your sake, Wentworth," he said, "if I thought I should understand anything that was going on. But I know I should hear but one voice, see but one face; there would be but one presence in the theatre for me; so do not press me."

And though I longed for him to be there, and felt sure he would get over that sensation after the first, I could say no more.

So we go our separate ways; but we often meet at night when my work is done, for Jack is still a genial companion, and his rooms are a favourite resort as in the old days.

And if he and I see, amid the rising wreaths of smoke that fill the room, a small pale face, and if our thoughts flit back to the lodgings at Allthorpe, we do not speak of it unless we are alone. Then sometimes he will say a word or two of sweet Nancy who made that time so happy. But of the dead child he never speaks. He seems to like to think she may come in at the door presently, may bring her book to read over some new part, or may nestle up to him to relate some childish fancy. He will smile then, and stretch out his hand to find he is dreaming; and with a sigh he falls to smoking again—and, doubtless, to thinking of what might have been.

ARTISTS AND ART.

AT the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition this year, the fact most noticed will be the small number of pictures that rise above average merit. Among the most popular at Burlington House will be Herkomer's "Missing," and Millais's two subject-pictures, "Cinderella" and "Little Mrs. Gamp," whilst it is just possible that public opinion may reverse the verdict of cognoscenti and make Mrs. Butler's "Rorke's Drift," painted for the Queen, one of the pictures of the year. The handkerchief will, probably, be thrown to Mr. Herkomer's noble canvas, representing a crowd of anxious inquirers for tidings of the missing training ship "Atalanta." In this powerfully realistic picture Mr. Herkomer gives us a worthy pendant to his celebrated "Last Muster," with which in the popular mind his name is most closely associated. In at least two of his heads he is at his utmost strength. He has always shown a peculiar partiality for painting the heads of old people; in "Missing" the principal head is that of an old woman whose face, full of subdued grief, looks earnestly in the direction from which the long hoped-for information should come; scarcely less important is the figure of a very old man whom the constantly increasing anxiety has entirely broken down. Grouped in fine composition round these the principal figures are men, women, and children of all ages, from the infant in its mother's arms, smiling in its utter incapacity to understand the meaning of the mother's anxiety, to the strong and vigorous manhood of the young bluejacket, whose eyes, gazing straight out before him, seem to indicate that their owner has almost given up hope of seeing the brother or father serving in the ill-fated vessel.

Mr. Herkomer will be represented in chief at the Grosvenor by a powerful landscape, "The Gloom of Idwal," a picture somewhat akin to his impressive landscapes, "God's Shrine" or "Windswept," exhibited last year. He will also send a water-colour portrait of the author of "Modern Painters," which, executed a year and a half ago, he has himself engraved in mezzotint.

The same artist has found another and a very practical channel for his many-sided genius—an enterprise of great pith and moment in the crusade which (with and for the proprietors of the "Magazine of Art") he has undertaken against the hideous posters which disfigure the hoardings in the metropolis. Whilst others talk, Herkomer, full of earnestness and enthusiasm, acts; he has drawn directly on the wood, for a merely nominal sum, a huge poster (he would have cut the block himself had time allowed) on the sole condition that in the number of the magazine it advertises, an article written by him, or someone whom he would name, should appear, setting forth his objects and aspirations.

Mr. Millais's new subject-pictures (if subject-pictures they can be called) are little more than two portraits of children—charming, of course, as all Millais's child studies are. "Cinderella" will be repro-

duced in colour for the Christmas Number of "The Illustrated London News," and will be, doubtless, as popular as "Cherry Ripe." Millais will also send four or five portraits to the Academy, and three or four to the Grosvenor; among the latter will be one of Mrs. Perugini, a pendant to his portrait of another charming lady artist, Mrs. Jopling, in last year's Exhibition at Sir Coutts Lindsay's Gallery. Among his Academy portraits will be those of Professor Caird and Lord Wimborne, both good. He has also just completed portraits of Lord Beaconsfield and of the Poet Laureate; the latter is considered to be the finest portrait he has ever painted. A portrait of the "Seer of Chelsea" has, owing to the great thinker's death, been left in an unfinished condition. Those of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Tennyson have been purchased by the Fine Art Society, and will probably be shown with Millais's other pictures in the Society's "Nelson" room.

This room, by-the-way, is named after the great Admiral, who is said to have lived in it; and the story is told that on the occasion of a public rejoicing on the anniversary of one of his victories, the house, which by his instructions had not been illuminated, would have been roughly handled by the mob in Bond Street if he had not appeared at the window and converted the yells of execration into cheers of admiration.

The attitude of Lord Beaconsfield in Mr. Millais's portrait is very similar to that chosen by Mr. Weigall (at Millais's suggestion) in his portrait of the late great Conservative leader, and it is thoroughly characteristic. Those who have seen Mr. Disraeli rise in his place in the House of Commons, throw back his shoulders, and slowly fold his arms across his chest, will recognise the wisdom of the painter's choice and the truth of both pictures. Weigall's portrait, painted for Lord Exeter, and since repeated for Lord Lytton, has been engraved by Josey, a rising mezzotint engraver.

Some changes and additions to the collection of Millais's works now exhibited in Bond Street will be made at the beginning of May. "The Vale of Rest," considered by Millais to be his finest work, will return to its owner, and be replaced by the portrait group of Mr. Pender's daughters, called "Leisure Moments." In addition to Millais's portrait of Carlyle, a series of portrait sketches by Mrs. Allingham are now being shown at 148, New Bond Street; and a series of six etchings by Mr. Helmick, portraits of Carlyle at different periods of his life, will be shortly issued by the Etchers' Society, of Arundel Street, Haymarket. The same Society will also publish a superb plate by Paul Rajon, after Ouless's portrait of Cardinal Newman. Three of Helmick's etchings are shown at the first Exhibition of a new artistic sociality, the Society of Painter Etchers.

This Exhibition is fairly representative of English etching. It contains many etchings that are good (some very good), a few that are very bad, and a great many that are neither one nor the other. The Exhibition is marked by the conspicuous absence of the king of English painter etchers, Whistler. However, if the substance of Whistler is not there, the shadow is, and the work of a small clique of American artists

who, meeting Whistler at Venice, were naturally charmed into working with him, and, equally naturally (etching being new ground to them), took him as their model. A better model they could not have.

Carlo Pellegrini (Ape of "Vanity Fair") has just done a drypoint portrait of Whistler in his "Venetian rags," which is as good as his portrait of Bancroft in last year's Grosvenor Exhibition, or as his former life-size caricature of Whistler, which—a caricature of Whistler's manner of painting as well as of his figure and face—is now located in Biggs' shop in Maddox Street. Whistler sends a portrait of Miss Alexander to the Grosvenor Gallery in answer to Sir Coutts Lindsay's invitation. By the time these notes appear, the truth will have been proved of a rumour that, in the new æsthetic opera called "Patience," Mr. Grossmith takes Whistler as his model, at any rate, for make-up.

Mrs. Butler's "Rorke's Drift," at the Academy, is better than her other picture, "The Charge of the Greys at Waterloo," which is certainly disappointing. There is a good deal of spirit in the picture, the lines of the composition are skilful, and there is also much of the variety of individual expression that has characterised the former excellent work of this lady; but there is something in it that is not characteristic of her other pictures—bad drawing and want of that "added truth" which Mr. Ruskin declares to be true finish. Her colour is almost always disappointing, but in "Scotland for Ever," in addition to this characteristic failing, the heads of the horses, even allowing for the fact that they are the heads of the big Flemish horses then used, are too large for the animals on which, uttering their wild shout "Scotland for ever," the Greys, followed by the Highlanders, charged at Waterloo. By-the-way, it was this picture, and not "Rorke's Drift," that was nearly the subject of a motion for injunction in the Rolls Court.

From the Egyptian Hall to Leicester Square is not a far cry, and all London is flocking to see the Royal London Panorama, as they flocked to see De Neuville's "Rorke's Drift" last year, which its owners will probably bring to London in June, to allow of its comparison with Mrs. Butler's picture of the same subject. The Leicester Square Panorama will soon be followed by others, notably near the Oxford Music Hall in Oxford Street, and in the grounds of the Crystal Palace—the home for one, at the back of Hankey's fifteen-storeyed mansion in Queen Anne's Gate, is nearly ready. In the panorama of the Charge of Balaclava, the conception, composition, and drawing are alike fine, and the only fault (a very slight one) to be found, is that the dead men and horses lying at one's feet are too palpably dummies, and so detract from, rather than add to, the realistic effect.

In the early part of April the largest number of David Roberts's works that have ever been seen together, were dispersed under the hammer at Christie's: they formed part of the property of the late Mr. Bicknell, a son-in-law of the former Haymarket scene-painter. The prices realised were, on the whole, unsatisfactory, which is partly attributable to the large number sold, and the consequent flooding of the market.

The election of Mr. George du Maurier to the Old Water Colour Society is a very interesting fact; and from so refined and graceful a mind as his we may expeet, when experience gives confidenee, the same beautiful harmonies in colour that distinguish his constant work in black and white. Mr. du Maurier's reputation as a draughtsman is as great in France and Germany as in England; and his "Punch" pictures, particularly on "æsthetie" subjects, are wonderfully popular in America. The best example as yet of Mr. du Maurier's skill in water-colours is a portrait of Mr. Ainger, the reader at the Temple,—a very striking and characteristic head; this will probably be exhibited at the Royal Academy this year.

On the same day as the private view at the Old Society and of Mrs. Butler's picture, a private view of a somewhat different nature took place. The Art Furnishers' Alliance opened its doors to the shareholders and their friends. This company, started with the object of supplying artistic furniture at moderate prices, has for its Art Dircetor Mr. Christopher Dresser, and for its Secretary and Manager Sir Edward Lee, formerly of the Alexandra Palace—two names whieh are a host in themselves. Almost everything that taste ean suggest or necessity require for decoration or furnishing is shown, and the rooms of the Allianee form a great addition to the artistic strength of the metropolis.

"I know of but one art" is the motto which Alfred Stevens inseribed on the noble monument erected in St. Paul's Cathedral from his designs, and to a great extent under his personal supervision, to the memory of the Iron Duke. In that motto is summed up the story of Stevens's life, one of the most remarkable that the history of English art contains a life of unflagging enthusiasm and indomitable perseverance.

Michael Angelo Buonarotte and Leonardo da Vinei were the first propounders of the great prineiple that this motto contains, whilst Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Herkomer are its best known living supporters. The genius of these artists is not confined to any one partieular form of art, though, as in the case of their illustrious predecessors, it inelines more particularly to one.

A younger exponent of the unity of art is Mr. Johnston Forbes Robertson, who, in addition to being a eonscientious and hardworking aetor, has gained the reputation of being a promising and zealous painter. To the Grosvenor Gallery he will contribute a portrait of Madame Modjeska, his talented eolleague at the Court Theatre. The painting of this portrait has been a sympathetic task to the young actor-artist, and the result is, as might have been expected, a eomplete success. Madame Modjeska is as much sought after by artists as a sitter as Mdlle. Bernhardt was, and from her gracious and winning manner has made herself, apart from artistie considerations, more universally popular than perhaps any foreign artist who, in recent years, has visited our shores. Mr. Forbes Robertson's picture should, as the "counterfeit presentment" of so popular an actress, painted by so promising an actor, be of great interest to the theatrical world.

William Newcastle.

Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON
As "Romeo."

PERFORMANCE OF THE FIRST QUARTO "HAMLET."

St. George's Hall, Saturday Afternoon, April 16th, 1881.

Centinel	Mr. F. Boon.
Barnardo	Mr. R. Templeman.
Horatio	Mr. W. L. Hallward.
Marcellus	Mr. D. Robinson.
Ghost	Mr. T. Macklow.
King	Mr. H. Stacke.
Queene	Miss Zoe Bland.
Hamlet	Mr. William Poel.
Laertes	Mr. J. B. Partridge.
Corambis	Mr. F. J. Lowe.
Cornelia	Mr. Matthey.
Voltemar	Mr. F. Powell.
Ofelia	Miss Helen Maude.
Ambassadors from England ...	... Messrs. Spendlove and Boon.
Montano	Mr. A. Rogers.
Rossencraft	Mr. W. Waterton.
Gilderstone	Mr. J. B. Partridge.
Players: Duke ...	Mr. D. Robinson.
Players: Dutchess...	Mr. D. Glover.
Players: Prologue	Mr. A. Rogers.
Players: Lucianus	Mr. R. Templeman.
Fortenbrasse ...	Mr. D. Robinson.
Captain	Mr. A. Rogers.
Clowne	Mr. G. Battiscombe.
An other Clowne ...	Mr. R. Templeman.
A Bragart Gentleman	Mr. F. Powell.

Any attempt to cast a light upon remote and arduous points of Shakespearean criticism deserves to meet with recognition. Such an attempt was made under peculiarly honourable circumstances, on Saturday afternoon, the 16th of April, at St. George's Hall, when a company of amateurs gave the first recorded performance of what is known as the first quarto "Hamlet." So general ignorance concerning the value and significance of the quarto editions of Shakespeare's plays prevails among the most conscientious students of the stage, that it is pardonable and even desirable to state what is the point at issue. Until the year 1823 the quarto edition of "Hamlet" of 1604, now described as the second quarto, supplied the earliest known text of the play. In that year (1823) a quarto differing in many important respects from that of 1604 and dated a year earlier, was discovered by Sir Henry Bunbury, among some books collected, as is supposed, by his father. This copy formed a portion of a volume which came ultimately into the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. It has since its discovery been often reprinted and facsimiled, and is known as the Devonshire quarto. Unfortunately it was deficient of the last leaf.

In 1856 a second copy, possessing the missing leaf, though wanting a title page, was bought from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, for a shilling by a Dublin bookseller, by whom it was sold for £70. Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips subsequently acquired it for £120, and it is now in the British Museum. For the purpose of reproduction, the first quarto was now complete. Since that period it has given rise to no small amount of controversy.

From the second quarto, in which is found a text that with comparatively unimportant variations has been maintained, the first quarto widely differs. It is in the first place not much more than half the size, containing two thousand one hundred and forty-three lines, against three thousand seven hundred and nineteen. For the name of Polonius appears that of Corambis, while the character now known as Reynaldo is called Montano. The order of the scenes is other, the language differs widely, and much of what is most poetical, and almost all of what is most philosophical in the later text, is wanting. A discussion which has

since been maintained, and is likely to be interminable, at once arose. According to one class of thinkers, the "Hamlet" of 1603 is an early draft of the tragedy which Shakespeare subsequently remodelled; in the opinion of others it is a maimed and distorted version, obtained by piracy, whether by being taken down in shorthand during representation, or "cribbed" by some one with access to the stage copy, or by a combination of the two methods, is not clear. Of the latter view, Mr. John Payne Collier was the earliest champion, and he has been doughtily supported by W. W. Lloyd (a critical essay on "Hamlet," contributed to Singers' second edition), Tycho Mommsen in "The Athenæum," the editors of the Cambridge Shakespeare (W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright), and Mr. Moy Thomas. Charles Knight was the first to espouse the opposite view, and he has had with him, in the main, Staunton, Dyce, Gervinus, Herr Delius, Herr Elze, and Mr. F. J. Furnivall, the founder and director of the new Shakespeare Society, under whose direction the histrionic experiment now chronicled was carried out. To this opinion leans also, if we may judge from expressions in his edition of "Hamlet," Dr. Howard Furness, the well-known editor, so far as it has extended, of the American Variorum Shakespeare.

Into a controversy like this it is needless to enter. Upon a question that will never be settled it is worse than useless to be dogmatic, and less than wise to seek an opinion if one does not force itself upon you. Goethe says that speculations to which no answer is possible are amusing occupations for the dilettante, but a man with serious work to do will do well to eschew them. Whether Shakespeare's "Hamlet" took at first the shape it assumes in the 1603 quarto and was afterwards expanded, or whether a dishonest publisher took advantage of the popularity of the play upon the stage to dish up a mutilated and imperfect version, is a matter on which doctors disagree, and upon which no fresh light is likely to be thrown.

Fresh light is at least not likely to come from the representation that has been given. A certain amount of illumination is cast upon the text of Shakespeare by the most incompetent performance. It may accordingly be maintained that those who watched the presentation of the first quarto "Hamlet" gained at least a clearer idea of its meaning. The question of its authenticity has, however, to be settled by means wholly different. Very lively arguments on both sides are deducible from the text, but no addition to their cogency can be obtained from a performance. This, indeed, in the present instance, scarcely went beyond the average of amateur acting. Miss Helen Maude was a competent Ofelia, and Miss Zoe Bland a satisfactory Queen. Mr. W. L. Hallward's Horatio was a manly piece of acting, and something may be advanced in favour of the King of Mr. H. Stacke, and the Corambis (Polonius) of Mr. F. J. Lowe. Mr. Wm. Poel, however, who played Hamlet, failed to assign any distinct individuality to the rôle. The text was spoken with a cultivated delivery which is not common upon our stage, and to which accordingly it is pleasant to listen. As a whole, however, the exposition was languid, emphasis was rarely adopted, and

when adopted was injudicious, and the presentation was inadequate in all respects.

The customs supposed to be in vogue in Shakespeare's days were rigorously observed. No scenery or decoration beyond a raised platform —on which the dumb show was presented or the like—was employed, and the costumes were all Elizabethan. Not even an intimation in writing was affixed to indicate the scene of the action. In the case of a play with which the audience is so familiar as it is with "Hamlet" no great inconvenience attends this system; it would probably work less satisfactorily were the drama produced an entire novelty.

Before the curtain was raised Mr. Furnivall delivered a short explanatory address or conference. The amateurs are to be congratulated upon their zeal and enterprise. No slight trouble is involved in acquiring the text of a play like this, and the lines were, as a rule, spoken with commendable accuracy. If we are unable to attach any great value to the performance, we are at least glad to have seen it. To students of "Hamlet" it is pleasant to recommend Mr. Griggs's photolithographic reprint of the text of the quartos, which of course reproduces with minutest accuracy every feature of the original, and brings at slight cost the rarest of Shakespearean volumes within the reach of all.

Joseph Knight.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THERE comes a day to most comedians and singers when it is given them to "enter living into their immortality," as De Banville finely wrote of Victor Hugo. They read in the flesh those saddest of all obituaries, the obituaries ante mortem. The forced festivities of a Last Appearance have the hush of funereal liveliness when the wine and cake are handed round with the black gloves; and after the apotheosis of a theatrical farewell, come a darkness and a silence that to them they visit must seem deathly. Hortense Schneider has been enjoying these posthumous honours during the last month. She has pretty evenly divided the month with Tunis. Six months ago she seemed to be really dead, her name and fame had become such utter blanks. Then in Braneur's neat little theatre, the Nouveautés, she took frankly a duenna's part in some musical mummery of the moment, and people went about asking: "Is that Schneider?" They had scarcely realised that it was she alive, and lively as far as twelve stone and fifty years would let her, when the end came, and the Grand Duchess sold her superfluities and announced her marriage—a superfluity, too, in her view, one would have thought. The show at the Hotel Drouot was not splendid, but then I never knew a saleroom show that was. Storr's hammer is more depressing than Thor's any day, and the spectators were not more exhilarating than the show;

actors few, actresses fewer—Faure, Lassalle, Krauss, Celine Montaland, and some minor histrions, come less to see than to be seen. The jewellery, if I may believe the Jews, was rather more garish than solid. Shoe buckles with brilliants, a lot of little guitars in gold, given after the first performance of "La Périchole;" the "sabre de mon père," in a handsome jewelled form; a valuable riding whip or two, and trinkets worn in "Litschen and Fritschen," "Barbe Bleue," and the rest, seem to have been the most noticeable features of the Grand Duchess's regalia.

The sale has benefited the public in a fashion, if it has not brought millions into the safe in the Rue Taitbout, where in a chaos of unpacked trunks and yawning cases, the ex-Grand Duchess keeps her voluminous valeurs. It has set men thinking and gossiping about the pre-Republican régimes of gaicty, when the Salic law was abrogated, and Schneider was autocrat. The régime could hardly have been without her. She was as necessary to the frolicsome fever of the last Imperial decade as Bonaparte to the eighteenth Brumaire. She had just the temperament the times wanted: an Alsatian-Bordelaise, Southern verve and vivacity, with the golden hair, the milk and roses, aye, and something of the dreamy grace, of Gretchen. Then she was a Paris gamine before she left the little shop of the Bordeaux tailor, her father, whose consent to her appearance as a cabotine, by-the-by, she extorted by mercilessly playing the flageolet to him. Her first engagement was at Agen, but in less than a year she was resolutely entering Dinocheau's artistic and literary dining-place on Berthelier's arm. There was a fine fitness in her career: she began in the Folies Marigny Theatre that Offenbach built, reached her zenith in the heyday of the Variétés, and well, I will not say her nadir, but vanishes from the footlights as Offenbach dies, and the Folies Marigny ceases to exist as a theatre, to become the monster panorama that Garnier is going to achieve.

The Schneider sale has realised more than half-a-million francs. Cheap satirists suggested that that sum would have been doubled, had the organisers made known the givers of the more conspicuous lots. The catalogue might have read like elegant extracts from the "Almanach de Gotha." The big white bearskin against the bed was particularly admired and commented upon. And then the bed itself!—an immense edifice on a high daïs, about which the diva used to say: "I take my slippers off in the cellar and go to bed in the attic." The Gerolstein crown and sceptre, gold and thickly studded with gems, are modelled on "the properties" of the British regalia; or at least, a chroniqueur, who may possibly have been to the Tower, tells us so. This, by-the-by, is not the first time "la Sultane Blonde," as poor Vermersch called her, has put her regalia up for auction, though I think there was no crown in the first collection. Early in 1860, a Schneider sale was a thrilling Parisian

event; and in a revue of the same year Hortense appeared and sang at the orchestra stalls:

J'ai vendu mes diamants,
Messieurs, vous m'en donnerez d'autres!

This final "nettoyage" proves that messieurs—or should it be messeigneurs?—accepted the invitation in all docility.

For a good many years the Gymnase has been a kind of Olympic, neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good theatrical red herring. There was a blight upon it, for no appreciable reason, but in all men's appreciation. Directed by Victor Koning, it would not have "done" had John Hollingshead directed it; and the power of adverse fate cannot be more emphatically defined than by that statement. But Adolphe Belot brings good luck, and "Monte Carlo" was a title to coin money with, so three weeks ago men began to look Gymnasewards for possible recreation. But even Monte Carlo has only yielded a série on the noir; and I doubt whether the run will extend to trente or quarante. The gray-haired gamester leaves for Monaco with his god-daughter, who has hit upon an infallible scheme for breaking the bank. In Paris remain two daughters, one married, one engaged; and the fiancé having confided to his future brother-in-law a sum of a hundred thousand francs, this is taken by the father in mistake for money which had been lent to him. This is all lost by the time his daughters come up with him at Monte Carlo. The fiancé has disposed of the sum in drafts, and will be dishonoured if the deposit is not forthcoming. After a frantic attempt to obtain the amount by the sale of the sisters' earrings, etc., the god-daughter arrives, a saviour, with half-a-million won at roulette. The piece was not hissed; it was yawned.

Something like a passage from Scarron's story is the organised exodus of the players on Good Friday. On that one night in the year—as is well known—Paris is theatreless. A grim and ghastly day it is, despite the floating crowd and flaunting shops, having an incomplete air about it from early dawn, which seemed to indicate that without "the play" it would not know how to end. The proverbial resource of idle actors—seeing somebody else play—is wanting. You would not find a theatre open nearer than Tunis, and there you would not understand. So the comedians fall in bands upon Asnières, Meudon, Robinson, Chaton, all the nests of verdure or riverside beaches about Paris. From the minor theatres the companies go forth in homogeneous groups, numbering from the secrétaire de direction to the prompter. The ladies essay their first spring toilettes, and the gentlemen pick dandelions for their buttonholes, in default of lilac or May. Then, at dessert, in the traditional arbour of a suburban restaurant, songs are sung, those eternal stories of extraordinary débuts are told, the management is abused, and the dull disquiet of cockneys afield at night settles down on all the dinner party.

"The Poupées de L'Infante" was put off nearly as often as a serious —and ennuyeux opera. First, Mdme. Cuinet was hoarse; then a scene had to be amputated; afterwards Mdme. Simon-Gérard had a cold. The play was worth waiting for, however, which is a little more than one can say of more pretentious pieces. A Spanish Infanta has a passion for dolls, which is an innocent enough taste, at the first blush, for an Infanta. But the dolls are articulated and automatic, and when her highness is compelled to leave them, she takes flesh and blood puppets as their successors. Married to the King of France, she remembers a student who threw himself into the Mancanares to save her bouquet. She is not surprised to find that her unknown lover has followed her to Rambouillet and fired on a boar which threatened the king his rival. Using king, courtiers, and ministers as puppets, the Infanta succeeds at last in marrying the student, who, of course, turns out to be the Prince Royal of Portugal in disguise. The scenario is slight, but the music aërial, ingenious, and (cognoscenti say) often worthy of a more ambitious partition and more cultivated executants. The doll song, "Il faut savoir faire aller la ficelle"—sung by Mdme. Simon-Gérard—appeals to all ears. Mdlle. Fraudin is a débutante of whom magnificent things may be predicted. She frankly says that she could not afford to wait until the classic opera could give her an opportunity; and with apologies to the Conservatoire she makes her first appearance at the Folies Dramatiques. She need not apologise to the public. She sings a creole song and dances a fandango like a consummate musician and mime. The sumptuous traditions of the Folies Dramatiques are in no way departed from—silk everywhere, and two or three scenes (notably Rambouillet and a saloon at the Louvre) which are gems by a master-hand—that of Zarra, who is appropriately Spanish.

Luxury has seldom been carried farther than it is in the new theatre, the "Comédie Parisienne." It is the old Menus Plaisirs transformed; the upholstery is pale pink and gold; even the fourth galleries—anglicé the gallery—look like balconies, and are almost pretty enough to have Juliets hanging over them instead of Jules. The chief originality of the Boulevard de Strasbourg house is the foyer windows, in stained glass that represents allegorical figures with the names of dead artists and artistes under them, ranging apparently from Offenbach to Daumier. The new theatre's first piece is one of the vast and vigorous family of the Mère Hugot. The "Queen of the Market" has apparently been written for Theresa, who is at her best as a modern fishfag, proving every day that behind the eccentric songstress there is a comedian of strong and sterling talent. Here again the scenery is sublimated realism such as we seldom peep at in that native land of scenic conventionality, the Strand. M. Cornil's great aisle of the Marée, at the moment when the fish trucks are coming in is of astonishing depth and verisimilitude.

The Français refused Coppée's "Madame de Maintenon," while it accepted Coppée as its secretary. If a subsidised theatre could ever do right, I should incline to the belief that the Français was not altogether wrong. "Madame de Maintenon" is cleverly, chastely, even eloquently written, but it is intrinsically a cold piece—I had almost said a lifeless one. The poet of "Les Humbles" can cast his verse in iron, pen it in granite, when he chooses; he can only make it flesh and blood when he treats such subjects as his "Intimités," the woes of the inner or the lowly life. In the prologue, while Scarron is away, his wife receives an old friend of young days who has remained a Huguenot. Loving each other—in all righteousness and honour—the friends must separate for years, and Madame Scarron, who has become a Catholic, gives the young man a psalter, on which she writes "Au Revoir." This, years after, the lover's brother brings back to her, then the great King's greater mistress, or Queen. The young brother loves a protégée of the King's mistress, who is trying to make a Papist of her; he plots with the Huguenots, is suspected by the conspirators, and when they are all arrested, a comrade spits in the supposed traitor's face. Jouvois, on the other hand, has made the young Huguenot appear the son of Madame de Maintenon and her Protestant cousin of long ago. The King signs the young conspirator's pardon; if Madame de Maintenon uses it she proclaims her maternity. She attempts to use it; the Protestant rejects her intervention and takes his place in the condemned train, saying, "Be Queen!" It will be seen that the dramatic situations are strong and natural enough. The personages are unsympathetic abstractions. There are magnificent lines, there are few touches of simple nature. The de Mérans are prigs, and Madame de Maintenon—magnificently played by Madame Fargueil—is the pedantic Puritan she seems in history, the most respectable and the most detestable of royal concubines.

This is the invitation to the hundredth of Nana:—"Mdlle. Nana has the honour to invite you to supper on the 25th of April, at the Ambigu Theatre, at half-past twelve o'clock. The occasion is the hundredth performance of Nana. Gentlemen in evening dress; ladies—as they like." I decline to believe that M. Emile Zola composed all that alone. It is in a charming framework drawn by Léon Sault, and representing Nana very much au naturel, and surrounded by all her worshippers and victims, from the Comte Muffat to the young Zizi.

Evelyn Jerrold.

Munden, 1758–1832.—Munden, when confined to his bed by gout, and unable to put his foot to the ground, being told by a friend that his dignified indisposition was the laugh of the green room, pleasantly replied: "Though I love to laugh, and make others laugh, I would much rather they made me a standing joke."

Our Play-Box.

"JEANNE, JEANNETTE AND JEANNETON."

First produced, Alhambra Theatre, Monday, March 28th, 1881.

Jeanne	Miss Alice May.	Prince de Soubise	Mr. W. S. Penley.
Jeannette... ...	Miss St. Quinten.	Briolet	Mr. Fred Leslie.
Jeanneton ...	Miss Constance Loseby.	La Grenade ...	Mr. Kelleher.
Clorinde	Miss Ivanova.	D'Auberval ...	Mr. A. Collini.
Florine	Miss May Jamieson.	Officer	Mr. C. Power.
Celine	Miss San Martino.	Jacquot	Mr. Sweetman.
Marquis de Noce	Mr. W. H. Woodfield.	Notary	Mr. Redmond.

Soldiers, Notaries, Citizens, etc.

I should have thought it was quite possible to time plays at rehearsal; but it is a singular fact that one never goes to a first night at the Alhambra without hearing the same remarks: "Far too long, splendidly mounted, ballets better than ever, too much talk, not enough singing, when an hour has been cut out it will be all right, no doubt." It was the same story on the present occasion. Here were Miss Constance Loseby, Miss Alice May, and Miss St. Quinten engaged in a lively vocal competition and singing their best; here were Pertoldi, Palladino, and the charming Gillert dancing against one another and astonishing the audience; here was the indefatigable M. Jacobi at his post making his splendid band move as by one impulse; here were dresses, silks, satins, show and dances galore: but for the most part it was uphill work, for the play was quite an hour too long. All this has doubtless been remedied by this time, and everything, I hope, works well, as the stage-manager says; but far better call it a public rehearsal than a performance, when serious alterations have to be made after an opera is produced. But all these difficulties apart, in some departments the Alhambra has no rival.

C. S.

"BRANDED."

A New and Original Romantic, Spectacular Drama of Sensational Interest by Richard Lee.
First produced, Princess's Theatre, Saturday, April 2nd, 1881.

Roland Lacroix ... / Monsieur Ferron...	Mr. Henry Neville.	Lucian Ferron ..	Mr. C. Sidney.
Colonel St. Cyr ...	Mr. F. Archer.	Jules Laurelle ...	Little Katie Barry.
Corporal Paul ...	Mr. William Redmund.	Jules Laurelle ...	Mr. F. Charles.
Sergt. Verjuiceau	Mr. J. S. Hewitt.	Muraille	Mr. Arthur Greville.
Monsieur Leseque	Mr. John Beauchamp.	Grosjean	Mr. Wallace.
Ichabod Krantz ...	Mr. Henry Evans.	Wurms	Mr. Allen Thomas.
Zoille	Mr. Arthur Estcourt.	First Warder ...	Mr. Anderson.
Mouche	Mr. John Gardiner.	Second Warder ...	Mr. Proctor.
Grenier	Mr. Chamberlain.	Lina...	Miss Caroline Hill.
Zlik	Master Barry.	Little Corinne ...	Little Katie Neville.
Père Geromc ...	Mr. Walter Avondale.	Mdlle. Corinne Laurelle	Miss Maud Milton.
Sergent de Ville ...	Mr. Stirling.	Hagar	Mrs. Huntley.
Lucian Lacroix ...	Little Miss Bunch.	Mdme. Verjuiceau	Mrs. Lyons.

Lancers, Bandsmen, Warders, Galley Slaves, Sergents de Ville, Citizens, etc.

If I were to puzzle my brains from now until Doomsday, I certainly could not compose a funnier, or for the matter of that, a more accurate account of the new sensation drama than appeared a few days after its first appearance in "Truth." I propose, therefore, to reprint it, for it

ought to be preserved. Those who have not read it ought to do so; those who have enjoyed it can do so again. It is impossible to view these plays seriously; and I have only to add that the advertisements assure us that "Branded" is an immense success. So much the better for all connected with the enterprise. I wish them well; and because it is a success I shall be told that therefore it is a good play. If I were burned at the stake, I could not say so. Each one to his own taste. Mine unfortunately, is not in the direction of circus-horses and the puerile efforts of which this play is composed.

"Act I.—The scene is a canteen at Toulon. Mr. Neville is a soldier, gay and light-hearted, who is married to Miss Caroline Hill, who is also gay and light-hearted. They have a son—a child in brown velveteen. Soldiers are carousing. Near them are a man and boy. They plan a robbery with the husband and wife who own the canteen—their intention is to steal the plate of Miss Caroline Hill's aunt, a venerable lady of the name of Verjuiceau, who resides in the neighbourhood. Mr. Neville joins his brother soldiers. Miss Hill drops in to see him, with a large door-key in her hand. It is the key of her aunt's home. She gives it to her husband, who puts it in his pocket. The man and the boy start on their guilty expedition, whilst Mr. Neville, his wife, and his child go for a walk. We are now introduced to a soldier who has made money by falsifying his accounts and—as he distributes bread to the regiment—by giving light weight. What he has to do with the plot I do not know, nor do I know why he offers to divide his plunder with the owners of the canteen, nor why, on this, they make him tipsy, nor why they quarrel and fight, nor why he is knocked down senseless, nor why he is put into a hole, nor why the wife of the canteen-keeper observes, 'We will stuff him in a wine-cask, and pitch him in the river.' Having, however, carried out their fell purpose, the police arrive to search the canteen, because a robbery has been committed in the house of Aunt Verjuiceau. Not only do they search the house, but the pockets of Mr. Neville, who at this moment returns with his wife and child. They discover in one of his pockets the street-door key. He, then, is the robber; the evidence is convincing, and he is arrested.

"Act II.—We are in a barrack-yard. A band on horseback enters, followed by soldiers on horseback. Three of the latter come forward, and wave their swords whilst the band plays. Of course there is a comic horse, who will go backwards when he is urged to go forwards, and who kicks indiscriminately at all who approach him. He is bestridden by a trumpeter, and two foot-soldiers are detailed off to watch the antics of the fiery quadruped. At length the band, the horses, and the soldiers go back from whence they came. The 'Grand Parade' is over. Everything being swept clean, the Colonel of the regiment, several soldiers, police-officers, Mr. Neville, Miss Hill, the child in brown velveteen, the canteen-keeper and his wife, the man and the boy who had committed the robbery, the despoiled aunt, and an indiscriminate crowd of townspeople enter. The Colonel takes his seat, and proceeds to try Mr. Neville. A

boatman produces a spoon—he has found it in his boat. The despoiled aunt recognises it as one of her 'best dozen.' The 'man and the boy' are arrested, for they have been seen in this boat. A letter now arrives. It professes to come from the soldier who in the last act we heard of as being about to be stuffed in a wine-cask. The Colonel reads the letter, and is convinced that Mr. Neville has not only robbed the spoons, but slain his comrade and stuffed him in a wine-cask. The police-officers go off to search his kit. They return with a pocket-book, which the despoiled aunt also recognises as her property. A priest now joins the Colonel, and asks the latter to show him 'the letter.' The priest knows the handwriting. It is written by a 'tongue-tied boy' whom he educated. This youth is at the door, and the Priest brings him in, and asks him about the 'letter'; the 'tongue-tied boy' alternately nods and shakes his head; at length he finds, for the first time in his life, his voice, when confronted with the canteen-keeper: 'That is the man,' he says. The Colonel, however, after arresting divers persons and then freeing them, finally concludes that Mr. Neville is the robber and the murderer, and condemns him to an indefinite number of years of hard labour. Miss Caroline Hill and the child in brown velveteen weep, and the curtain falls.

"Act III.—The Prison-yard. Mr. Neville, now No. 15, is at work with other convicts, and guards are about. Miss Caroline Hill, with the child—still in brown velveteen—comes to see him. She gives her husband a file, and tells him that he will find a rope-ladder at the other side of the wall which encloses the yard, and that there is a boat, to which he will have to swim, awaiting him in the harbour. The convicts have left, as well as all their guards. Mr. Neville quietly files off his irons, bids adieu to his wife and the child in brown velveteen; then he climbs over the wall and disappears. Having given him full time to get away, the warders now return, and shoot Miss Caroline Hill and the child in brown velveteen. They fall together in a heap, and the curtain also falls.

"Act IV.—We are in a cemetery. In the midst of it is a small chapel. The district surveyor enters this abode of death, and informs the audience that he knows that the chapel will soon fall in, although he does not know precisely when. Having delivered himself of this soliloquy, he retires. A former comrade of Mr. Neville, one Corporal Paul, replaces the district surveyor. He tells the audience that singularly enough the bullets which the warders in the last act fired into Miss Hill have had the unfortunate effect of killing her. She is to have a soldier's funeral, and the funeral is approaching. Preceded by the band—not this time on horseback—comes the coffin borne aloft by soldiers, and followed by the child, still in brown velveteen, for, although chief mourner, no one has put this bereaved infant in decent mourning. Behind the child are all the people who were at the trial of Mr. Neville. The coffin is carried into the chapel, and the door of this edifice is closed. The priest who educated the tongue-tied boy, and who, it would appear, is the chaplain of the cemetery, now issues from the chapel. He informs the crowd that he thinks that Miss Caroline Hill is not

dead, but in a trance. The crowd is not surprised at this intelligence: even the child in brown velveteen is not moved. The priest goes off to seek a doctor, and all follow him, except the canteen-keeper and his wife, who accept an invitation from the sexton to partake of brandy-and-water in his cottage. The cemetery is now clear. From a hole underneath the chapel, in which he has been lurking, Mr. Neville emerges. He confides to the audience that he has successfully effected his escape, mainly by swimming. He wonders where his wife is. Corporal Paul, who has now returned, congratulates Mr. Neville on his escape. The Corporal confides to him that Miss Hill is dead, and lying in the chapel. Mr. Neville is so overcome that he falls on his knees, and says that he has nothing to live for. 'Yes,' replied the Corporal, 'you have this;' and he produces the child in brown velveteen from another hole in the chapel, in which the infant has been conveniently stowed. The child is still indifferent, but allows himself to be embraced by his parent. The canteen-keeper and his wife, having partaken of their brandy-and-water with the sexton, return, on which Mr. Neville, the Corporal, and the child in velveteen hide behind a tree. The canteen-keeper's wife opens the door of the chapel. Miss Hill is disclosed lying in her coffin, which has no lid. She apostrophises her. 'I,' says the guilty woman, 'put a soldier in a wine-cask, I accused your husband falsely, I shared in the robbery of your aunt's spoons.' Mr. Neville rushes from behind his tree, and grasps her throat: 'No,' he observes, 'I cannot strangle a woman.' By this time the crowd is back. The canteen-keeper's wife calls on them to arrest Mr. Neville as an escaped convict. This is too much for Miss Hill. She cannot even wait for the doctor, but gets out of her coffin, and comes to the chapel door. She overheard, whilst in her coffin, the confession of the innkeeper's wife. 'There,' she cries, as she points to her, 'is the guilty woman.' The 'guilty woman' at once seizes the child in brown velveteen, draws a knife, and announces that she will slay him. The child is still stolidly indifferent, but he is rescued from the virago. The chapel, on this, falls to pieces, according to the prediction of the district surveyor, and the act is over.

"Act V.—We are in the reception room of Mademoiselle Corinne, a sculptress. Eighteen years have elapsed. The child in brown velveteen has become a man, and wishes to marry Corinne, who, it would appear, is the sister of the 'tongue-tied boy.' Mr. Neville has become a wealthy banker. Corporal Paul, not so fortunate, is the footman of Corinne. Miss Hill has become a model, and is insane; the innkeeper's wife has also become a model. All meet in Corinne's room. Mr. Neville does not wish his son to marry her, as if it were discovered that he is the son of a convict, this might be unpleasant to her. Corinne tells Mr. Neville that she knows his secret. This is not true, for she does not know it. But by accident she strikes him on the arm; he shrieks, for she has touched the place where he was branded. 'Ah!' says Corinne, 'now I do know your secret—you are a convict.' Mr. Neville admits it, but pleads that he was not guilty. Corinne insists that not only shall he allow her to marry his son, but also to give

5,000 francs to her brother, 'the tongue-tied boy.' Mr. Neville assents, on which Miss Hill recognises her husband, and her reason returns. The curtain finally falls on a tableau of domestic felicity. Mr. Neville embraces Miss Hill; the child, now a man, and no longer in brown velveteen, embraces Corinne; whilst 'the tongue-tied boy' and the footman assume an attitude of intense satisfaction."

To the development of this strange story are devoted the mingled talent and conspicuous loyalty of Mr. Henry Neville, who acts with a cheerful unselfishness beyond all praise. Miss Caroline Hill did everything with a part that fades out into nothing, and in one difficult scene resembling a character and situation in "La Fille de Roland"—where an actress has to explain in action a scene taking place off the stage—is better than I can remember to have ever seen her before. Mr. Archer as a refined, humane Colonel of Lancers was admirable from first to last. The last act in a dramatic sense is by far the best, being borrowed from Mr. Richard Lee's capital "Ordeal by Touch," but unfortunately the great part in it was entrusted to a young lady who has intelligence and good will, but no power for scenes of such subtlety; she was completely overpowered by the situation, of which she should have been the mainspring, so down went the play like broken clockwork. "Branded" is a dramatic curiosity of the times.—C. S.

"THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM."

A Comedy by Mrs. Cowley (1780), reduced to Three Acts.

Revived at the Lyceum Theatre, Saturday Evening, April 16th, 1881.

Doricourt	Mr. Irving.	Gibson	Mr. Clifford.
Hardy	Mr. Howe.	Pilgrim Mask	Mr. Hudson.
Flutter	Mr. W. Terriss.	Mountebank	Mr. Carter.
Saville	Mr. Pinero.	Servant	Mr. Marion.
Villiers	Mr. Elwood.	Mrs. Rackett	Miss Sophie Young.
Courtall	Mr. Tyars.	Lady Touchwood ...	Miss Barnett.
Sir George Touchwood	Mr. Beaumont.	Letitia Hardy	Miss Ellen Terry.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Maskers, etc., etc.

ACT I.

Scene 1st—Lincoln's Inn. Scene 2nd—An Apartment at Doricourt's.
Scene 3rd—A Room in Hardy's House.

ACT II.

Scene—Ball Room.

A Minuet will be danced by Miss Ellen Terry, Mr Irving, Miss Young, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Elwood, Mr. Tyars, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Mathison, Mr. Archer, Mr. Hudson, and Messrs. Ross, Page, Gyde, St. John, and the Misses Moreley, Barnett, Harwoood, Coleridge, Daubigny, Gozna, Brown, Dolman, Hawkes, Bainbridge, and Edwards.

ACT III.

Scene 1st—Hardy's House. Scene 2nd—Doricourt's Bed-Chamber.
Scene 3rd—Queen Square. Scene 4th—A Room in Hardy's House.

No doubt there are two classes of people to be pleased in a theatre: the sight-seers and the students. The sight-seers insist upon as much action, variety, and movement as they can get; their excitable palates require tickling every other minute, and the play that is not crammed with good scenes is voted dull. The students, on the other hand, are curious about

the changes in dramatic literature, and are not averse to sitting down to a dish that their forefathers enjoyed. Obviously a manager cannot please both: and I do not question the diplomacy of Mr. Henry Irving in altering Mrs. Cowley's old comedy so as to make it harmonise with modern taste and custom. In this play, act it as you will, there are three great scenes of major importance which cannot afford to be overlooked. They are—first, the wilful trick of Letitia Hardy to disgust or confuse her lover by acting a hoyden; second, the exquisite banter of the "belle," who, playing upon the vanity of Doricourt at a masquerade, wins him over to her a fettered captive; and, lastly, Doricourt's celebrated scene of feigned madness. But there are also scenes of minor importance that I should have thought would have been found interesting in these days when the affectation of the hour is to revive the decorative air of the last century. We go to pictures to see how our grandmothers and great grandmothers dressed and moved; we might go to the old comedies to hear precisely how they talked and what were their habits and customs. There is some dialogue in this play that illustrates most forcibly the Georgian era, and its satire is so true to our own times that it proves more than ever how the old world moves round in a circle, and society is afflicted, at changing seasons, with the same passions and prejudices. But in addition to the last-century tone, which perhaps can only be appreciated by the minority, there is, however, a very marked dramatic contrast that is surely essential to the fabric of the comedy. Letitia Hardy, knowing how vain men are, pretends, when masked, that she has fallen in love with Doricourt—she a woman of fashion and fortune, and she tantalises him into desperation by refusing him even a glance at her features. Curiosity, both with women and men, is at the root of all grand passions; it is the mainspring of half the follies of the world. But this stratagem of Letitia is only half the story. Doricourt is doomed to be blessed, for he finds in Letitia the very woman he is bound in honour to marry. Courtall, on the other hand, who imagines he has secured a fashionable prize, is chagrined to find that his charmer is only Kitty Willis. Any re-arrangement that crushes these deliberate contrasts must necessarily weaken the points of the play.

It was intended, doubtless, to pay much attention to the grace and charm of the minuet, and for this purpose the space of an act was devoted to its elaboration. Modern playgoers cannot fail to remember the minuet as danced at the revival of the "School for Scandal," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, by Mrs. Bancroft some years ago, which was so extremely elegant that it became the design of one of Mr. Val Prinsep's Academy pictures. It would be difficult to excel that effect, and though at the Lyceum the individual dancing was pretty enough, still the polished air of the dancers was neutralised by the clowns and punchinellos, the quacks with their nostrums, and the rough gambols of the hired dancers. If the comedy needed curtailment it might have been effected in the squeaking, noisy cheap-jack, and in all the bustle and exaggerated humour of some of the guests at the masquerade ball.

Words fail me to express the singular charm and spell of the Letitia Hardy of Miss Ellen Terry. She is as Georgian in her comedy graces as before she was Pagan in her rites as the priestess Camma. Entering heart and soul into the spirit of the play, she attacks it with a wilfulness and an abandon that are indescribable. She trips and floats through the scenes. There is no effort in anything that she does; and when she assumes the character of the hoyden it is in the finest spirit of refined and disciplined fun. With every chance for exaggeration, the rein is never relaxed, and so captivating is the spirit of the artist that she makes the audience hold its breath to the point of tension, and is rewarded with the quick response of unrestrained applause. Equally charming is the temptation scene at the minuet; and when Miss Terry, mask in hand, floats, glides, and coquettes around the bewildered Doricourt, one's mind recalls the records of fascination in varied romance, and understands, possibly for the first time, what Circe might have done to Ulysses—how the fair-haired German nymphs of the Lorelei turned the heads of dreamy knights—how Undine weaved her spells—and how old Merlin collapsed under the influence of the wily Vivien. Unknowingly Miss Ellen Terry is a poem.

I can remember well when Mr. Henry Irving in 1866 came up to London, comparatively an unknown man, and played Doricourt to the Letitia Hardy of Miss Herbert at the St. James's Theatre; and since then I have seen everything he has done, step by step, slowly but surely, mounting to his present firm and unassailable position. I can see him now, as I saw him fifteen years ago, seated on the bed in the mad scene, and the flats closing as he flung his wig into the air and obtained a climax. His Doricourt is a much better performance now—more thoughtful, more studied, in every way more complete. Underneath the thin veil of affectation assumed by the travelled fop you saw the man of good breeding and the man of heart. His polish was no mere veneer; his love for the woman who had enthralled him was obviously sincere. By minute touches, all instinct with humour, the mad scene has been worked up to a point of daring that astonished the audience, for few know or believe what a comedian Mr. Irving is. They sometimes fail to remember his Mr. Chevenix, his Digby Grant, his Jingle, and his pure comedy in the earlier scenes of "Richard III."; and one day I hope he will revive "Robert Macaire," which is an admirable example of his eccentric style.

Mr. W. Terriss, an invaluable and extremely versatile member of the company, makes a capital Flutter; Mr. Howe, the father of comedy, is the very man for Hardy; and Miss Sophie Young enters thoroughly into the spirit and gaiety of Mrs. Rackett. Add to these such clever young actors as Mr. Pinero, Mr. Elwood, and Mr. Beaumont, and it will be found that the comedy has been well cared for. Next month the comedy will be played alternately with Shakespeare's "Othello," in which Mr. Edwin Booth appears, as already announced.—C. S.

SKETCHES *from* "HIS WIFE" *at* SADLER'S WELLS.

"HIS WIFE."

A Play in Five Acts, written expressly for Miss Bateman by H. A. Jones; founded on Mark Hope's Novel, "A Prodigal Daughter."

First produced at New Sadler's Wells Theatre, April 16th, 1881.

Margaret Field ...	Miss Bateman.	Harry Redwood ...	Mr. R. Lyons.
Colonel Forester ...	Mr. E. H. Brooke.	Dr. Sprottle	Mr. G. Canninge.
Sir Wemyss Christy	Mr. Edmund Lyons.	Dr. Hardy	Mr. Wheatcroft.
Rev. Michael Christy	Mr. J. D. Beveridge.	Larkins	Mr. Eversley.
Dicky Bool	Mr. William Younge.	Barby Haggitt ...	Miss Laura Lindon.
Edward Jasper ...	Mr. E. F. Edgar.	Mrs. Puckram ...	Mrs. John Carter.
Nat Riddell	Mr. Redwood.	Mrs. Bailie	Miss Ashgood.

Nelly Christy ... ... Miss Kate Pattison.

Whatever may be the claims to originality of the novel, "A Prodigal Daughter," it is impossible to see the play that has been founded on it by Mr. H. A. Jones without thinking of two pieces by Mr. Wilkie Collins. The Scotch marriage, and the subsequent refusal to acknowledge it, recall "Man and Wife." The Rev. Michael Christy and his attitude towards Margaret Field remind one strongly of Julian Gray in his relations to "The New Magdalen." It cannot be said that Miss Bateman has, in Margaret Field, a part as effective as Miss Cavendish found in Mercy Merrick, and certainly the character of Colonel Forester does not give an opportunity for such a masterly piece of acting as Mr. Coghlan's performance of Geoffrey Delamayn in "Man and Wife." Still, "His Wife," as represented at Islington, is an interesting play, and one that should be a success with the Sadler's Wells audiences. It is very well acted. Miss Bateman plays the heroine with remarkable power and intensity, and is admirably supported by the whole company. Mr. Brooke, Mr. Edmund Lyons, Mr. Beveridge, and Mr. Edgar, give valuable assistance in the more important characters; Mr. Redwood and Mrs. John Carter play two small and disagreeable parts exceedingly well; Miss Kate Pattison is as charming and ladylike as ever; and Miss Laura Lindon may be congratulated on making a promising first appearance in London as Barby Haggitt.

Geo. R. Douglas.

"LA BOULANGÈRE."

First Produced, Globe Theatre, Saturday, April 16, 1881.

Louis XV.	Miss Maud Taylor.	Navette	Miss Percy.
Margot	Mdme. Amadi.	Carotte	Miss Julie Gompertz.
Toinette	Miss Wadman.	Mdme. de Parabères	Miss Comyn.
Jacqueline	Miss Evelyn.	Mdme. de Phalaris ...	Miss P. Horton.
Valpré	Miss Clara Graham.	Bernadille	Mr. F. Celli.
Delorme	Miss Ruth Avondale.	Flam	Mr. H. Paulton.
Arnaud	Miss K. Percival.	Muffle	Mr. C. Ashford.
Varennes	Miss Dubois.	Coquebert	Mr. Mansfield.
Agio	Miss Melnotte.	Captain of the Watch	Mr. Stepan.
De la Prime	Miss Couteur.	Commissary	Mr. G. Temple.
De la Hausse ...	Miss Calaway.	Minette	Mr. Wilkinson.
De la Baisse	Miss Weathersby.	Pic-Pus	Mr. Lucas.

Gargarotte ... ... Mr. Perry.

This I am inclined to call a triumph of stage management, dressing, and fascinating arrangement, as contrasted with music of an uninteresting character and a story of indifferent interest. All the executive part of the entertainment is admirable; indeed, it could scarcely be better done. But after all, what is there to do? Mr. Celli sings admirably and with his usual faultless taste; Miss Wadman promises to be one of the best light opera singers of the day, pretty, unaffected, and never disinclined

to charm and do her best; Madame Amadi has a nice sense of humour and is a capital actress; Miss Maud Taylor, light, vivacious, and sparkling, acts far better than she sings, and Mr. Paulton proves himself to be—what I have ever thought him—one of the best, most original, and essentially comic actors now on the stage. Mr. Paulton's fun, agree with it or not, is quaint, dry, and with a fine flavour in it. He makes people laugh in a thoroughly legitimate manner, and I have always a suspicion that he writes out his own parts to fit on to the author's sketch. If so, it is very clever and the result is admirable. This company has excellent material in it, the only thing wanted is a scope for the employment of a considerable amount of individual talent. And of course Mr. Mansfield ought not to be forgotten. His interlude of imitations of Italian singers, gruff Germans, and foreign manner gains constant encores, and in addition this gentleman is already a good character actor.—C. S.

"DOCTOR DORA."

A Comedietta in One Act, by Fred. W. Broughton.
First produced at the Garrick Theatre, on Easter Monday, April 18th, 1881.

Jack Darnton .. ... Mr. Horatio Saker. | Mrs. Lennard ... Miss Bessie Harrison.
Dora Savile ... .. Miss Florence Harrington.

In this, the latest production from the pen of the author of "Withered Leaves," "Ruth's Romance," and "Light and Shade," we have all the grace and delicacy, the charming freshness and simplicity that are to be found in the two first-mentioned pieces. The plot is simple: Jack Darnton is an artist who, having failed in the exhibition of his first picture, has grown morose and ill-tempered, and is looked upon in general—and by himself in particular—as a modern Diogenes. Dora Savile, whom he has not seen for nine years, when she was twelve years old and when she and Jack were sweethearts, comes on a visit to Mrs. Lennard, the young couple's aunt, and by a delicate device wins back the love and amiability of her cousin, and the curtain falls upon the happy prospect of Jack's marriage with Dora. Miss Harrington played the heroine with much grace and feeling, and acted perfectly the sweet, loving Dora. Mr. Horatio Saker took his part with ease and accomplishment. After Mr. Broughton's previous work, "Glass Houses," I, for one, was delighted to see the success of "Doctor Dora."—Austin Brereton.

"GLASS HOUSES."

A New and Original Comedy in Three Acts, by Fred. W. Broughton.
First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, Monday, April 11th, 1881.

Wingleton Wobbs, Esq.	Mr. Fred. J. Stimson.	Dan Mellon ...	Mr. Frank G. Venimore.
Sidney Nugent ...	Mr. Owen Dacroy.	Cora Wobbs ...	Miss Susan Rignold.
Fred West ...	Mr. E. W. Bretton.	Mary Mellon ...	Miss Maggie Lewis.
		Mrs. Nugent ...	Miss Camille Westropp.

In "Withered Leaves" and "Ruth's Romance," Mr. Broughton has given us two of the most charming and delicately written, as well as two of the most popular, of our modern one-act comediettas, and in 'Light and Shade" he has given us something beyond mere graceful

dialogue, so that the expectations of the majority of the audience assembled on the first night of his new piece were rather elevated, and a play, surpassing, or at least equal to, any of the same author's previous effects, was looked for. This, no doubt, aggravated the sense of disappointment felt at the conclusion of the play when it was seen that in "Glass Houses" the author had given us work inferior in quality to his previous productions. The comedy is almost entirely a one-part play and has been written ostensibly to supply an actor with a character fitted more or less to his own peculiar qualities, and this, in a great measure, accounts for the weak construction and patchworky appearance of the play. It seems to me that this rapidly-growing system of writing special plays for an individual must always detract from the beauty and finish of an author's work, for, if he has a certain character to build up and elaborate, and fit almost like a glove to the capabilities, or incapabilities, of an actor, his work must always be cramped and turned out in a crude state. Again, strictly speaking, he is inventing or rather copying, a character, instead of constructing and writing a play which should form an artistic whole, not a mere, so to speak, literary clothes-line whereon the low comedian may peg his funny, but entirely unnatural and overstrained sayings, which are meant for, and but too often pass as wit. And so it is that we find "Glass Houses" almost devoid of a plot, weakly constructed, and poorly and ineffectively written. True it is that in the character of Wingleton Wobbs, who is an old parvenu of the most disagreeable kind imaginable, Mr. Stimson has the opportunity for displaying a strong character part in which he acts with great spirit, animation, and humour; and to him is owing what success the play has met with. Mr. Frank G. Venimore gave a most skilful and artistic impersonation of Dan Mellon, an old gardener; and the Fred. West of Mr. E. W. Bretton was marked by much manliness and vigour. Amongst the ladies I think that Miss Maggie Lewis won the honours. She not only looked pretty, but acted carefully and with much sympathetic power. Miss Susan Rignold gave a finished sketch of Cora.—Austin Brereton.

Our Omnibus-Box.

In espousing the cause of amateurs and amateur acting against the violent and unkindly attacks to which they have been subjected for many years, and in protesting against the ignorant abuse that has been heaped on their heads by those who ought to have known better, I merely did what I considered was an act of justice. I had no idea, however, that in so doing I had touched so tender and sympathetic a chord. Each post has brought me letters full of thanks and congratulations, manly, honest, and sincere. My desk is at the present moment covered with such genial communications received from all parts of the country—some the

expressions of individual opinion, and others the embodiment of special resolutions made at the meetings of amateur societies. Unfortunately I am not able to answer them all, and I must take this, the earliest, opportunity of thanking all who have so spontaneously and generously awarded me their confidence.

I have always tried to be an advocate of fair play, and it has therefore pained me when I have found that the very young men who are the best and most sincere supporters of dramatic art—the very body that forms so strong and dignified a protest against the unworthy use of the stage, and studies it as an art as well as an amusement—have been dismissed with contempt or treated as impudent pretenders. The shopkeeper's and commercial view of the stage has never been to my taste. I have always closed my ears to the grumblers in the profession who, conscious of their own incapacity, have contended that amateurs take "the bread out of the mouth of the poor actor," and would, if they could, have driven every man of education and refinement off the boards. I am an advocate for free trade and not for protection; and if amateurs, by a steady devotion to their art—by practice, by experience, and by a study of good models—can become good actors, so much the better for the stage. Talent has nothing to fear, but incompetence has; and the elevated tone of the stage is due not to the criticism that treats an amateur as if he were "ipso facto" an impostor—that laughs him to scorn, holds him up to ridicule, hatred, and contempt—that does not attempt to dissect, explain, or analyse, but expends itself on impertinences and personalities, but to the criticism that is outspoken but not spiteful, dignified but just, and that has, to my certain knowledge for the last fifteen years, backed up by the intelligent and educated classes, done an immensity of good.

In defending the amateurs against a persistent persecution which will now cease—probably on commercial grounds—I have no desire to unduly elevate them or to buoy them up with false hope. I only desire to do what is fair and just. They are not all actors, and some of them never will be. Many of us, no matter how energetic, discover we have mistaken our vocation. It is just, it is right, and it is fair to tell us so; but this can be told in a courteous and gentlemanly way, and not embroidered with ungrammatical English, poor jokes, feeble witticisms, and bad puns. If in one short month I have been able to stop this, I have at least cleared the way for the amateurs towards justice and common sense. A blind obstinacy or an unreasonable jealousy has failed to discover that from all time the members of amateur societies have been the most earnest and intelligent of playgoers, and that their criticism, when they go to see a regular stage-play, though a little coloured, has been for the most part just. There are very few old patrons of the theatre that did not, once upon a time, pay their hard-earned shillings to play a favourite part, and look back upon those days with pleasure and delight. And after all, why not?

Even if an amateur is not a good actor, and never can become one, is it not much better to devote his spare hours to the study of the masterpieces of dramatic literature than to waste them in the billiard-room, the card-room, the betting-room, or the tavern? Under any circumstances, amateur acting is an amusement, and one that has not a scintillation of danger in it. It elevates, it educates, and it refines; and there is not an actor on the stage worth his salt who has the slightest feeling of animosity towards the young men and young ladies who by their very action show they have at least a respect and love for a noble art. Do Sir Frederick Leighton or Mr. John Everett Millais tear their hair with rage and vexation because our wives, our sisters, and our children set up their easels in a north light, and take their sketch-books out to meadow and spring wood and summer forest? No, certainly not; they pat them on the back and encourage them. Do Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Hare, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Kendal go about glowering because amateurs act Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Robertson? Most decidedly not; they smile and they approve. It is by such encouragement and approval that ambitious men become great, and amateurs become actors.

Out of the many letters I have received I am asked to print one, and I do so with considerable reticence, prefacing that the line I have taken was dictated by a pure love of justice, a natural suspicion when the stage is utilised for the purpose of pure commerce, and a respect for dramatic art in all its innumerable branches:

"Dear Sir,—Permit me, as an amateur actor, to offer you my thanks for the remarks you make upon this subject in the current number of The Theatre. It is, unfortunately, too common a custom, as you point out, for journals professedly devoted to the cause of the drama to take every opportunity of making not critical, but spiteful remarks upon the efforts of amateurs. And the reason for this is certainly not easy to perceive. No professional actor could for an instant think that his position or his livelihood was jeopardised by the acting, whether good or bad, of an amateur; and it is certain that the amateur actor takes a far greater interest in and is a firmer and more judicious supporter of the professional drama than an ordinary member of the public, cæteris paribus; that is to say, a member of the public may or may not be a regular and intelligent theatre-goer—an amateur actor is sure to be. It is a mistake to suppose that an amateur objects to criticism more than a professional actor—I am sure that I shall be corroborated in saying that he likes it and wishes for it—but what he does object to is a spiteful notice of him because he is an amateur, in which there is no judicious pointing out of faults and recognition of any slight show of merit that there may be, but remarks either upon the cut of his clothes or the behaviour of his audience.

"I have heard many opinions upon the remarks you have made in The Theatre, and they all agree that it is a hopeful and a pleasant thing

for amateurs that they may at last look forward to finding in a journal of position criticisms written by a competent authority, and actuated neither by partiality on the one hand nor by indiscriminating spite upon the other."

"Qui s'excuse, s'accuse," or, in homelier English phrase, "If the cap fits, let it be worn." In taking up this question of amateurs and amateur acting, I have, I trust, never indulged in rudeness or personality. I have alluded to no paper, no editor, no authority by name, but dealt with a general question of interest. I know who is to blame, and so do the amateurs to a man. They have suffered in silence for years; and in a remarkably short space of time I have obtained for them freedom and a somewhat prompt confession of error. I am delighted, therefore, to clip this paragraph out of a well-known, long-established, and influential organ of theatrical opinion; and the amateurs are quite as capable as I am of putting two and two together. "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." Thus, then, speaks our once authoritative and influential friend who, submitted to the "ordeal by touch," has beaten his breast and cried aloud, "Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa."

"We have often heard it remarked—though the charge is without foundation—that we are very unwilling to recognise anything like merit among amateurs. Our columns weekly refute the accusation, for although we never hesitate to ridicule the pretensions of the incompetent, we are ever ready to give a word of encouragement when anything like talent is displayed. We desire now to give warm encouragement to a young lady who has recently come to the front, and who, with but very little practice, has shown behind the footlights all the ease and tact of an experienced actress, and who, further, has exhibited ability that would make her a valued acquisition to the professional ranks. We allude to Miss Helen Maude, who on Saturday last appeared at St. George's Hall with the 'Pilgrim Players,' of whose doings we have spoken elsewhere. Miss Maude's acting on each occasion when we have seen her has been of such a character as to give promise of a brilliant stage career."

And now that without asking for it I have got those who consider they are to blame on their knees, and that the amateurs have obtained promise of amendment, let me, if I understand anything about those whose cause I have espoused, tell those who fit on the cap so comfortably how they may reasonably behave for the future. Let them cease to be rude, churlish, and discourteous. Let them abstain from puerile jokes, and from repeating any chance vulgar remark from the audience that may fall upon their ears. Let them avoid such errors of taste as occur, even when amendment is promised, as, for example, the following:—

"There were two fiddles, one bassoon, one double bass, one violoncello, a flageolet, and a cornet. The young gentleman who tootled on the last

named instrument indulged in so many vagaries that we felt we should have liked to push him off the high stool on which he was perched, and it must be said that the combined efforts of the "whole crew" were depressing rather than exhilarating." "Whole crew" is what Polonius would call "a vile phrase."

Or,

"The only thing noticeable about the 'tiger' of Mr. Spencer was the ring which he wore on his finger."

Or, in speaking of a lady :—

"She was excessively timid. . . . The chair which somebody was good enough to place for Julia in the street was set down close to the wings. Our neighbour suggested that this was to give her a chance of getting off as quickly as possible when the turn for her exit came, and we think the suggestion was not very wide of the mark."

Or, in alluding to the worthlessness of an entertainment, according to the literary light of such a doubtful authority :—

"There is nothing in the plot or dialogue to give us the idea that two authors of reputation had concocted it. One would be rather disposed to imagine that it was the first literary effort of an amateur."

As Hamlet says: "That's villanous and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Oh, reform it altogether."

Amateurs are men and women of taste, and very often of gentle breeding, and I am glad to find that now that this fact has been pointed out, it will be recognised for the future by those who ought to have known it long ago.

I have received wedding cards from the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. John T. Raymond was married to Miss Rose Courtney Barnes, on Monday, April 11th, and the "happy pair" are at home on Monday, May 2nd, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. I wish I could drop in and drink the health of our friend and his bride. I wonder if "there are millions in it!" I hope so.

Miss Gertrude Carr Davidson's article on our stage Rosalinds has been much admired. But a correspondent points out that Miss Ada Cavendish has been forgotten. This clever lady played Rosalind at the St. James's Theatre from the 5th of February to the 8th of March, 1878, to the Orlando of Mr. Lin Rayne. The theatre was then under the management of Mr. Samuel Hayes.

Mr. Edward Compton, a veritable "chip of the old block," has, true to prophecy, made a distinguished success in the provinces, particularly in Malvolio, to which performance the able and intellectual critics of "The Scotsman," the Manchester "Courier," "Guardian," and "Examiner and Times" devote columns of keen and searching analysis. Such things never occur except the object is worthy and out of the ordinary course

of theatrical features. Lucky, indeed, the actor or actress who comes under the critical camera of the gentlemen who write provincial dramatic criticism, which, though not more honest than that found elsewhere, is as a rule more subtle and searching. An extract from "The Manchester Courier" sums up Mr. Compton's success very neatly indeed:

"One thing cannot fail to strike everyone who had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Compton when he last appeared in Shakespearean parts as a member of Miss Wallis's and Miss Neilson's companies, and that is the improvement which has taken place in his style of delivery, and, in fact, in his acting generally. He certainly bids fair to equal the powers and enjoy a reputation as high as that achieved by his father in the particular parts he sustains. His voice and presence are admirably suited to the character of Malvolio, which he took last night. He won golden opinions in the United States some time ago by his careful representation of this part; indeed, it proved to be one of his greatest successes. He is, perhaps, seen at his best in this part; he evidently appreciates the full meaning and scope of the character in all its details, and hence every gesture, every look, is true to the ideas embodied in the words he utters, and his acting is easy and natural in the highest degree. It may not be out of place to correct a mistake which has been fallen into by some of his admirers, viz. that the character of Malvolio was taken by Mr. Compton's father. The fact is that in the representations of 'Twelfth Night' at the Haymarket, Mr. Compton, senior, took the part of the Clown. In the present performance Mr. Compton is ably supported by Miss Virginia Bateman as Viola."

I am indebted to an enthusiastic playgoer for the following remarks on the four celebrated favourites of the Gaiety Theatre. They are the prominent features of our magazine this month, as the frontispiece will show.

"The four senior Slaves—if one may be allowed the expression—of Mr. Hollingshead's sacred Lamp, first played together at the Gaiety in 1876. The piece was 'Little Don Cæsar.' It has been followed by others of the same character, but it remains the best of its kind. In none of the others have all the members of the now famous quartet been so well fitted with parts. In none of the others has the 'business' been so elaborately and so amusingly worked up. When 'Don Cæsar' was revived during Mr. Hollingshead's tenancy of the Olympic last year, it contained four performances, any one of which was enough to make the fortune of a burlesque: Miss Farren as Don Cæsar; Miss Vaughan as Maritana; Mr. Terry, the King; and Mr. Royce, Don José. They have played the parts often at the Gaiety; but they never played them better, in some respects they never played them as well as they did on the smaller stage of the Olympic last June. And the way the whole company acted together was a treat to see. There are those who sneer

at the sacred lamp. There are people who, while fully recognising the cleverness of the slaves who keep it burning, deplore the bad taste of that section of the public which pays to see it flame, and who cannot speak of Gaiety pieces without a sort of compassionate contempt for 'those who care for that class of entertainment.' It is, however, a matter of opinion whether the playgoers who can enjoy 'that class of entertainment,' are not less to be pitied than the superior persons who cannot. There is a 'Carol of Cockayne' called 'To a Certain Somebody;' the last two verses of it are as follows:

I should like to make a tender of my heart and of my hand
(For it strikes me that at present I have nothing else to proffer),
But since I've neither intellect nor money at command,
She would probably insult me by declining such an offer.
It's not so much the intellect, if Fortune, fickle dame,
Would give me only opulence and little What's-her-Name.

Will she read this emanation of a long-endured despair
With a particle of pity, or an atom of emotion?
Will she linger for a moment o'er the verses that declare
All the fondness and the fulness of a Nobody's devotion?
I should seek no other honour, I should ask no higher fame,
Than a corner in the memory of little What's-her-Name.

"How many Nobodies before and since that charming writer Mr. Henry S. Leigh dedicated these verses to her, must have longed to declare the fondness and the fulness of their devotion to Miss Farren. In the pieces in which she has appeared in conjunction with Miss Vaughan, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Royce (and it is only of these that it is here proposed to speak), her best parts are Little Don Cæsar and Fra Diavolo. No one who has heard her—especially of late, for she has greatly improved upon her original rendering of it—will forget her singing of 'I'll strike you with a Feather' in 'Don Cæsar.' 'Fra Diavolo,' though successful, was not one of the best of Mr. Byron's later burlesques, and the fun of the two parts played by Mr. Terry and Mr. Royce always seemed forced, and on the point of degenerating into mere clowning; but Miss Farren as the hero was admirable. The costume she wore was peculiarly becoming to her, and, having the best lines in the piece to deliver, she spoke them —well, as probably only she could speak them.

"Miss Vaughan's parts in the Gaiety pieces are nearly all exactly alike. She is not called upon for much acting. All she has to do is to look charming, and to dance gracefully. It is curious to notice that, however much Miss Vaughan dances in a new piece, there is generally a complaint that she has not danced enough. She has, indeed, a way of leaving the public, like Oliver, wanting 'more.' But who would not wish for 'more,' when remembering, amongst others, her dances with Miss Farren in 'Gulliver,' in the 'Bohemian G'yurl,' and in 'Little Doctor Faust'? As 'Faust' has been mentioned, it may be remarked that it was once considered the best of the Gaiety burlesques. But it

cannot be compared with 'Don Cæsar' for brightness throughout. There is not a dull moment in 'Don Cæsar' from one end to another. In 'Faust' there are—several. 'Faust,' even with a scene cut out, flags towards the end. Not so 'Don Cæsar.' Moreover, in the latter Mr. Royce has a very good part; in the former a very bad one.

"It is perhaps difficult to realise of what immense value Mr. Edward Terry is to a piece in which he has a congenial part till one has seen the same piece without him. Those will understand what is meant who may have been at the Strand when 'Nemesis' has been played with Mr. Terry as Caleno, and again when 'Nemesis' has been played with someone else as Caleno. Without Mr. Terry it was quite a different thing; not only his part, but the whole piece. Mr. Terry's 'business'—always supposing him to have a part that really suits him—is not only invariably funny, but often quite original. It has been his fate more than once to play his best in pieces which have been failures, or comparative failures. In 'Hernani,' for instance, at the Gaiety, he was excellent; in 'Trovatore' last spring, at the Olympic, admirable. Of his performance of the King in 'Don Cæsar'—'such a dog'—it is unnecessary to say anything. Those who have seen it will remember—and laugh. Those who have not seen it should hope that they may yet have a chance of doing so.

"Mr. Royce made his first appearance in London at the St. James's in Mr. Gilbert's 'Tom Cobb'—at least he seems to have done so. If he had acted in town before, he will please consider the mistake apologised for. At all events, at that date—about April, 1875—he was not quite so well known as he is now. Those—they were not many—who were present on the first night of that 'eccentric comedy' could not guess that before many months were over the new actor would be one of the famous burlesque quartet at the Gaiety. They could not foresee his 'dissembling' in 'Benhassan,' or his dance with the baby in 'The Bohemian G'yurl.' His greatest success has perhaps been his exceedingly clever imitation of Mr. Irving in 'The Corsican Brothers.' He was excellent, too, as the Good Boy in 'Gulliver.'

"Among the junior Slaves of the Lamp may be mentioned Miss Gilchrist—whose chief success has been made in comedy, when she astonished and pleased everyone last autumn by her performance in 'The Mighty Dollar'—and Mr. Dallas and Mr. Squire, each of whom will make his mark."

The Royal School of Mines Amateur Dramatic Society gave a performance at St. George's Hall on April 5th, in aid of the National Lifeboat Institution. The pieces chosen were "Who Speaks First?" and "Meg's Diversion." There was nothing in the former to call for notice, but I have not for some time seen any piece so well acted all round by amateurs as "Meg's Diversion" was on this occasion. Not

one of the parts was badly played, and in two instances the acting was exceptionally good. Miss Canning was excellent as Meg. She is a little inclined to over-emphasise at times, and by doing so spoilt the effect of her exit at the end of the well-known situation in Act II., where Meg discovers that Roland Pidgeon has never cared for her. Up to the moment of the exit Miss Canning had played the scene admirably, and, on the whole, her performance was one of much merit, and she may be congratulated on a decided success. The same may be said of Mr. C. J. Bell, who acted Jasper Pidgeon very well indeed, and in a style free from either indecision or exaggeration. Mr. W. H. Hutton was very good as Roland Pidgeon; so was Miss Annie Howard as Cornelia; and Miss Alice Drummond, Mr. B. H. Brough, Mr. B. H. Hooker, and Mr. E. S. Spalding, who filled the remaining characters, all deserve a word of praise. I don't know why Mr. Hooker kept his hat on almost all the time he was in Farmer Crow's sitting-room. I don't think "Ashley Merton, Esq., of The Hall," would do so. I feel quite sure that Mr. Hooker himself would not do so in any sitting-room off the stage. But he may plead the force of example; and I must say I have often been astonished to see actors of position not only walk into drawing-rooms and sitting-rooms on the stage with their hats on, but remain for some minutes before removing them. In real life they would certainly have taken them off before reaching the door of the room. In conclusion, I should by no means omit to add that the orchestra on this occasion was represented by members of the Royal School of Mines Orchestral Society, under the direction of Mr. Norfolk Megone. They played so admirably that I was sorry the "waits" were not longer, that I might have heard more of their music.

At the Club, Bedford Park, on April 7th, "A Happy Pair" and "Whitebait at Greenwich" were played to an audience which seemed highly to appreciate the entertainment. The performers were Captain and Mrs. Perceval Clark, Mr. R. C. P. Gethin, Mr. Arthur Goldsmid, and Miss Rogers. All were good—Captain Perceval Clark and Mr. Goldsmid particularly so. Indeed, a better performance of Mr. Honeyton in "The Happy Pair" than Captain Clark's I don't remember to have seen anywhere. Miss Rogers should try to be a little more animated. In the interval between the pieces, Mr. Goldsmid recited very well one of Mr. G. R. Sims' ballads, and gave an amusing sketch, "To Brighton and Back for 3s. 6d.," which he announced as being by "C. W. Naylor." I am inclined to think that Mr. Goldsmid and C. W. Naylor are—— but no matter.

In the last number of The Theatre, in commenting on "Michael Strogoff," and on subsequent occasions when describing the new method of modern melodrama, with its horses, panoramas, processions, tumbling houses, and purely mechanical effects, I took occasion to lament the taste that subordinated acting to scenery, and to regret the extinction of plays that, though sensational, had in them great acting moments. I cited par-

ticularly old Adelphi dramas of note—the plays of Mr. Dion Boucicault and the romantic dramas of Fechter. I am met, however, with a very courteous objection from one who has studied the stage far longer than I have, and whose opinions are entitled to every possible respect. This is what he says:

"For your information, let me tell you 'The Flowers of the Forest'—a charming piece—was not a pecuniary success, nor, after a short time, was 'Janet Pride.' 'Arrah na Pogue' was produced at the Princess's. The horses in 'Michael Strogoff' are used to illustrate the scenes in which they appear, and are not dragged in. The drama has for twenty-two nights kept the audience in a state of excitement, and has been received by crowded houses in a way that would have astonished anybody as well acquainted with 'The Old Adelphi' as I was, where real enthusiasm was rare indeed. Added to this, it—or its exponents—has (or have) attracted such stalls and boxes as have never been known in the house or its predecessor, and Mrs. Vezin and the principals receive an amount of applause that makes me wonder how anyone with his eyes open can write about their being subordinated to scenery. The play, in my opinion, and that of nightly crowded houses, is full of human interest, whilst it lacks love interest—a totally different thing. I don't think from what I nightly hear and see that the English middle and lower classes do altogether despise the affection which should exist between a son and his mother."

The gist of my friend's contention seems to be that a play that is pecuniarily successful must on that account be artistically good. Here, then, we are at loggerheads at once. It does not affect my argument in the least that "The Flowers of the Forest" was not a pecuniary success. Who cares? I don't. It was a delightful work, and it was charmingly acted. It lingers on the memory; it charms, and it delights, and will continue to do so long after the horses in "Michael Strogoff" are devoted to the nourishment of the "harmless necessary cat." What, after all, is a pecuniary success but something that attracts and is popular? The pig-faced lady at a fair is doubtless a pecuniary success, but I don't think it is a pleasant sight for all that. Plays like Mr. Albery's "Oriana," "The White Pilgrim" of Mr. Herman Merivale, the "Vanderdecken" of Mr. W. G. Wills, were not pecuniary successes, but they will live in literature when the sensations of the hour have been buried in oblivion. Of course the middle classes, and the upper classes, and the lower classes also love their mothers; but they may be excused if they do not see a very exciting expression of maternal love in Michael Strogoff and his parent; and they can afford to smile serenely when they are called "asses" by men of such an inferior type of organisation that they positively find pleasure in seeing the stage scattered with stable refuse, and the action of a play stopped for the necessary office of the scavenger. I repeat that the place for horses is not the stage, but the stable. If this remark is asinine, let it be so.

Who that has ever heard Mr. Leggatt at the piano or on the organ will ever forget the treat? Can anyone forget how he charmed artistic society last year, and gave many of us "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears?" Well, this accomplished musician and artist is at his old post at the Tynemouth Aquarium. "The old man eloquent on the organ," writes the "Newcastle Examiner," "will be at his familiar post. The organ is a difficult instrument to make interesting to those who are not organists. It is one thing to go through an elaborate fugue (always attractive to the scholar and student as an example of constructive learning), but it is another to 'sing' upon so ponderous a piece of mechanism as the organ is, and cause it to express emotion. This last Mr. Leggatt can do beyond nine-tenths of his fellows. He is just the man for the Aquarium, and whilst he possesses the technical knowledge required for his position, he prefers to get by his playing at the hearts of the people, rather than their heads. I know musicians who are everlastingly steeping themselves and their friends in doses of harmony and counterpoint, and fighting over the roots of chords ad nauseam. The playing of many of these persons is about as colourless as that of the street barrel-organ. This is the reverse of Mr. Leggatt's case, and the authorities of the Aquarium are fortunate in possessing him as their musical director." And so say all of us.

Pretty and clever Miss Lydia Cowell has been selected to play Virginia at Drury Lane to the Virginius of John M'Cullough. She played it before charmingly at the Surrey to the Virginius of Mr Creswick.

Miss Alma Murray, who would have made another ideal Virginia, goes to the country to play leading business in the company formed by Mr. Charles Kelly. She has already appeared with conspicuous success as the heroine in Savile Clarke's clever play, "A Fight for Life," which has been produced at a Gaiety matinée in Easter week. But Miss Alma Murray is only lent: she still belongs to the Lyceum company.

I have often wondered—and so have a great many more people for the matter of that—why so few German plays find their way to the English stage. True, Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal will one day give us "Maria und Magdalena" at the St. James's, a standard and excellent work, full of mingled fun and romance; but German dramatic literature is seldom alluded to. Miss Linda Dietz, one of a very talented family, has broken through the rule and produced a version of W. von Hillern's great drama, "Die Geier-Wally," which has been performed with enormous success throughout Germany. The drama is in a prologue and five acts, and is called "A Wild Love," or "Eagle Wally." Miss Linda Dietz has already appeared at the Old Theatre, Bristol, as the Eagle Maiden, and I hear excellent and enthusiastic accounts of the performance. Mr. Joseph Carne, a clever young actor, is in the company of Miss Linda Dietz, and plays in "A Wild Love."

A correspondent—under the circumstances need I say a fair one?—alluding to the fact that many ambitious amateurs become in turn our best actors, illustrates it by quoting the case of Mr. Johnston Forbes Robertson. The portrait of this clever young actor in his picturesque costume of Romeo graces and adorns our illustrated pages this month, and it will be interesting to learn when and where he first appeared in public. It was on Tuesday, the 11th of June, 1872, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, the occasion being Mr. John Millard's private dramatic performance in lieu of his annual reading. On this occasion Mr. Forbes Robertson appeared as Lord Arden in Lovell's play of "The Wife's Secret." Says my correspondent, whose accuracy I have no reason to call in question, "those who saw the easy and natural 'désinvolture' of his Lord Arden on that night would surely have foretold his future success and his being recognised an artist, had they guessed the clever young amateur would one day become a professional actor." But it was destined so to be, and I need only recall the love scene in "Dan'l Druce" at the Haymarket; the acting of Sir Horace Welby throughout in "Forget-me-Not" at Lyceum and Prince of Wales's; the letter scene in "Heartsease;" and the friar's cell scene in "Romeo and Juliet," as instances of the actor's happiest moments.

During the month the drama of "The Faithful Heart," by Mr. R. Palgrave, was produced for the third time at the new Theatre Royal, Bristol, on a very elaborate scale. The leading parts were represented by Mr. J. H. Clynds, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mr. George Stretton, and Mr. Walter H. Fisher, who is recovered from his long illness. Miss Nelly Vane was the heroine. The drama was in every way a success.

The Dramatic Class in connection with the Mechanics' Institute at Bingley, has given two performances, on March 31 and April 2, of Craven's "Chimney Corner," and the popular farce "Browne the Martyr." The local newspapers are loud in their praises of Mr. J. W. Adam (Peter Probity), Miss M. Saise (Grace), Miss Ada Illingworth (Patty), and the names of F. C. Dawson, F. C. Barrans, F. R. Starling, and H. Lund, are very favourably restored.

Another turn in the wheel of change has brought Mr. Howard Paul to the Alhambra as manager, and to this important establishment he will devote his well-known energies and the fruits of a long and extended experience. Mr. Howard Paul is one of those men who reads whilst he runs. He does not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He is cosmopolitan in the best sense of the word, and having studied men and manners as well as the stage, he is likely, one would think, to make a model manager.

I hear that Mr. A. W. Pinero, the clever young actor and dramatist, who I rejoice to see has recovered from a sharp attack of illness, has been offered and has accepted an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre.

Miss Ada Ward, an actress too seldom seen in London, but who in recent years has become a great favourite in Australia, America, and the Cape, has been engaged by Mr. Wilson Barrett to play the important character of Clara in the new tragedy by Mr. W. G. Wills, called "Juanna."

In this same play so anxiously expected, Madame Modjeska will, of course, be Juanna the heroine; Mr. Forbes Robertson will undertake Carlos the lover; and I am delighted to hear that Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose Mercutio is so specially excellent, will himself play Father John, the high-souled, unselfish priest, which is one of the most beautiful characters that a poet could conceive. The new play will be produced early in May.

Madame Modjeska has been delighting audiences throughout the month with her performance of "Juliet," which up to that time was new to London audiences. The success of the occasion has been shared by Mr. Forbes Robertson, as Romeo, apparelled in a romantic and ideal fashion, and notably by Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose Mercutio, by its mingled bonhomie, cheeriness, fun, and concealed pathos, has met with unanimous approval. It is indeed a very able and conscientiously studied bit of character, which, though original, is not on that account inconceivable.

A very clever foreign critic, for whose opinion I have a most profound respect, writes to me on the subject of Madame Modjeska's Juliet, and calls attention to what he conceives to be an English fallacy as regards the conception of the play foreshadowed by the majority of the critics. But let him speak for himself.

"It seems to me that there exists on the English stage a preconceived idea of a Juliet, which is in many points different from the conception of the part as it is understood not only by Madame Modjeska, but also by the foremost leading actresses on the Continental stages. I do not say that they are right, but I will endeavour to state their views, and to justify their motives. This foreign conception originates from the idea that the keynote of Juliet's character is love—that love is the central point to which everything turns in her mind—that love is the impression which puts down every other feeling; in one word, that Shakespeare meant nothing else but to typify love in "Romeo and Juliet" like he does typify jealousy in Othello; therefore the great point in their eyes is the balcony scene. You English, on the other side, seem to me to admit the love only as a background on which you build later a perfect tableau of frenzy and despair, so that the fundamental idea of the play totally disappears under the subsequent impression of terror and awe; therefore the great point with you is the potion scene. Your idea may be much more effective in execution, much more spectacular and

impressive, but it seems to me that the one I just alluded to may claim more consistence and poetry. Now, as to the present case. I confess at once, that even excepting the conception I tried to explain, the banishment scene ought to have been played with much more passionate grief. The grief which Juliet has to display is nothing else but an outcome of love, and therefore every amount of passion and energy is justifiable in it. It is different with the potion scene, where the real raison d'être of Juliet's character disappears—where love does not come forward in the front, but where only a physical fear predominates. In insisting too much on that anguish, in trying to make out of it a display of frenzy and agony, something in the style of Mr. Irving's beautiful dream of Eugene Aram, one might produce a splendid and thrilling effect, but might at the same time run the risk of losing the whole consistency of the character, and also of killing the predominating idea of the personation and of the play. I think that the reason which made the English Juliets play this potion scene in this way, was rather the need of a crescendo (so useful for the theatrical effect) after the strong banishment scene, than anything else. Now, it seems to me that if a conception is even different from the general one but has some plausible and artistic motives as its underground, it is better for an artist to stick to it than to go on another road, which he cannot convince himself to be the right one, in order only to produce more effect. All my argumentation tends to nothing else but to prove that if on one question Madame Modjeska pleads guilty to the failing of which you accuse her, on the other hand she feels inclined to claim her right for her own conception of the part, which, if wrong, is yet not without motives, and has very conscientious feelings as its base."

Two burlesques that have met with a fair amount of success in the provinces are "Young Dick Whittington," by Mr. J. Wilton Jones, first produced at the Theatre Royal, Leicester, on March 14th, and "The Corsican Brother-Babes in the Wood," by Mr. G. R. Sims, played for the first time at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, on the 28th of the same month. The former was played by Messrs. Stimson and Dacroy's company, and the latter by Mr. Alfred Hemming's "Crutch and Toothpick" company.

After having had its quarters in a series of hotels for nearly twenty-five years, the Savage Club has at last settled down in its own premises. Its term of occupancy at the Caledonian Hotel having expired last Lady Day, its members have since been temporarily accommodated at the Green Room Club, a very similar society, to which, indeed, a large number of "Savages" already belong. The new premises of the club, which were opened on Saturday, April 16th, consist of a suite of apartments, one being a room capable of dining 150 persons, in a handsome block of new buildings called Lancaster House, in the Savoy, just behind the Savoy Chapel, and fronting the Thames Embankment. The new

MR. JOHN M·CULLOUGH
As "VIRGINIUS."

place has been fitted up by the club with furniture of a special design, and decorated with great taste, under the superintendence of one of its members, Mr. T. W. Cutler, a well-known architect; and very promising arrangements have been made in the department of catering, for so large a number of members. They will now, for the first time, be able to get supper in their own rooms after the theatres, instead of being turned out at the usual "licensed" hour, which will be a great boon to the many actors who are members of the club, and who will find in the new place a further advantage from its close proximity to the theatres in the Strand.

The club was never so flourishing as it is now, the result of its being managed in a very different way from that which prevailed, and sufficed, in the old-fashioned days. The first house-dinner took place on the Saturday before Easter, under the presidency of Mr. Charles Kelly, to whose energy the carrying out of the arrangements for settling the club in its own rooms has been mainly due, in conjunction with Mr. Somers Vine, and the able, courteous, and energetic honorary secretary, Mr. G. J. Goodman. In the course of the evening, Mr. Tegetmeier, one of the oldest Savages, gave a most interesting description of the various wanderings of the celebrated Bohemian society, which ought to be preserved among the archives, to which allusion was made.

Let me congratulate Mr. David Bogue once more on the appearance of "Dramatic Notes," a useful and most interesting little handbook of the stage, critical, historical, and pictorial. The work is edited this year by Mr. W. H. Rideing, and illustrated with rare skill by Mr. J. Walter Wilson.

John McCullough is idolised in the artistic circles of America. Listen to what his friends think of him on the other side, and how they parted from him before he sailed for England:

"John McCullough sailed for England, on Tuesday, to open at Drury Lane, in 'Virginius,' on the 25th. He played his farewell engagement at Memphis, and was entertained by thirty or forty friends at a farewell banquet, at Delmonico's, on Monday night. The proceedings were quite informal, and included speeches by everybody present and a delicious poem by William Winter. We have no hesitation in predicting McCullough's success at Drury Lane. As a tragedian, he occupies a position so distinct from the classical tragedy of Booth and the melodramatic tragedy of Irving, that in England, as in this country, he will take his own place without rivalry or opposition. As a man, he has the glorious faculty of making friends easily and keeping them securely, and we may be sure that such English tragedians as Barry Sullivan and Creswick, the legitimate successors of Phelps, will be among the first to welcome him heartily. His bright, sunny, generous nature, his remarkable advantages of face and figure, and the hard study which he has bestowed upon

every character he plays will be thoroughly appreciated by the English critics and public. Booth has made an unequalled success with the critics; but the public have not warmed to his cold, correct style. McCullough will captivate both. England will have, in Booth and McCullough, the finest two representatives of American tragic acting, and we confess that we are proud to call the attention of the Old World to these products of American culture, and that we await with satisfaction the inevitable comparisons which will be made between them and English actors of equal rank. Not even Forrest, in the height of his popularity, left this country with so many friends to hope and expect his success abroad; but McCullough, unlike Forrest, will meet with almost as devoted friends in London, made during his previous visits to the British metropolis.

Mr. Steele Mackaye is a wonderful man, and his new theatre in America is likely to be a cabinet of curiosities. We have already heard of the orchestra suspended in the air at the top of the proscenium; but the newest trick is a patent for making all the seats in the theatre disappear directly the performance is over, so as to leave the auditorium perfectly clear in case of fire. The Lord Chamberlain ought to send over a special representative to New York in order to interview this marvellous patent, which, if it succeed, should put an end to theatre panics for ever. But they manage these things so well in America, that there is scarcely any necessity for disappearing seats. There was an alarm of fire at the Union Square Theatre the other evening, where they are playing "Felicia" (Le Fils de Coralie). Manager M'Vickar, of Chicago, stood coolly in the lobby, stop-watch in hand, and timed the emptying of the audience, numbering over nine hundred persons, in one minute and fifty-nine seconds. They evidently keep all the exit doors open at the Union Square.

Credit where credit is due. They now open a side-door at the Lyceum, that lets the occupants of the stalls on the O. P. side—*i.e.* the left of the stage, into the Strand, in less than half a second. As to the St. James's Theatre, the arrangements for dismissing the audience are simply perfect. The Lord Chamberlain has warned so often, that this year he is determined to act, and unless his recommendations are carried out between this and September, certain licenses will be refused. And quite right too.

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"The lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th'assay so hard, so sharpe the conquering."
Chaucer

Margaret Leighton

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOCK & WHITFIELD, 178, REGENT STREET, W.

The Theatre.

JUNE 1, 1881.

NEVER SAY DIE!

A Story.

By Alfred Thompson.

EVERY man boasts of the beauty of his own land, his own city, or his own homestead. "See Naples, and then die," says the Neapolitan; "Who has never seen Seville has never seen the marvel of marvels," says the Andalusian; "See Fiji, love Fiji," says the Polynesian; and even the Marseillais swears no town smells like his own.

We Britons certainly ought to have a proverb, "Who has never seen the Thames has never seen the sweetest river in Christendom." The Seine, with its silver poplars and fairy birches, its gray morning mists and its sunny corners, has an elegiac beauty which a de Musset can sing and a Corot transfer to canvas. The Rhine needs moonlight to give romance to its scrubby vineyards, and to throw out the shadows of its meagre ruins. The Danube requires days for its grandeur to be explored, and the Mançanares still lacks water enough to swear by. The Clyde has her falls. The Wye's woods shelve down to the water's edge: but not even the ubiquitous G. A. S. can tell of a river more idyllic in its charms, or more "fetching" in its picturesque variety than the stream which flows from Oxford to Sheerness, whose wealth of beauties has been sung by all the poets who ever wandered by its side.

Come up this backwater with me, you won't disturb those two sitting side by side among the high grasses on the bank. It is Sunday; and here we are out of the way of the pleasure-seekers, and the barges never come this way. A punt is lying with its bows half hidden in the flags and meadow-sweet rising in odorous luxuriance from the river's edge. The purple willow-weed stands proudly among the bulrushes; the twin bells of the comfrey now hanging in pale amber, now in mauve, festoon across the deeper green and blue of the borage, while here and there bunches of the myosotis peer out with pale blue eyes, and twinkle at the sedge-warblers quarrelling in the alders, or mocking the reed-tits as they balance themselves on the tall feathers of the long grass.

The red sun is just setting; the air is still warm, and the sky beginning to fleek with orange and crimson.

Under the little willow island which divides us from the broader currents, a school of swans sails proudly by, with that look of haughty consciousness that speaks of Jupiter's descendants and of Leda's love. Their white breasts vie with the water-lily cups floating on the quiet surface round them, and scarcely a sound breaks the charm. The swallows are dashing with a little scream at the big white moths just beginning their evening flights. The bats are flitting spasmodically out of the sombre fastnesses of the dark beechwoods at our back. The mayflies dance up and down like practised ballet-masters along the hem of the river which spreads its smooth surface to catch the reflections of wood and sky, ruffled here and there by the feeding roach, or splashed by the greedy swift as he brushes the water in his pursuit of entomology; a far-off cuckoo salutes the disappearing sun, and a pair of stock doves coo their evening hymn. Now and then the vulgar snortings of a launch break the quiet of the scene, while the wash of its wake half drowns the wandering water-rat, and sends the roosting dragon-fly with a flash of his golden wings to seek some other and more tranquil nest.

The sun is down, and as I am telling a story, I must say something about the two who are still sitting on the bank.

Very close to each other, hand in hand, and shoulder to shoulder, they sit, a young man and a young woman—that you expected—with their feet overhanging the water, which gently ripples past the rushes as it runs away with Time to the big city and the remorseless sea.

That they are lovers is more than probable, to look at them; for, though he is at least ten years older than his companion—and she can be four or five-and-twenty at most—there is a quiet pride in his evident admiration and a modest happiness in her face as she turns her eyes up to his, that means much to you and me, who have studied courtship in the abstract. Theoretically we know something about it.

"You know I love you, Violet; and you must feel that my love is not a passing fancy, a worthless caprice, but that I am ready in every way, as far as I can, to prove I will sacrifice everything for you, but——"

By the way, I do not think I have told you that the "he" is in the army—Captain Arthur Calderon, of the 142nd Highlanders, and the "she" Miss Violet Gaycross, of the Apollo Theatre, Strand.

I don't half like telling you who they are, because there is a foolish prejudice among the many floreseent idiots who inhabit our island that a soldier must be a scoundrel, and an actress necessarily an objectionable character; that only ne'er-do-weels go into the Army, and only light-o'-loves on to the Stage.

Be good enough to set aside any such preconceived notions. Whatever the temptations may be which render a man in his uniform or a woman before the footlights more seductive to the opposite sex, both Arthur Calderon and Violet Gaycross are entirely worthy of your respect, and fit in every way to be received into the best society—which in these

depraved days is not always the highest: this by way of a cynical parenthesis.

Violet Gaycross is the daughter of a Mrs. Gowan, widow of a physician who took high honours at Cambridge, and as long as he lived made a fair income in a cathedral town, enough to keep his wife unhampered by dressmakers' bills, and his daughter educated above the mark of most young ladies one meets.

At the same time, as he had not reached the age when white whiskers and a black satin waistcoat argue a weight of opinion and consequent maturity of practice guaranteeing a two-guinea fee, and as he had not condescended to edit any quack medicine or stand godfather to any Aërated Water, Dr. Gowan had never laid up a competence for his loved ones, who little expected their bread-winner would be suddenly carried off by a ruptured aneurism as he was.

The widow almost broke down under the loss; and Violet, at the age of twenty, found herself the only support of her mother, whose health was hopelessly delicate, and whose sole income was some hundred-and-fifty pounds a-year.

"You will have to leave me, darling, and be a governess or a companion, or something horrid of that kind, Violet love!"

But "Violet love" thought she could remain with her mother, and turn her grace and intelligence to better account. She went straight to a theatrical agent, was lucky enough to find a travelling company just starting on a tour with comedy; and as the managers were a good old couple whose envy, hatred, and malice could not be excited by those who played younger parts, Violet obtained an engagement of three pounds a-week—a fair enough salary for a novice, but quite justified by her distinguished appearance and graceful beauty, whatever her acting capabilities might prove to be.

Arthur Calderon had known her when she was a mere girl and he was reading for his commission in the town where the Gowans lived. He had played lawn-tennis with her, and scarcely gave a thought to the rather leggy child whose flashing eyes and golden hair brightened the garden where they met. But some years after, he was astonished to recognise the little Violet Gowan he had known, in the beautiful Miss Gaycross, who was fast working her way to the front in public opinion on the stage of the Apollo Theatre in the Strand.

Instead of tipping the Cerberus at the stage-door or waylaying a dresser to find out her address, Arthur Calderon wisely followed her to her home, called the next day and asked for Mrs. Gowan. The mother was delighted to talk of old times, and the daughter was grateful to him for his memory. He soon became a fast friend; and without any absolute declaration, Violet knew that she was in love, and that he was entirely devoted to her.

She was receiving twelve guineas a-week, and had accepted an engagement for two years, which was now drawing to a close. Violet had made a great success in a modern comedy, her superb voice and bewitching manner distinguishing her among her comrades, and marking

her out, as the prompter in her theatre confided to me, as "a duchess born and bred."

Devoted to her art, and never satisfied with what she called her own ignorance, she was ever adding to her accomplishments, and improving her knowledge in languages or music. Calderon, when he could run up from Aldershot, used to drop in to five o'clock tea, and filled the room with flowers from Covent Garden; but it was only on Sundays that they really enjoyed a tête-à-tête, and now the summer had come and he had his "leave," he had taken a cottage on the river above Maidenhead, where mother and daughter came on each day of rest to bask in the sun and dream of repose.

"But what?" replied Violet on this particular occasion, when Arthur Calderon had been tempted by the poetry of the scene and the proximity of the woman he knew he adored above all, to tell her all he felt for her. "But what?"

"I don't know how to tell you what, nor can I think you will refuse to hear me if I do."

"Something very dreadful, it seems," answered Violet in a merry tone of banter. "Something melodramatic, perhaps."

"So much so that I hardly credit it myself. It is like a horrid nightmare which leaves a sensation of dread behind it, while the details are scarcely remembered. Violet, I am married!"

Violet sprang up erect, and looked straight out across the river, while two tears welled up to her eyes and fell slowly down each burning cheek. Her lips trembled, but she said not a word.

"Violet, hear me! all must come right at last. My love for you is so true, so honest. Ah, do not shrink from me, I conjure you by all you hold most holy! Do not condemn me because I have kept it from you. I ought to have told you as soon as I felt I was loving you. I ought to have left your sight——"

He grovelled at her feet, and kissed the hem of her dress where she stood.

That dear old prude Britannia who looks on passion as a wicked eccentricity, and imagines that a man who has once plighted his troth is to look carelessly on for ever without being touched by worth, wit, or beauty, is shaking her skirts and lowering her eyebrows at the idea of such effrontery. Why does not the girl leave him in cold contempt? How dare the man remain there to find excuses for such disgraceful confessions?

Violet has as much common sense as she has intelligence, and what is more she loves the man, and cannot believe him guilty of deceit. So she sits down again, and though the tears still follow each other down her cheeks, and she still stares painfully into the river, she says firmly but sadly:

"Tell me all."

Sitting at a short distance and lower down the bank, without raising his head, as if he were arraigned before a judge or avowing his sins in a confessional, Arthur began:

"You know how young I was when my father died, how I was only eighteen when I came into my fortune and a commission, without a friend but the old family solicitor. That I have told you; but you do not know that I was a mere child in experience when I first entered the army, and how my income allowed me to lead a life of luxurious dissipation, in which I was encouraged by our major, many years older than myself, who had no scruples in leading me into every kind of extravagance. He is dead now, so I can leave his name out, simply telling you that for reasons he best knew he introduced me to a foreign lady, a young French widow he assured me, whose great beauty and fascinating voice gradually drew me like a fly into the web she had spun for me. I knew nothing of life; had never been flattered by a woman; had no memories of any girl even, beyond the one fair-haired fairy I had played lawn-tennis with years ago. I looked on my fascination as a devotion, as a sacred duty: and under the impression that my fortune could be realised (luckily my capital was so tied up that I was master of income only till I was eight-and-twenty), the major and his accomplice persuaded me one day to apply for leave, and I was married by special license before I had been forty-eight hours in town. My wife seemed disappointed that I was only able to settle a sum of one thousand pounds upon her, and I had not been married a week before she disappeared entirely from the house I had taken for a month, and I have never seen her since. I need scarcely say that the old family solicitor was only informed when all was over, and it was too late to stop the marriage.

"My fascination was at an end, the snake had glided away and the bird began to wake to life. I felt the glamour was no longer over me, that the scales had fallen from my eyes. All I could do I did. She was traced to Brussels, where she was last seen with a popular tenor, who had since left the town. The major had exchanged into another regiment, and was killed in Ashanteeland. I heard from a mutual friend that he had been only too glad to find a fool to take the French woman off his hands. He rests in peace. Perhaps it was best for me that all this happened. I became a man, and a different man, for I despised myself for my follies and determined to try to be worthy of living. I have so long been a bachelor that insensibly I glided into the deep love I feel for you without a thought of that sad epoch of my life. Can you forgive me? Will you promise not to forget me? Violet, I conjure you, don't throw me away!"

A glimmering of amber where the sun had set, the olive sky above where the stars were coming out on guard one by one, and the black shadows of the trees around showed that night was coming on.

Violet crept up to him and raising her lips to his he kissed her for the first time in one long passionate heart-giving. She pressed his hand, and both rising walked sadly side by side regardless of the dew which was falling thickly and the mists that rose in ghostly columns from the silvery stream. They never spoke until they reached the cottage-door where a fly was ready to take her and her mother to the station; then she turned: "My poor darling, we must part!" were all

the words she spoke. Once more in the shadow of the cedar at the door he kissed her, and their romance became reality again. Mrs. Gowan came out half scolding Violet for being late and fearing they might not catch the train.

Heart-broken he saw them into the train, and the mother could not understand the sadness which had crept over her daughter's face. A whistle and they had gone.

Arthur Calderon returned to the river's side. The cold moon, with her monotonous smile, seemed to mock him, and he looked at the river half tempted to end his griefs and his hopes there for ever. What right had he to compromise by his selfish love the reputation of a woman who had passed through the ordeal of a stage life without a stain, without a reproach?

Next day Captain Calderon volunteered for the Cape.

* * * * * *

Sir Arnold Stourbridge plunged into the private hansom waiting for him at Mrs. Gowan's door with grave disappointment on his features. Violet, who had seen him to her door, had just given him an answer which his vanity little expected. The baronet had been hanging round the Apollo for weeks, and, though very respectful, had shown that he thought his attentions a condescension. At the same time he had been so intensely smitten by the popularity and beauty of Miss Gaycross that he had gone so far as actually to offer his hand to Violet if she would make him happy by becoming Lady Stourbridge.

Violet simply said: "Don't think for a moment, Sir Arnold, that I do not appreciate the honour you do me. I hope we shall always be friends, but I have no devotion for anything but my art. I shall never marry."

Calderon wrote her a long letter before he left for the Cape, assuring her of his devotion, his hopes that law or death might help him eventually to freedom, that he could love no one else, and that wherever he was her image alone would comfort him, with a great deal more most interesting to both of them.

Violet grieved over his loss sadly: her mother found her much more silent, while the public and the critics noted the matured decision of her delivery, and the intensified pathos in her acting. No one knew the real truth.

As she closed the door on the departing baronet, who was more annoyed at having laid himself open to refusal than at the refusal itself, the landlady (for the Gowans only had half the house) said to her:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Violet; but I want to go out this afternoon, and there's that poor lodger of mine upstairs very bad with no one to look after her. It would be a real charity if you would sit with her a bit till you go to the theatre."

"Who is she, Mrs. Grafton? I did not know you had another lodger in the house!"

"Bless you, miss, she's a foreigner and sings in the chorus at the

Opera. She's always been away till a week ago, when she tried to poison herself, the doctor thinks, and she has been in bed ever since."

"You should have told me before, I might have been of use to the poor creature. What can I do for her?"

"If you'll sit with her a bit, or take her some books of pictures or the like. She pays all right up to now, miss."

Violet did not wait to hear more, but running into her little drawing-room and selecting a book or two, an album, and a basket of flowers, trotted upstairs to the room Mrs. Grafton indicated to her.

Violet knocked.

"Entrez," said a feeble voice within. Violet went in, and in very respectable French apologised for her intrusion; but as she was a neighbour, she hoped she might be useful in some way or other.

"Que vous êtes bonne! How you are kind! I much thank you, ver much, ver much."

They were soon friends. Violet arranged her pillow, put the flowers by her side, and showed her the books, while she took note of the woman herself, who must have been strangely beautiful—was still, in spite of her wasted form and haggard face. The poor singer had been once popular in her own land, had been reduced to the chorus as her voice had failed her; and the man she had followed everywhere like a slave had left her a week ago for another woman. Yes, she had tried to poison herself, but she had not succeeded—at least, not at once.

The feeble invalid was talking and idly looking through the album of photographs, when all of a sudden she gave a scream:

"Ah! mon Dieu! How that resemble mon pauv' petit mari! How like! He had no moustaches; but perhaps it is the brother of him. Pauv' p'tit mari!"

"What do you mean?" asked Violet earnestly, while her blood came and went, and her heart seemed breaking all its bonds.

Only a passing memory. She had once been married to a boy—the best boy ever known. A wicked man had forced her into the disgraceful plot. She loved another, and had run from her husband—her lawful husband. She could prove it—run away with a thousand pounds.

"Serve me right now, for I am a beast. Canaille, va! Carogne! You will soon be die. Mère des anges, priez pour moi!"

The woman was delirious, clutching at the sheet, snatching at the flowers, and now reproaching herself, now begging some man she called Enrico to return to her; now pitying her little husband. Suddenly she sprang up, and, pulling from under the pillow a desk in russia leather, she hugged it to her, and with maniac cries swore no one should take it from her. This paroxysm only lasted a few seconds. Her eyes fixed in a glassy stare, her arms relaxed, and she fell back cold and silent on the bed. She was dead.

There was no doubt of it. On the desk were the letters "A. C., 142nd Regt.," and inside was her certificate of marriage, with some letters, a lock of black hair, and a wreath of dead flowers, probably a reminiscence of some stage success. It all came out at the inquest, and

the old family solicitor took charge of all that remained of Calderon's wife.

* * * * * *

Violet is devoted to her art. I wonder whether she has heard that Arthur Calderon is returning with Sir F. Roberts from the Cape on sick leave?

* * * * * *

He cannot be very ill, for I take up this morning's "Times," and see under the "Marriages":

"Arthur Calderon, Captain 142nd Highlanders, to Violet, only daughter of the late Gregory Gowan, M.D."

How Arthur must treasure the prize that Art has lost!

THE MEININGEN ACTORS AND THEIR VISIT TO LONDON.

PARIS is France, and so London might be called England—at least with respect to the stage. But by no means could the German capital be said in a similar way to represent the German Fatherland, which has been too long politically disunited to admit of a thorough national centralisation of the leading elements of life or of art. Yet such names as Dresden, Vienna, Munich, or even Düsseldorf and many other towns that vie with Berlin in the cultivation of one art or another, would forbid us to conclude that the fostering of art has suffered from this want of centralisation in Germany. Berlin makes now every exertion to be the national centre, not only of militarism and learning, but also of art. Perhaps it will succeed one day; but as yet it has dangerous rivals. As to the stage, Vienna and Dresden certainly have long been its equals, if not its superiors; and under its present management the Hof-Theater at Berlin is not likely to surpass them. In Germany, we know, the position of the heads of these Royal institutions, that of the Herren Ober-Intendanten, is one of great honour and influence. But why on that account ex-officers should be considered particularly qualified for such important posts, as they have been for the Court Theatre of Berlin as well as Hanover, might well seem strange even in military Germany.

For the last ten years or so, slowly but surely a new rival has sprung up in the Court Theatre of little Meiningen, a town of little more than 7,000 inhabitants, the exceptional brilliancy of the theatre being, therefore, due solely to the fostering care and indefatigable labours of its art-loving Duke; affording thereby another proof, if proof were needed, that however hampering, politically speaking, the many petty States of Germany have shown themselves for the welfare of the country, the

cultivation of art is greatly indebted to them. We are at once reminded of that neighbouring court of Weimar which, at the end of the last century, small though it was, became the centre of all that was solid and brilliant in the intellectual life of Germany. No doubt, the high-minded Duke Georg would gladly gather around himself a similar assembly, if only a circle of such men as Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, v. Knebel, v. Seckendorf, Musäus, and such women as Frau v. Stein and Corona Schröter could as easily be obtained. So he made it his task to do homage to their spirit by placing the best of their dramatic works, nay, the dramatic masterpieces of the whole modern world, in a masterly manner on the stage; shrinking from no labour in now assiduously searching for an exact historical costume with the minutest details, now in designing himself some adequate scenery or in personally superintending almost every rehearsal, after having in many cases previously gone through the parts with the actors privately. In all his efforts he is always faithfully assisted by his august consort the Duchess, who once was herself a renowned actress, the able régisseur, Herr Chronegk, and other competent men. Their principal aim being to make the "ensemble" as perfect as possible, naturally they consider no detail—however trifling, however subordinate—so trifling, so insignificant, that, used in its proper place and in an adequate manner, it might not contribute to the harmonious effect of the whole. At the same time, they allow no other detail, however important, to step out of the frame of the picture or even to stand in undue prominence, thus thoroughly condemning the star system. To be sure, that was done before this dual manager thought of it, in Germany more especially by such eminent critics as Edouard Devrient, himself a great actor, and the dramatist Heinrich Laube, but nowhere has it been carried to such an extent.

It was in the spring of 1874 that the Meiningers for the first time ventured from their quiet home in Thuringia into larger regions, beginning their "Gastspiel" at Berlin. At once the whole theatrical world of that city was stirred up and divided into Meiningers or anti-Meiningers, just as they are divided into Wagnerians or anti-Wagnerians; for the Meiningen Company also had, and has still, its strong opponents. They contended that the pompous scenery and the splendid get-up of the whole overshadowed the ingenuity of acting; that, moreover, the introduction of most minute details, such as—to mention only one instance—a particular ancient lamp of unquestionable historical exactness in "Julius Cæsar," a work of art in itself, might easily draw the attention of the audience from the play itself to this insignificant detail. But, is the reply on the other side, the improvement of the "mise-en-scène" has since the time of Shakespeare, in which it was so very primitive, everywhere been noticeable; why should we suddenly have come to limits, beyond which there is no progress permitted in this direction? Why should the most minute correctness of even an unimportant detail prevent us from enjoying the poetical beauty of a piece or ingenious acting, especially after once we are accustomed to such perfection? Would not the want of it, or, more still, a manifestly faulty

detail, distract our attention in a much higher and decidedly more unpleasant degree? Moreover, let all our senses be captivated, and we shall appreciate and enjoy a performance all the better. Let us, in particular, acknowledge of the spectator:

> "Dass seine Augen sehen müssen, was
> Das Herz soll glauben."

It is announced that "during a recent visit to Rome, His Serene Highness having found, from late discoveries, accepted ideas were at fault with respect to certain details in the representation of 'Julius Cæsar,' immediately gave orders for a new mise-en-scène in accordance with the latest authorities. The scneries, costumes, armour, furniture, and all other accessories have been the subject of equally deep thought, so that the delineation of each play will not only be true historically, but will be produced with the utmost splendour and attention."

Surely there is little to be said against all that, provided only that what is, after all, only a secondary matter be not considered the principal thing. It is true the Meiningen Company is not composed, like the Comédie Française, of the élite of all the great actors of their country. But it is equally true that there are names amongst them of the very highest theatrical repute in Germany, and which, we presume, will also acquire fame in this country. At any rate, if they be not all geniuses, there is certainly none amongst them who does not fully deserve the name of actor. They are all most carefully selected. Their speech is correct and pure, which cannot be said of all the other stages of their country, so rich in dialectical variations, if indeed it can be said of all the stages of other countries. And as to their schooling, there is probably no stage in the whole world at which this is taken more seriously. Every movement, every look is well studied. Study, indeed, study and rehearsal seem to be the watchwords of the Meiningen Theatre, to belong to which involves at the same time the necessity of going through a large amount of very hard work indeed.

What has been attained thereby, what the Meiningen actors are like, we shall now have an opportunity of judging in England, as they are just commencing a course of performances extending over a period of six weeks at Drury Lane Theatre. But how, it will be asked, is this foreign company to fill the largest of all the theatres proper of London, capable as it is of holding some 3,500 persons? To fill it has most likely been an aim subordinate to the endeavours of having their pieces, which, almost without exception, depend in a large degree upon broad and massive effects, put properly on the stage. For this purpose that of Drury Lane is equalled by no other stage in England. And the more care a manager is known to bestow on the proper filling and fitting-up of this part of the theatre, the more likely an appreciating audience is to fill its place in return. Besides, there are more than 30,000 Germans living in London, a number from which in many a German town a good-sized theatre is thronged every evening. Yet it would certainly prove a fatal calculation to count upon them only or even chiefly. But however ready the English are to blame themselves for their want of

knowledge of foreign languages, it is scarcely too much to assume that there is in every house in London—at any rate speaking of those, the inhabitants of which occupy the better parts of a London theatre—one person at an average (ladies by far outweighing gentlemen in this respect) that understands German sufficiently to follow a performance with tolerable ease, and another one, perhaps, that might at least take a profitable lesson in German by listening to it. If, therefore, the Meiningers and their pieces only are worth seeing, there will be no lack of people wishing to see them, perhaps not even at so large a house as Drury Lane.

But what are the pieces they are offering us? Aiming as they are, at representing principally classical pieces, they are not so narrow-minded as to confine themselves to German plays only. Shakespeare however, being, as is well known, so thoroughly appreciated in Germany, of course he is also a favourite of theirs, and some of his pieces, viz., "Julius Cæsar," "The Winter's Tale," and "Twelfth Night," form an important part of their programme for the London stage. That may seem somewhat bold. But why should we look upon such an undertaking as an arrogant desire to teach an English public how to play Shakespeare, and not rather as a complimentary mark of appreciation of its great poet-king, the more acceptable as the English stage has shown itself forgetful enough in not having brought out any of those pieces for a long time? The production of some plays of Molière, viz., "Le Malade Imaginaire" and "Les Femmes Savantes," might, with more reason be called a venturesome undertaking after their performance in London only a short time ago by the "house of Molière" in the language of Molière.

The rest of the plays are by German poets. And even here the selection can scarcely please everybody. Many will certainly regret not seeing Lessing represented at all, whose name was at first advertised with the others. Of Goethe's plays we are only promised "Iphigenie auf Tauris," that antique drama after Euripides. Schiller is represented by four pieces, two of which ("Die Räuber" and "Fiesco") are his very earliest productions, dealing freely with blood and iron, as belonging to the Sturm and Drang period. Of the trilogy of Wallenstein, only Wallenstein's "Lager" is to be given, rendering such a faithful though sad picture of life in Germany during the unhappy time of the thirty years' war. We may regret the absence of some of the acknowledged masterpieces of Schiller, but the more welcome will be the promised production of "Wilhelm Tell" to all. Also the romantic school is not entirely neglected. Heinrich v. Kleist's "Kätchen von Heilbronn" is to be played, a grand historical "Ritter-Schauspiel," affording much opportunity for spectacular display. Franz Grillparzer's "Esther," too, is announced, being only a fragment in two acts, and the same poet's "Die Ahnfrau" belonging to the notorious "Schicksals-Tragödien." Wolff's "Preciosa" will, no doubt, be interesting to many already, on account of its beautiful music by C. M. Weber, and its pretty scenery.

On the whole, certainly a rich and varied programme is offered, yet we cannot help thinking that, if a few plays of a somewhat more modern character were included, they would be, to say the least of it, equally

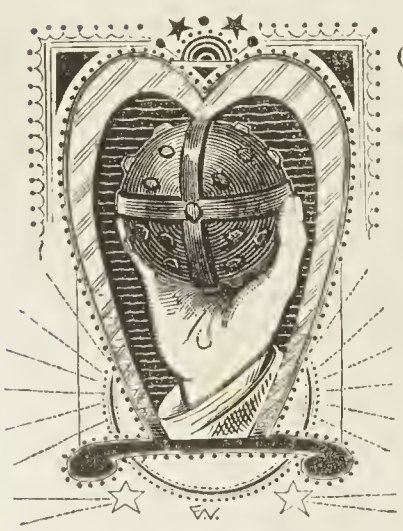
welcome. The German stage, it is true, is not particularly productive of good plays just now; nor are we longing for a Lindau or a Moser and the like. Yet such men as Gutzkow, Laube, Otto Ludwig, Freytag, Mosenthal, whose claims as very successful dramatists have been long and fully enough established, might well be represented; the more so, as some of their pieces, having been adapted for the English stage, are already known in this country, and some do belong to the répertoire of the Meiningers. However, we must not forget that this company does not pretend to represent the national theatre of their country, as is the case with the Comédie Française.

There has been of late a great deal of foreign acting in this country. Italian, French, Dutch actors, have successfully held up the honour of their stage in London, and now the Meiningers will endeavour to do the same. Is there no English company yet inclined to go abroad and show what the English stage is like? It would not be the first time. So far back as 1626, an English company under Marlowe was acting in Germany for a considerable time; and an energetic manager need not fear a similar reception abroad, as we hear was awarded to some English actors at Paris in 1823, at a time when the memory of the Battle of Waterloo was still fresher than it happily is in our days. Carefully selected companies playing in other countries are apt to afford mutual enjoyment and instruction, and so assist, like all international peaceful contests, in banishing what must seem a plague in the eyes of all well-intentioned human beings, and from what no country can pride itself as being entirely free—national prejudices!—Wilhelm F. Brand.

THE OLD HOUSES.

By W. F. Waller.

III.—THE KING'S OWN HOUSE.



MONSIEUR ROBERT HUBERT, who, unless he and London's tall column both lied, fired Farryner's the baker's shop, in Pudding Lane, one September night in a year of wonders, and, "a Belgian east wind" aiding, converted the City into a cinder-heap—this Monsieur Hubert, at his consequent demise in mid-air, left a good deal for even an already "miraculous" little architect to do. Brother Sir Christopher Wren, R.W.D.G.M. and W.M. of the Lodge of Antiquity, by-and-by, as we know, did a good deal—notably, on the top of Ludgate Hill. But in the January of 1671–2 his services were requisitioned away westward to Covent Garden, where, in a little conflagration of its own,

had perished that House that Tom built. The Stage, it is to be feared, had priority of the Saint who once quoted a line from a stage-play in a sermon; for the ruins of old St. Paul's still cumbered the ground when from those of the old Theatre Royal anon arose the new.

Meanwhile the burnt-out company took refuge at the Duke's House in the Fields, opportunely vacated by their rivals the previous November, and there, in the February following their fire, they opened with a very dismal prologue and a very lively play.

The prologue was Dryden's. The Laureate was not a happy man at the best of times. Always overworked—he produced two five-act pieces this very year—he was "hackled" by the Lady Elizabeth at home, and harassed by the everlasting dun abroad. And though he fled from the one to sport—moult tristement, I expect—with Amaryllis Reeve in the shade of the Mulberry Garden, and from the other to friend Purcell's lodging up the Clock-Tower stairs of St. James's, which was sanctuary; yet, as you may see any day in the marble face of him at Westminster, he carried a congested liver with him wherever he went. And his eternal want of pence, and of blue-pill, had been aggravated terribly by the recent catastrophe which had befallen the theatre; for his author's share-and-a-quarter in the profits of the House that had hitherto been worth to him, bon an, mal an, between three and four hundred a-year, was likely, in consequence of the unprecedented liabilities the sociétaires had to incur in rebuilding, to mean a share-and-a-quarter of nothing for some time to come. No wonder Mr. Dryden took an ultra-atrabilious view of the situation in general, and of his own in particular. The wonder is that—strange as were the things a prologue of the period might contain, Mr. Dryden, a dramatic author, when he made such intolerably humiliating references, as he presently did, to the "charity" of his audience; to the "shed" in which he had the misfortune to receive them; to the "alehouse" style of the decorations; to the "sickliness" of the performers, and even to the dilapidated condition of their wardrobe—the wonder is that he got a gentleman, who had been a soldier and who was an actor, like Mr. Hart, to deliver his lines.

On the whole, I take it, it would have been better to trust the filling of the treasury not to ad misericordiam maundering of this sort but to the lively play. That was, certes, not the ancient story transferred from monkish manuscript to the stage by a then ancient gentleman, Lodowick Carlell—he "of the bows" to his late Majesty—and revived the day Mr. Hart spoke the objectionable prologue.

The lively play was the chef-d'œuvre in comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher—"Wit Without Money"—Mr. Dryden must have seen an irritating personal allusion in the title—with Mohun, certainly, in the widow-hating, widow-loving Valentine; Lacy, no doubt, in the clown, Shorthose; and Mrs. Marshall, of course, in Lady Hartwell. Famous parts all three, thereafter to be associated with Wilks, and "Dicky" Norris, and the Oldfield; with Ryan and Hippisley, and "the handsomest woman on either stage," Mrs. Horton—with Gentleman Smith and Ned Shuter, and that black-haired Mrs. Hamilton, who so enchanted

John Rich by never powdering her ebon locks that the manager set her, and salaried her, above the Woffington as long as he lived; whose lot, however, fell upon less pleasant times when eccentric John was past enchanting any more, and whose subsequent financial misfortunes mainly brought about the institution of the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund.

A tragical-comical compilation of the Laureate's, yclept "Marriage à la Mode," brought out the "whole strength of the company," and gave flute-voiced little Mrs. Boutell, "fair and soft as down," or Mary Bellenden, a chance in the creation of the coquette Melantha—that character wherein—when its original representative, who was a good deal more "downy" than "soft," by the way, had retired upon the handsome fortune her fascinations and prudence had accumulated—Mr. Cibber was so exquisitely to paint her successor, poor Will Mountford's wife, and the mother of that lovely Susanna, after whose eyes Gay christened his most pathetic and preposterous ballad, the luckless Ophelia of a later time, who, when trouble had turned her brain in sad reality, came on again one night at her old cue, and gave such a rendering of her famous mad-scene as was never beheld before or since.

The whole strength of the company could not long support the "Marriage," which, indeed, was never playable till it was freed from the dead weight of its tragic lumber; and its author's second contribution, a comedy, without very much dull blank verse, despite its equally strong cast and "the opinion of the best judges," did not long survive its production. But the "Assignation" has one first-rate comic character, Benito, a liveried prototype of Marplot; and in this character, upon which rests the not inconsiderable weight of the piece, there made his re-appearance the very man to sustain it—Mr. Joseph Haines.

Joseph Haines! "Count" Haines of his own creation—"Jo" with his familiars, amongst whom, if Quin's famous after-dinner story be not merely "ben trovato," nor born of t'other bottle of Bordeaux, the dog, in days when Romanism was looking up, demurely gave his fellow 'vert, and Saccharissa's time-serving son, Sunderland, to understand he included the most blessed and least likely of womankind—what an impudent, irrepressible, irresistible, irreverent, reprehensible, unmitigated farçeur it must have been! For thirty years, on the stage and off, his gibes, his gambols, his songs, his flashes of merriment—where be they now?—kept London in a roar. For close upon two centuries, in the gloomy but not inglorious graveyard of St. Paul's in the Garden, the ashes of this Joseph have mingled with those of better men. And yet one cannot write his name to-day without a grin—not indeed rueful and regretful like that evoked by recollections of our Buckstone and our Compton, those dear familiar Yoricks of our youth, who have, so to speak, borne us on their backs a thousand times—but a grin of friendly, if not of full, appreciation, nevertheless.

Friendly appreciation, somehow, Mr. Haines generally succeeded in obtaining; not always, or he would hardly have been a wag. No doubt, for instance, he failed to secure the friendly appreciation of his stage-manager, Mr. Hart, when to revenge himself for being cast as a

Senator in "Cataline," Mr. Haines thought fit to take his seat in the Senate, one afternoon, a Conscript Father armed with pipe and pot, and made up à la Edward Terry for the occasion. And there the antic sat, mopping and mowing behind Cataline's back, all through that conspirator's crack scene, which was, for once, accompanied with laughter inextinguishable. Nothing ever put Hart out on the stage. He finished his speech in perfect form as usual; but when he made his exit he made it hot for that Senator, I guess. So, no doubt, would fain have done that British nobleman whose personality our friend once assumed in Paris; and so, assuredly, would the victimized shopkeepers who accorded milord a credit which was to be unlimited in a sense they dreamed not of.

"My cousin the Bishop," too—he could hardly have loved Joseph overmuch. The Bishop was he of Ely, whose carriage his soi-disant relative stopped one day on Holborn Hill, where a couple of bailiffs were in conference with "The Count" about that little matter of twenty pounds. In at the episcopal coach-window the Count thrust a face expressive of holy eagerness and zeal. When that expressive countenance was withdrawn, proselytising Simon Patrick promptly recognised in the by-standing sheriff's-officers a couple of earnest seekers after the truth. Let them come to his house to-morrow, and he would satisfy them in this matter. As promptly, the captors recognised substantial bail. Smiling, the captive walked away. Not smiling, the mystified myrmidons learned next day how his lordship proposed to satisfy them. However, though not smiling either, but shrewdly convinced that, on the whole, it was the best thing he could do, the Right Reverend Simon paid up.

Yet appreciative friends had sent young Jo from his school at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to Queen's College, Oxford. And at Queen's, Jo had won such golden opinions from his namesake, Williamson, the Sir Joseph that was to be, that if his head had not been as light as his heart and his principles, the private secretary of the future Secretary of State might (who knows?) have developed into a diplomat. The private secretary's tongue, though, wagged too freely in public. Secrets of the council-board got proclaimed from the housetops, where they had found their way from tavern parlours. It would not do. Williamson prescribed a sobering course of Cambridge. Jo preferred turning stroller at Stourbridge. His true vocation at last hit upon, a very promising pupil presently presented himself to Captain Bedford, director of "The Nursery" in Hatton Garden—an admirable institution, and worthy to be resuscitated—where dramatic aspirants in those days were taught to walk before they tried to run. There Mr. Haines learned his business, and after such a sort, that when on Friday, March 6th, 1668, a piece called "The Spanish Gypsies," dramatised by Middleton and Rowley from a novel by Cervantes, was brought out at the Theatre Royal, on the occasion of his début, the débutant was selected for special commendation, and his part pronounced to be "most excellently done." An "understanding fellow" his eulogiser pronounces him, without any reference to his inches; "and yet"—naively wonders Mr. Pepys, not knowing this Joseph—"and yet they say hath spent £1000 a-year." An

understanding fellow, quotha! I wonder whose was the £1000 a-year this spendthrift had been spending?

That slight difference of opinion, already mentioned, between Cataline and the Conscript Father, was the cause of Mr. Haines transferring his services to the Duke's House for a time. For a very brief time, however. The King's company found they could not do without him; so the culprit was prudently pardoned, and was back amongst his old friends in a few months to speak the prologue to "The Assignation," and play Benito; to show the time its very form and feature in his Sparkish; and to impersonate, as only this bamboozler of bishops and bailiffs could do, the Lord Plausible of Wycherley's last production. Twenty years later, Congreve was to be indebted to him for a Captain Bluffe, who made that warrior's sayings household words; Vanbrugh, later still, for a Roger in "Æsop," which Tony Aston himself pronounced to be unapproachable; and the end of the century only was to witness his final creation, his Tim Errand, whom everybody but George Farquhar, who named him, miscalls Tom, in perhaps the most successful comedy the century had seen—poor George's "Constant Couple."

When Mr. Haines rejoined the King's company, there had been read, received, and put into rehearsal, that which the modern manager, who understands the rudiments of cheesemongery, incontinently consigns to his butterman whensoever it comes in his way—a new and original comedy by an entirely unknown author. The title of the new comedy was "Love in a Wood." The author was a gentleman of two or three-and-thirty, the son of a Shropshire squire, the heir to a fair estate, sometime of Mr. Haines's old college at Oxford, and at present of the Middle Temple, student-at-law, but finding studies more congenial in the humours of the town. A remarkably handsome young man, du reste, with what Mr. Pope was by-and-by pleased to call "the true nobleman look;" proud of his beauty, and apt, as a septuagenarian, to sigh over Sir Peter's portrait of him at eight-and-twenty, but with no cause for such sighing as yet, save, perhaps, the prematurely gray hairs under his luxuriant periwig; tall, broad-shouldered, straight-limbed and strong; something loose-lived, as was the fashion of the time, but neither a swine of Sedley's herd, nor a profligate of Etherege's pattern, nor a rowdy of Rochester's stamp; pre-eminent, indeed, amongst his contemporaries, for the qualities they recognised as extraordinary in the sobriquet they gave him—"Manly" Wycherley.

The inventor of our Comedy of Manners had not pursued his early researches in his own country, or amidst the village surroundings of that old ancestral hall at Clive. Wycherley père, a staunch Church and King man, to whom a "saint" was as ratsbane, and in whose eyes the Puritan Oxford of that day was no place for a young gentleman who called him father, had sent his heir abroad for his education. At fifteen the future dramatist found his instructress in the famous château on the banks of the Charente, in the salon, and in the person, of that Julie d'Angennes who was Julie de Montausier then, and is better known to posterity still as the Mademoiselle Rambouillet of Ménage and Voiture. In that salon

the lad breathed the atmosphere, in that society he met the very personages, of the theatre of Molière. Madame la Duchesse was the queen of that fastidious coterie, the presiding divinity of those Précieuses whom Jean Poquelin was by-and-by so exquisitely to ridicule. Monsieur le Duc, Grandisonian, self-satisfied, sat unwittingly for his portrait in the "Misanthrope," and the "Misanthrope" was the prototype of the "Plain Dealer." For five years the Montausier's young friend enjoyed advantages such as fell to the lot of few squires' sons. Then the Duchess sent her pupil home, a finished fine gentleman, to confound fops, and a Papist, to protest against Puritanism. But the King came back too, and there was once more in England a Church and a University to which a fine gentleman could belong. Mr. Wycherley returned for a while to both. Then he took that long spell of London; and then the author of "Love in a Wood" felt himself ripe for the stage.

He had taken his time to ripen. He was "slow Wycherley," as we know. He told Pope, indeed, that he wrote his first piece at nineteen, and his last at two-and-thirty—four pieces in thirteen years. He was hardly so slow as this, however. When he gave Pope this chronology he was seventy, and his memory was apt to play him false. He had forgotten—to take only the first scene of "Love in a Wood"—that periwigs were not worn, and guineas had not been coined in 1659; and that the Fire to which my Lady Flippant refers was the holocaust of 1666. But, no matter. Whenever it was written, and however long it had taken to write, "Love in a Wood" was laid before Mr. Killigrew, early in that disastrous season when the King's company were burnt out of house and home; and Mr. Killigrew did not consign it to his butterman. There are those, I am aware, who would think it no great loss if he had. These are they who have so much to say on the purely relative question of "indecency"—as though every age did not settle that matter for itself. Was the first appearance of the first performers on the stage of this world "decent"? Was the Sixth Satire of one Juvenal voted "indecent"? And the "Lysistrata" of a highly popular and fashionable dramatist called Aristophanes? And the dialogue which a most polished writer by the name of Plato puts into the mouths of Socrates and Phædrus? And who calls certain epicene adaptations from the French of to-day "indecent," is he not open to an action for libel? Go to, then. Let us not sit in the seat of my Lord Angelo when William Wycherley comes up for judgment. Let Tom Killigrew deal with him in the manager's room, and let the public for whom he wrote pass sentence in the playhouse on his play.

The new author's reception was highly favourable in both places, inside and outside both. The management gave "Love in a Wood" a first-rate cast, with Hart as the Ranger whom Hoadly afterwards elaborated in his "Suspicious Husband" for Garrick; Mohun, in a new line, as the fantastic Dapperwit; Lacy fitted with the Alderman; Wintershall no less at home in Sir Simon; and Kynaston as the Valentine, whom by-and-by Sheridan made so free with for his Falkland. The town took the piece; the lady who was virtually Queen of England took notice of Mr. Wycherley;

her most gracious King, notwithstanding, took a fancy to him; and the rival House took his next comedy and produced it the same year. The year following, when Mr. Wycherley had returned from sea, whither, like other gentlemen and as the custom was, he had gone as a volunteer, and served a cruise under the horse-marine Rupert, in the second Dutch war then raging—in 1673, the King's company played "The Country Wife." Admirably written—albeit none of its dialogue quite comes up to that of the second act of the "Plain Dealer"—elaborately polished, with Hart for its Horner, Mohun for its Pinchwife, Haines for its Sparkish, and little Mrs. Boutell, a sort of etherealised Jordan, as adorable, and even more adored, for its "Wife," this comedy scored the brilliant success which, considered simply from a literary point of view, it so thoroughly deserved.

For a century, or thereabouts, it kept the stage in its original form; during which time there stood to its principal characters, in succession, the names of Wilks, Ryan, and "jaunty" Palmer of the "Rosciad;" of Booth, Quin (the most famous Pinchwife of them all), and that ambiguous actor Bridgewater, as to whom it was a moot point whether he most pleased or displeased his audience, till he settled the question by turning coal merchant; of both the Cibbers and Woodward; and of the "Tatler's" friend Mrs. Bicknell, Mrs. Pritchard, and the Clive. Times changed, and tastes altered. John Lee—who, as an actor, was always "emphatically wrong," and, as an author, can only claim distinction as the author of the being of Miss Lee, who wrote "The Chapter of Accidents"—offered the public a farcical version of Wycherley's work, which the public taste had not altered sufficiently to appreciate; but Garrick, the following year, in 1766, brought out that expurgated, patched, and expanded excerpt, "The Country Girl," in which, when the first Miss Peggy, poor Miss Reynolds, had killed herself in drowning care, Mrs. Jordan became the delight of our grandfathers. Leigh Hunt predicted a successful revival of this piece whenever an actress like her should appear. A few months back the piece was most successfully revived by an actress not the least in the world like Mrs. Jordan. But, then, she was Miss Litton.

The success of the "Wife" no doubt helped to pay the big builder's bill that Killigrew and the sociétaires were running up in the Garden, where on the 26th of March, 1674, the second Theatre Royal was at last inaugurated. Builders' charges ruled high naturally just then. The bill was £4000, and the company only got, even for that money, the "plain-built house" for which Mr. Dryden was so profuse and abject in his apologies on the opening day. You must not, says the Laureate, in effect, expect a theatre from us like that Nero's palace, Fleet Street way, shining all with gold. A bare convenience only, a mean ungilded stage, a homely room—this, ladies and gentlemen, is the best we broken bankers, half destroyed by fire, have to offer you. Be pleased to pity our condition. We are most humble; for fame and honour we no longer strive; we only beg that you will be graciously pleased to let us live; and so on. The apologising prologiser plucks up a little presently, when he reminds his auditors that plain as the edifice is, our Royal Master willed it should be

so; and puts it to a loyal British public, that what His Majesty is pleased to own can need no show.

The King had, indeed, with a very praiseworthy regard for the pecuniary circumstances of his "servants," eliminated palatial details from Wren's designs, and had made the house his own in a double sense by the economical alterations he had caused to be introduced. Nevertheless, though the house was the King's and the King's name a tower of strength, Mr. Dryden concluded by a gloomy reference to certain "machines and tempests," which he feared might overthrow it. The "machines" were the elaborate machinery recently brought over from Paris, which had so materially contributed to the success of "The Tempest" the previous season at Dorset Garden. And "The Tempest" was not that "wrote by Mr. Shakespeare," but Shadwell's notion of what Mr. Shakespeare ought to have written if he did not wish his name to spell ruin to his manager—an opera, namely, with startling spectacular effects. Shadwell proved to be so far right that there was money in his notion; so much, indeed, that Killigrew thought it worth while to get up a Mock Tempest, the perpetration of one Duffet, a New Exchange man-milliner, who used to swagger on title-pages as "A Person of Quality." Mr. Duffet had done work of this kind before; but as a change of the final letter of his surname would convey to a modern a tolerably exact idea of his value as a writer, the Mock Tempest soon subsided. He got into the bills, however, once more that season with his "Nursery" play, "The Spanish Rogue;" and the Rogue is remarkable, at any rate, for its dedication, wherein this Mantalini tells Madam Ellen Gwyn what he boasts that he alone had hitherto had the boldness—he might have used another word—to proclaim in print, to wit, that, "next to her beauty, her virtues are the greatest miracle of the age." Now the beauty of Madam Ellen was not great; so the miracles of that age must have run small.

Duffet's rubbish seemed, as it were, to play the House in for the great event of that season, and the greatest event for many seasons—the production of "The Plain Dealer," the masterpiece of a writer who, in comedy, was to stand quite alone, till a sickly little boy, then some five years old, should have grown into a rather finikin hypochondriacal young man, and sit, a dilettante, delicate-handed, under the great oak on the lawn at Stretton, putting the finishing touches to his "Old Bachelor." Play-going London was on the tiptoe of expectation about Mr. Wycherley's new piece; and, as is not seldom the case, after much tiptoeing, popular expectation was rather disappointed. Not, probably, with the interpretation. The Manly of Hart, the Novel of brilliant and too brief-lived Clark, the Plausible of Haines, the Olivia of Mrs. Marshall—to say nothing of Mrs. Corey revelling in the Widow, and the attractions of Mrs. Boutell in the doublet and hose of Fidelia—all this must have left nothing to desire. Not certainly with the literary execution. Congreve himself never wrote anything better than that delicious scene in the second act. But popular instinct, perhaps, perceived that the revenge Manly is made to take upon the faithless Olivia was hardly

consistent with the popular idea of a Captain in the British Navy—scarcely, indeed, compatible with the possession of those qualities so emphatically assigned this injured officer with his name. The critics and the wits, though, perceived nothing of the sort. My Lord of Dorset, supreme in the two realms of letters and of fashion, pronounced the play worthy of all acceptation, and led all his subjects to witness it. John Dryden declared that its author, "whom I am proud to call my friend, has obliged all honest and virtuous men by one of the most bold, most general, and most useful satires which has been presented on the English Theatre."

And John Dryden's judgment was that which actors and audiences were content to abide by for well-nigh a hundred years. Betterton, Keen, Booth, and Quin succeeded one another, and were successively applauded, in Manly, as the part was written. It was not till 1765 that Bickerstaffe—a proper mender of morals that same Isaac Bickerstaffe, by the way!—gave the stage an altered version of the "Plain Dealer," in which Holland first, and lurid Bensley next, and Kemble last, were more or less unsuccessful exponents of the leading character.

Whatever fault may be found with that character, there is associated with it another to which nothing but praise can be accorded—the Widow, the evergreen, the immortal Blackacre, surely the most comical feminine creation in the wide world of English comedy. I am told, of course, that the "Widow" is only the Comtesse of Racine's "Plaideurs" talking the slang of English instead of French chicane. And I am authoritatively assured, too, that the "Plain Dealer" is only the "Misanthrope" of Moliére with interpolations from the same author's "Critique de l'École des Femmes." Possibly this is so. But the possibility does not in the least affect my intimate conviction that Mrs. Blackacre was the daughter of the great attorney down in Norfolk, a relict and executrix of known plentiful assets and parts, who understood herself and the law and could put her case of Ayle, Pere, and Fitz, and owe Monsieur Racine not a jot of her racy originality; that there may be a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth notwithstanding—a "Misanthrope," and a "Plain Dealer;" and, whatever affinity may exist between the two, that Mr. Wycherley's masterpiece is absolutely English, and not French at all.

The success it ultimately obtained on the boards, supplemented as it was by the fresh welcome it received when, with its "billet-doux dedicatory" to "My Lady B"—another masterpiece—it presently appeared in print, would have set most young dramatic authors at work again forthwith.

But Wycherley, somehow, never cared to pick up the pen he dropped after writing that exquisite dedication. Write again, unfortunately he did; but there is no trace of the vigorous keen-pointed stylus of his prime to be found in the flaccid feebleness, the effete minauderies of the "poetry" he perpetrated at sixty-five, when—quantum mutatus ab illo, indeed!—the Montausier's pupil, the Castlemaine's lover, the Drogheda's husband, the once brilliant handsome heir of Clive, broken down in mind and body and estate, was fain to send his verses for correction to a clever,

cruel, crooked little critic who lived in Windsor Forest, who had just become a name, who was Alexander Pope, and aged sixteen.

After the production of the "Plain Dealer," comedy in England made pause for some twenty years. The audiences of the Theatre Royal, for the remainder of Killigrew's management, had to be content with such rubbish as the Honourable Edward Howard and Mr. Tom d'Urfey might have been ashamed to put even their not very responsible names to; with comic writing like that of the scion of the Westmorelands, Sir Francis Fane, whose "Love in the Dark" is best remembered from the circumstance that it furnished Mrs. Centlivre with her Marplot; with a translation, due to Wycherley's fellow-Templar, Ravenscroft, of the Latin play "Ignoramus," written by Ruggle of Clare Hall, for the delectation of his most learned sovereign, the first James, and productive, in the case of that monarch, of laughter so immoderate as almost to have occasioned results the most objectionable, but not recorded when exhibited in the milder form of the vernacular to have so moved any one of its auditors.

The Thalia, who had smiled upon Mr. Wycherley, turned her back upon this sort of thing, and left the stage in possession of her sister, who daggered and bowled, and ranted and raved through the rodomontades of that "hot-brained fustian fool," whom Rochester wished "in Busby's hands to be well lasht at school." Poor Nat Lee! Hot-brained he was, and fool he was, of course, to take to the trade more dreadful than the samphire-gatherer's—the playwright's; fool he was to fail for the Trinity Fellowship and lose the fat living—though I scarcely see, by the way, how T. C. C. could have made a Fellow of a Westminster lad, who talked about Eumēnes and Granĭcus; and fustian, sure, he wrote, having the ears of the groundlings to split, and that everlasting punch-score in Butcher Row, at the Bear and Harrow, to keep down; and yet, not fustian only, nor rodomontade unrelieved. A better judge than John Wilmot, Joseph Addison, commends his imaginative power; a better still, Sarah Siddons, did justice to his pathos, and when she read his "Theodosius" to an audience, would read it in an atmosphere of sighs and tears.

Dryden's "Aurenge-Zebe," the best example of his "heroic" style, was presently followed by his "All for Love," the play he "wrote for himself, all the rest having been given to the people," and the one which, as it turned out, he wrote for such late posterity as that of 1818, when William Augustus Conway—Mrs. Piozzi's Conway—was the Antony, and Miss Somerville, who shortly afterwards married "Poet Bunn," was the Cleopatra. For the rest, "starched little Johnny Crowne," the Nova-Scotian, figured in the bills of the Theatre Royal, during these last years of the old King's Company, with his "Destruction of Jerusalem," which a highly realistic "great fire scene" rendered very popular, and which its author dedicated to Her Grace of Portsmouth, or, as he put it, "fixed your Grace's image at the Jewish Temple-Gate to render the building sacred." This was out-duffeting Duffet. Mr. Crowne's other contribution was certainly the oddest piece of the century, or of any century since the time of Seneca—a version of that dramatist's cannibal-

istic tragedy "Thyestes." Intermediately came John Bancroft, author of "Sertorius," and of another even more forgotten play, a surgeon who is stated to have taken to play-writing for the incomprehensible reason that he treated "young wits and the frequenters of theatres" for the most fashionable malady of the day. Mr. Bancroft was succeeded on the boards by Dryden's enemy, Settle, who furnished the public with another astounding entertainment of the stage, the "Life and Adventures of Pope Joan." After which, the boyish bombast of young Mr. Saunders, the Westminster K.S., "the first boy-poet of our age," as Dryden, with a delicate compliment about Cowley having blossomed as soon, and lasting long, was pleased to style him, must have been rather a relief. The Westminster lad's "Tamerlane the Great," however, though Westminster lads packed the pit and cheered their schoolfellow to the echo, failed to score. So Tate, the Dublin man—he of the hymnal—as though he had not enough on his conscience already, took Shakespeare's "Richard II.," and "Coriolanus," and did unto them even as he had done unto "King Lear." No wonder that, in after life, Nahum was remarkable for a downcast look, and had seldom much to say for himself.

Another Dublin man made his début in the last year of Killigrew's management, and of his life—Thomas Southerne, the future author of the "Fatal Marriage," and "Oroonoko." His first piece, "The Loyal Brothers; or, the Persian Prince," brought out at a time when high Toryism was rampant, was a mere political pamphlet made play, in which, right or wrong, Shaftesbury was to be abused, and the Duke glorified. For a young gentleman of twenty-two it was not badly done, and Captain Southerne, by-and-by, when the loyal brother was King James II., found this not the least well paid of those dramatic works for which he had a knack of getting better paid than anybody else, somehow.

Banks, of New Inn, attorney-at-law, secured a hearing for that "Unhappy Favourite," whose misfortunes long made his story a favourite stock-piece; and finally, with the most inartistic and unprovoked murder of one Cymbeline, committed by that old offender, Thomas d'Urfey, the season of 1682 came to a dismal close.

Dismal indeed! The famous original King's company was fast breaking up. Lacy was dead; Wintershall was dead; Hart was dying; Mohun was crippled with gout; Mrs. Marshall was thinking of retirement; Mrs. Knipp had retired, let us hope on ce butor's promise of amendment; and the gaps in the subordinate ranks were not less serious. And, that year, the once brilliant and jocund light of life had flickered feebly out of Thomas Killigrew. On the 19th of March, at his lodging in Whitehall, "our Tom's" humorous eyes had closed for ever on the world he had found so amusing, and had so amused.

For some time to come, it was plain that London could have but one theatre. The way to the reunion of the two companies was ready, and not long.

MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON.

[*See the Photographic Frontispiece.*]

THE portrait we have the pleasure of adding to our gallery this month is that of Miss Margaret Leighton, a very charming actress and accomplished lady. Well known enough to such as recognise the rare gifts of rich persuasive voice, a fine presence, and remarkable elocutionary skill, Miss Leighton would be better known than she is, had she lived in another age. Her tastes have ever been for the poetic drama. She loves verse and declaims it splendidly. She should be the heroine of Roman tragedies and classical plays; try as she will she cannot tune her lyre to the little love songs contained in modern comedy or accepted drama. She longs to soar, but with great poets to direct her flight. In point of fact, the talent she possesses is most difficult to utilise in the present age. It has been said, and justly said, that Miss Ellen Terry is a genius of to-day. She suits the fantasy of modern tastes; she is an embodiment and an expression of modern art. She is the high-priestess of the school that started with Præ-Raffaellitism and ended in dados. Miss Leighton, on the other hand, should have been born a quarter of a century before she was, when Sheridan Knowles was accepted as a substitute for Shakespeare, and poets like Dean Milman and Westland Marston had a hearing on the stage. So Miss Leighton bides her time and awaits the reaction that will bring us back the poetical drama. The world moves round in a circle, and had the public taste condescended to welcome such work as the "White Pilgrim" of Herman Merivale, the "Oriana" of Mr. Albery, and the "Broken Hearts" of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, an actress of the poetical instincts of Miss Leighton would have been more surely recognised. For she has that which some of her sister artists with far more popularity cannot pretend to—a mind to understand, a soul to appreciate, and a power to convey. The poet's idea strikes her at once, and she gives it expression and not an empty echo.

We may not say that Miss Leighton's youthful aspirations to go on the stage were absolutely fostered; but, in one way or another, they were certainly allowed some vent. These early ventures sufficed to display the natural talent of the young lady, and encourage her in her pursuit of the profession of her choice. In 1874, she took finishing lessons from one of the most tried teachers of dramatic art, and in the same year made her first appearance in London at the Queen's Theatre, as Julia in "The Hunchback." Her reception was highly favourable, the critics being particularly warm in their praises. No less encouraging was the verdict on her performance as Romeo, when she afterwards played in that character at Manchester. To this followed an engagement at the Holborn Theatre, under the management of Mr. Hollingshead, where Miss Leighton took the leading female parts in "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Bridal," and other "legitimate" plays with perfect success. A provincial tour then took place, and we find her re-appearing in the metropolis in Mr. Coleman's memorable revival of "Henry V.," in which

Miss Leighton obtained considerable distinction through her admirable rendering of the difficult lines of Chorus. The next step of the actress was in the less exalted sphere of melodrama, the title-part in Henry Spicer's play, "Haska," being her original assumption on its production at Drury Lane a few years ago. Subsequently, she was specially re-engaged by Mr. Chatterton to create the part of the Countess of Derby in W. G. Wills's adaptation "England;" the piece met with poor success, but no feature in its representation excited more marked admiration than Miss Leighton's embodiment. Under the same energetic manager she removed to the Adelphi, and acted as Formosa in the drama of that name. In that character Miss Leighton's refined and artistic manner did much to soften down the more obtrusive tints in a highly-coloured picture. Would, indeed, that the age we live in demanded this particular talent!

LUDWIG BARNAY

OF THE MEININGEN COURT COMPANY.

LUDWIG BARNAY was born on the 11th of February, 1842, at Pesth, in Hungary, where his father held a civil appointment. Although of recognised worth, the latter did not altogether confine himself to his profession, and his house was often the scene of small artistic soirées, where amateurs took part in music, recitations, and even in theatrical representations. It was here that Adolf Sonnenthal first attracted public notice, and in later days his brilliant artistic career had a fascinating interest for young Barnay.

These inducements were naturally not lost upon the talented youth who had evinced an early inclination for the stage. No regular study could divert him from it; young Barnay wavered between the bureaucrat and the merchant, wrote plays and kept books, got up theatricals with sympathetic friends, and even wrote dramatic criticisms, a form of literature to which the youth of Germany is much given. In the autumn of 1857, Barnay, who was then only fifteen, left his father's house secretly, in order to study in Vienna under Sonnenthal's direction the part of Kosincky in the "Raüber." By his father's wish he continued his studies at the Polytechnic, and filled a situation as bookkeeper in Pesth and again at Kaschau in 1859. His inclination for the stage remained as strong as ever, and at last, without listening to his father's remonstrances, he resolved upon devoting himself entirely to a theatrical career.

And now began the tragi-comic experiences common to all young artists on their first apprenticeship to a travelling provincial company. Under the name of Lacoom, Barnay made his first appearance in the town of Tratenau, in Bohemia. He played the part of Baron Herrin in Töpfer's "Zurücksetzung," and made a fiasco, which, taking into consideration the modest pretensions of the Tratenau public, must have been

LUDWIG BARNAY,

OF THE

MEINENGEN COURT COMPANY.

a considerable one. He was now especially engaged for the production of "Tischen und Sesseln," for which he was particularly qualified by the wardrobe which he had brought with him from Pesth. Later on the company played at Brannau and then separated, Barnay receiving for his share of the receipts during the months of June and July the sum of five gulden fifty-one kreutzers. His prospects soon took a more favourable turn; he was engaged by Herr Laderer, the director of the theatre in Mährisch-Weisskirchen, for heroic and sentimental parts, with a monthly salary of twenty-four gulden, and there played Ingomar, Essex, and similar characters.

For some time he was starring it in the small theatres of Mähren and Austrian Silesia, when he was called back to Pesth by a letter from his mother, who wished to effect a reconciliation between him and his father; the latter, however, would not even see the comedian. The son then took the bold resolve of appearing at the theatre in Pesth under his own name, and of proving before his father's eyes that he as an actor would make that name an honourable one. Accordingly on the 1st of June, 1861, he played the part of Prince Leopold in Hirsch's "Annaliere" with great success. His father was congratulated, upon which a reconciliation took place, the father even expressing a wish that his son should follow the career which he had chosen for himself.

From this period commences Barnay's regular theatrical career, which was in reality almost as nomadic as his previous excursions had been.

Barnay possesses that inborn passion which accompanies every great artistic talent, but he has now learnt to use it with moderation, though in his earlier days the wild lava stream of passion often overflowed the bounds of æsthetic proportion. His Othello proves that he possesses this passion, but it is never carried to excess excepting where the situation requires it. His Essex and Uriel Acosta are full of moderated power, his conception of the former lord is most energetic, that of the gloomy thinker is full of the flickering passion. It is just such characters full of reflection which suit him, especially those whose keynote is elegiac. e is a master of rhetoric, and for this reason he prefers the Roman ragedies which are full of the eloquence of the Forum. It is owing to him that a tragedy by Wilbrandt, the "Volkstribun Gracchus," which for some time was unaccepted in Germany, was produced at Hamburg and at other places. This tribune, who is at the same time a man of deep feeling, and who is more influenced by love for his slain brother than by revolutionary ideas or the endeavours to direct the affairs of Rome, finds a worthy representative in Barnay, whose natural disposition is particularly suited to the part. As the popular orator in the first act, he strikes one note after another which awaken a responsive echo in the hearts of the Quirites, and which prove him to be a master in the art of reaching a climax; but it is in the principal scene of the third act that he lets loose the whole storm of passions, both in his own breast, and in the hearts of the Roman people.

In the character of Mark Antony he fully sustains that polished eloquence, which by its skilful arrangement of facts, and the ironical

way in which they are illustrated, has such a powerful influence over us.

This is the sign-manual of his talent. Barnay was never created for the stage lover, and in the early days of his career he never achieved more than a half success in sentimental parts, but characteristic portraits either of classic nobility or of gloomy self-analysing melancholy are his special domain. He can create powerful conceptions of the most strongly characteristic parts, such as that of Henry VIII. in "Catherine Howard."

But it is not only as an actor that Barnay has done so much for the German stage. His most remarkable work was the convening of the Stage Congress in Weimar; for this purpose he laboured with untiring energy and fiery determination, both by word of mouth and with his pen. The Congress, which was attended by more than a hundred actors, was opened in Weimar on the 17th July, 1871, and on the 18th July the Association was formed. Its tone was both noble and exalted. At the entrance of the "Fürstengruft," Barnay made a brilliant speech in honour of the poet to whom dramatic art owes so much. Statutes concerning concessions for theatres, disciplinary laws, a universal formula in which contracts were to be drawn up, and a common "Aid Society," were all discussed; and much which was then a matter of consultation has since been established. Barnay's services on this occasion were recognised in 1872, in an address signed by 4000 actors, among whom were Emil Devrient, Ernst Possart, and others.

Other marks of distinction have been bestowed upon this gifted actor. He was elected an honorary member of the celebrated Meiningen company. Emil Devrient in his will bequeathed to the rising artist the golden fleece which he had worn in Egmont.

> Ein golden Vliess, das keines Fürsten Gunst
> Und kein Capital um die Brust ihm häugt.

A golden fleece wherewith artist honoured artist, and which is a bond of union between past and future German art. C. E. S.

MISS FLORENCE HARRINGTON.

THIS clever young actress made her début, about five years since, at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in a revival of "School" by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft; and then, so that she might gain the practice and experience so necessary for one who wishes to excel in the difficult art of acting, she joined the stock company at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, where she had the advantage of appearing with such artists as Miss Wallis, Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Bateman, the late Mr. Sothern, the late Mr. C. J. Mathews, the late Mr. Buckstone, and others of like celebrity. At

Miss Florence Harrington.

the Birmingham Prince of Wales Theatre she acted with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and Mr. J. L. Toole, and after appearing in the other principal provincial theatres in the leading juvenile characters, she supported that clever and rising young actor Mr. Walter Speakman during a summer season in Liverpool, where she acted, besides others, the following characters: Clara Douglas, in "Money;" Lady Clancarty, in "Clancarty;" the Countess de Mauleon, in "The Serf;" Julie, in "Richelieu;" Little Em'ly; and Ophelia. For these impersonations, which are very arduous for most actresses, but more especially so for one so young as the subject of our portrait, she received the warmest praise from the local press, the criticisms in the "Liverpool Daily Post" being most favourable to her. From Liverpool Miss Harrington was engaged to travel with Miss Marriott, to play Ophelia and corresponding characters. At the New Theatre Royal, Bristol, she took a part in the pantomime of "The House That Jack Built" in the season of 1878–9, and during the following Christmas season she acted Yazora in "Sinbad the Sailor." Thence she was engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham, under whose direction she has played the title-rôle in Mr. Aumond's "Betsy" throughout the principal country theatres for several months, winning for her representation of the aspiring maid warm encomiums from the press. She has also acted Mrs. Alfred Sterry in "Truth," and last summer acted Mrs. MacManus in "Betsy" at the Criterion Theatre. On Easter Monday last, April 18th, she played Dora on the occasion of the first performance of Mr. F. W. Broughton's comedietta, "Doctor Dora," at the Garrick Theatre, under Mr. Wyndham's direction. That Miss Harrington is versatile in her art may be seen from the various characters that she has impersonated; that she is a clever and really capable young actress may be gathered from the fact that all competent judges pronounce her acting to be far above the average, and to be, indeed, little short of perfect. Into her comedy acting she infuses a fresh lightheartedness and gaiety that is perfectly exhilarating; whilst into her more serious impersonations she brings a power of pathos and true acting that is seldom met with.

SPRINGTIME IN PARIS.

THE robust good spirits of the Gaul positively revel, I believe, in the recurrence of dismal dates and depressing seasons. He has probably a Mark Tapley feeling about the matter. Nobody like him to tell you with gusto that the days are drawing in, that Paris is pouring out; here is the end of the year, and, brethren, we must die; or, here is the middle of the year, and, brethren, we must change our theatre tickets for tourist tickets, our baignoires for bains, and put ourselves into that complet in pale lilac cloth with saffron stripes which

is the newest and the neatest thing in peregrinatory costumes. The refrain that Voltaire best loved was:

Adieu, paniers, vendanges sont faites;

and the gay philosophy of his race yet finds pleasant expression in the verse. The clôture fever that sets in with vigour in the third week of this month appears a thing to be actually encouraged by the average theatre lover. The people most passionately prone to play-going begin to see their plays disappear in mid-May. The people who stir least from home in any season find their theatres shut about them in spring, as if that were the epoch of a universal emigration. And, in reality, it is scarcely time for the select exodus of the exquisites. These go seawards, forestwards, mountainwards, in our days, autumnally, in British fashion. But the theatres close, regardless of la haute gomme and its freaks, and the old unwritten ukase is obeyed, that nobody need be catered for until November, save gaping greenhorns from South Lambeth and Saint Fouilly-les-Oies.

For this exotic gentry one or two houses nearly always keep open. The selection, or rather the election, seems to be dictated by as old-fashioned an idea of modern needs as that which compels the annual clôture. The Palais Royal is most constantly open, tradition asserting that there is the dramatic Meccah of provincial and foreigner. Then you cannot hail from Bayswater or Bordeaux (places which are of course quite engulfed in the gloom of stagnant provincialism) without wanting to hear "Andromaque," and the "Médecin Malgré Lui;" so the Rue Richelieu house plays panting into the Senegambian summer. The Opéra Comique of late years has not held out so long, albeit it is still a tradition, even with M. Carvalho, in all probability, that most summer travellers make for Paris with their eye on the "Dame Blanche," if it is not the "Domino Noir." Now the average tourist has heard quite enough of the "Dame Blanche" on the barrel organs, and hasn't got nearly enough colloquial French out of his Ollendorff to appreciate the raciness of Hyacinthe or Gil Péres. The Châtelet and the Gaîté spectacular magnificences should command perennial audiences from all countries, and these are nearly always the houses which close earliest. This year the Gaîté has been the first theatre to put up temporary shutters; albeit "Lucrèce Borgia" commanded to the last respectable treasuries. The Châtelet will have dropped the evergreen "Michael Strogoff" for a while ere these lines are in public ken, and nobody will doubt that the Czar's Courier had lungs for a long run yet. Indeed, he is going to "take up the running" when the reopening takes place some two months hence.

Among the clôtures due this month, are those of the Odéon, with "Madame de Maintenon" (with what frantic readiness the poor old Odéon seizes an opportunity for doing nothing!); the Folies Dramatiques, with the "Poupées de l'Infante," which will be given again on the 1st August

the Ambigu, with "Nana," though M. Chabrillat professes to think he may be obliged—i.e. is pretty sure he will be able—to keep open doors until the twelfth of June.

But if a number of directors shrink fashionably from the heat which has not come yet, there are daring spirits in managerial chairs who still venture on premières—those summer premières of old times, to which men went in straw hats and despondency, and whence they sometimes issued astonishingly cool and amused. The Vaudeville has just given a one-act trifle, "L'Irrésistible," by Gastinau, whose name was announced without the sacramental "Monsieur," for the grave reason that the author died while his work was in rehearsal. The work is not complicated, being one of those acts that, in French theatrical parlance, are built on the point of a needle. Friends in fashionable life have agreed not to marry, marriage meaning to them "minotaurisation," as Balsac prettily puts it. Of course they break their word, and of course they find themselves within an ace of—well, minotaurising each other, the saving deus issuing from the convenient telegraphic machine at the proper moment. There is all an Olympus of mechanical gods in the big new melodrama of Pierre Zaccone and Théodore Henry, at the Théatre des Nations. Out of a title like "La Cellule Numéro 7," an experienced elaborator of two-sou dreadfuls like Zaccone can evolve his eight exciting tableaux as easily as Mr. Maskelyne could extract oranges from his coat-sleeve. There are forçats, virtuous and otherwise; gaolers, comic and serious; an oppressed young woman of irregular life, whom Lina Munte plays with all the force of modern realism; an advocate, as funny as stage lawyers can only be; police spies, and muscular heroes; all the essentials, in fact, of the Newgate Calendar order of dramatic literature. At the Fantaisies Parisiennes an unpretending whimsicality called "Plus de Têtes Chauves," would well repay the attention and effort of the adapter. The pleasantry produced by the various and extraordinary effects of an advertised nostrum for making the hair grow, is simple but genuine, and strangely decent.

These are terribly trivial novelties in comparison with that theatrical (in more than a literal sense) solemnity of the season, the "Monde où l'on s'Ennuie," at the Comédie Française. There is a subject worthy the critic's steel, the chroniqueur's brass. There is a solid basis for the classical column, fluted or Corinthian. There is a theme that gives a man the chance of quoting as much Aristotle as he can remember, and more Diderot than he knows. No consecration was wanting at that première. Gambetta caged in a baignoire; the Prince de Joinville, with the Orleanists, camped on the other side; the Jockey Club in a formidable phalanx, and in a fascinating one, all the ladies nobody ought to know, and nobody would willingly confess he didn't know; an official first night, in fact. One might add the conventional success of a conventionally successful man. M. Edouard Pailleron is an heureux, which means considerably more—and less—than a happy man. M. Edouard

Pailleron is a dramatic author with a private fortune, a pretty wife, cherubic children, and a pretty taste for the belles lettres. There is no breach of confidence, no indiscretion in saying this: it has been drawled in every feuilleton, chirruped in every "echo." Being happy in this way and in these respects, M. Pailleron naturally feels that he has a good deal to risk, to love; wherefore the world has from him about one comedy in five years. Rather less than that time ago he scored an elaborate and deliberate success with the "Monde où l'on s'Amuse." The other monde was bound to come; and there is no reason why it should not be followed by a succession of mondes, where they bet, drink, gamble, flirt, and even read the "Revue des Deux Mondes." Of this monde, the plot, the plan, the action, is the very least part. It has a story, but the story, just worth hearing, is hardly worth telling. The play is a series of political caricatures and parodies of political programmes. There was no doubt from the first night about the personality of the personages gibbeted, or worse, pricked. That flat and frigid world of a Bourgeoise Egœria, where they read unplayed and unplayable tragedies, the reader's elbows on mantelpieces, à la Lamartine, according to the Magasin Pittoresque engravings of forty years ago—that is the sphere directed and adorned by Madame Edmond Adam. This other suave circle, discreetly dragooned by a dulcet professor, is the platonic harem of M. Caro, whom Got represents, refines, idealises, in a way, in the character of Bellac. Two or three of the most pungent mots were scratched out on the very eve of the first performance. They do not sound formidable in English, but in their home dress they would have inconveniently vexed some one or other of the great parties or greater sets, whom it is M. Pailleron's pride and purpose to conciliate, even if he cannot reconciliate.

Here are one or two: The last word as the curtain went down was amputated: "Ah, the Republic," it ran, "is like the people the doctors doom—it thrives all the better for it." Mdlle. Reichemberg (delightful to the eye in a symphony of red and grey) asked her husband, a sous-préfet: "You want to be a Minister?" And Coquelin responds: "Well, yes, so as not to look peculiar." This same sous-préfet succinctly describes Government and Opposition: "The Conservatives beg for places, and the Liberals bag them." A sceptic asks: "How do you know that a pamphlet is politically important?" and a cynic answers: "Because it isn't wit." If it is to be ex pede Herculem, you will say that Hercules' club is not as heavy—as some clubs.

The dresses are realistically reactionary, that is, such as might really be worn by real people. Madame Samary, the laughter loving and moving, startled her admirers by making them weep. And her admirers, as a rule, are people who will only weep under the extremest provocation. Mdme. Emilie Broisat, with her eyeglass and her straight white dresses, is a positive young Englishwoman, one of the very modern time. It is a

caricature that makes one almost like the original. Got, the professor, is grandly, subtly—Got. I don't know a monosyllable that expresses so much.

The duel Pons-San-Malato was wildly amusing, but not dramatic; the duel Sarcey-Prudhon would have been, ought to have been (if Providence had any sense of humour) a dramatic joy for ever and a day. Old stagers would have told it to each other over the Sunday dessert, like that eternal story of how I brought down the house, at Mugby Junction. The ridiculous and abortive squabble, which would have been ten times more absurd had it been a bit less abortive, brought forward, though not for the first time, a nice point of dramatic criticism. M. Sarcey said that M. Prudhon was normally languishing and lachrymose; and M. Prudhon, offended, and feeling, doubtless, that his languishing does not overstep the limits of poetic tenderness, sent friends to the critic, who readily declared that his epithet did not apply to the person of the comedian aggrieved. I should feel inclined to say more against M. Prudhon's manner, in certain parts, than even M. Sarcey. But the question is now for all of us: Could we say that a tragedian stuttered without risking pistols and coffee for two; and may we suggest that a low comedian is more low than comedian without unsheathing one's Toledo on Ostend sands? The narrow social conservatism of the French race screamed at the idea of actor and critic fighting; whereas, had the two been police reporters, the entire press would have thrown them at each other.

Sarah Bernhardt is a subject that belongs as much to London echoes as to them that "roll from shore to shore" of the Seine. But she has returned, and, I suppose, the fact should be chronicled in the spirit that men put down the Battle of Waterloo in the almanacks. She would take the Battle of Waterloo out, by-the-by, if almanack-making were among her accomplishments. The contemporary Rachel has returned to us more chauvin than ever, more eager to oust ambassadors and intone Marseillaises. The Havre Reception Committee welcomed her more as a great actress than as a great patriot; and I think the rumour that she had a book against America in her carpet-bag operated as much in her favour as the fact that she had thirty-six thousand pounds in her portfolio. Paris she will only pass through, pour ainsi dire; no house here will keep her long for some time to come. Her first regular rentrée as a fixture is as likely as not to be at the Théâtre Français in the character of a Prodigal Sociétaire.

The "Avocat des Belles Petites" is played at the end of the month at the Vaudeville, which is a Protean house in the matter of fresh programmes. Belle petite are uglier words than even cocotte or grue; the thing is uglier, and, I believe, the treatment of the thing in M. Armand Durantin's piece is not precisely pretty. But it is safe to be

laughable, and what more can one do against belles petites in our days, save laugh at them?

A more wholesome laugh is to be extracted from Armand Silvestre's and Barain's "Monsieur," at the Athénée Comique, where those versatile and volatile veterans, M. and Mdme. Montrouge, hold sway. The piece hinges on the sins, the amiable weaknesses rather, of a father, who spends the money he ought to give his wife and daughter on the ubiquitous Anonyma; whose son-in-law is equally frail, and whose wife, to compel him to allow her a pension alimentaire, employs a new edition of the Tricoche and Cocolet agency to discover his misdeeds. The misdoers punish each other in the most unlikely but moral way, the men turn out all tarred by the same brush, and the women remaining almost immaculate. If that is not a wholesome moral, Lafontaine's a gay deceiver. The feminine eye to the main chance is a thing which playwrights have not sufficiently glorified as yet. Acute and intensely modern thinkers like M. Silvestre know that love is for most women "l'art de se faire des rentes." Evelyn Jerrold.

Our Play-Box.

"PATIENCE; or, BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE."

An entirely new and original Æsthetic Opera, in Two Acts. Written by W. S. Gilbert. Composed by Arthur Sullivan.

First produced at the Opera Comique, London, on Saturday evening, April 23rd, 1881.

Reginald Bunthorne ...	Mr. G. Grossmith.	Lieut. the Duke of Dunstable	Mr. D. Lely.
Archibald Grosvenor ...	Mr. Barrington.	The Lady Angela ...	Miss Jessie Bond.
Mr. Bunthorne's solicitor	Mr. G. Bowley.	The Lady Sophia ...	Miss J. Gwynne.
Colonel Calverley ...	Mr. R. Temple.	The Lady Ella	Miss Fortescue.
Major Murgatroyd ...	Mr. F. Thornton.	The Lady Jane	Miss A. Barnett.
Patience		...	Miss Leonora Braham.

ACT I.

Scene—Exterior of Castle Bunthorne.

ACT II.

Scene—A Glade.

The libretto of this operetta teems with airy but incisive satire upon a fashionable craze of the day. It is tonic rather than drastic in character, and, above all, mirth-provoking. Few literary feats are more difficult of achievement than to be unintermittently funny, and with a more than average comicality during two acts, each occupying an hour in performance. The humour of "Patience," however, is steadily sustained by the unflagging and inexhaustible spirits of its author, from the classic ecstatics of its opening to the prosaic joviality of its closing scene. Mr. Gilbert is at once the quaintest and neatest of Latter-day Paradoxists, the chief apostle of Topsyturvyism, gifted with an extraordinary aptitude for extracting polished jests from dull commonplaces, and, like Jacques

PICTURES OF "PATIENCE."

Blumenthal, chronically beset by a devouring predilection for "surprises." In no intellectual pastime does he, judging him by his works, take greater delight than in stultifying foregone conclusions. He revels in the preparation of logical pitfalls, into which the most ingenious and watchful observers of his preliminary processes inevitably stumble, with much that sort of astonishment that a cautious philanthropist would experience were the prostrate and groaning mendicant upon whom he is about to bestow a sympathetic solatium of pitiful pence, to suddenly spring to his feet with a loud guffaw and cut an agile caper. In the "Bab Ballads," Mr. Gilbert's peculiar turn of humour found full play, and the pungent flavour that characterised those masterpieces of excellent fooling has made itself more or less vigorously manifest in all his later compositions. It is particularly conspicuous in "Bunthorne's Bride," the very title of which diverting play is a contradiction in terms, for Bunthorne has no bride. He alone, of all the dramatis personæ concerned in the piece, is at the final fall of the curtain, exhibited to the audience as a forlorn wretch, doomed to perpetual celibacy. Hence from Mr. Gilbert's point of view, it became obviously necessary that the piece should be christened "Bunthorne's Bride," in order that a maximum of enormity may be imparted to the "sell," which it is his pleasant whim to elaborate with such exhaustive completeness. Throughout "Patience" no event comes off in accordance with reasonable expectation, based upon human probabilities or dramatic precedent. All occurrences take place in illogical sequence. Nothing is that is likely to be; the impossible alone is easy to Mr. Gilbert, as of yore to the first Napoleon. The liveliest fancy, if embarked in the hopeless enterprise of forecasting the successive "situations" in "Patience," is bound to find itself at fault early in the piece, and would do well to forego futile conjecture after its first failure, cheerfully awaiting the author's pleasure, in the comfortable conviction that he, at his own good time, will conclusively demonstrate the truth of the axiom that "nothing is certain but the unforeseen."

Bunthorne, fleshly as a poet but bodily of a spare and meagre habit, is richly endowed with worldly goods, and is a slave to his appetite for admiration. Casting about him for a valid claim to hero-worship, he selects hyper-æstheticism, and succeeds in constituting himself the object of a cultus on the part of numerous fair votaries, the willing dupes of his well-feigned "utterness." The real prosaicism of his nature is subtly indicated by the commonplace character of the themes that suggest themselves to him as worthy of immortalisation in laboured and inflated verse. He is the Bard of Aperients. No loftier subject for rapturous rhyming occurs to his intrinsically vulgar mind. Similarly, although adored by a score of lovely patricians, his plebeian instincts prompt him to fix his affections upon a silly homely dairymaid. In short, he is a humbug and a sham, just cunning enough to cloak and hide his low propensities under a veil of lofty culture and refined taste. Patience, the rustic object of his tender passion, refuses the offer of his hand, upon the broad ground that she has never known love, save for a vague grand-aunt. She is, however, secretly prompted to reject the wealth and position thus

tendered to her, by an unconscious attachment to a long-lost playmate of her childhood, Archibald Grosvenor, who turns up after fifteen years' absence, most opportunely, a few minutes after Bunthorne has received his congé at the hands of the unsophisticated milkmaid. Grosvenor is an idyllic poet, but stout of figure and blessed with a cheerful disposition. A revival of their childish love accrues between him and Patience, but is frustrated by her scruples at the lack of self-sacrifice involved in her monopoly of a man who is the incorporation of human perfection, "a source of endless ecstasy to all who know him." Patience resolves, out of the sheer disinterestedness which, as she has been informed by the æsthetic vestals who worship at Bunthorne's shrine, is the essence of true love, to bestow herself upon that astute impostor and live the rest of her life in praiseworthy misery. Just as he, in despair at her scorn of his suit, is on the point of being raffled for by his enraptured female following, she informs him of her unselfish determination, which he hails with enthusiastic joy; and the forsaken vestals transfer their wearisome worship to Grosvenor, unhesitatingly throwing over some jolly Heavy Dragoons, to whom they had been affianced before Bunthorne dawned upon their soul-horizon, had jilted in his favour and again taken up with as soon as they deemed their æsthetic idol lost to them for ever through the intervention of Patience. Bunthorne is by way of owning a bride at the close of the first act. Early in the second, however, his unhealthy and unconquerable yearning for admiration reassumes its sway and compels him to regard the usurper Grosvenor with loathing and vengeful purpose. He resolves to rid himself of his detested competitor by a fiendish stratagem, and eventually coerces him into eternal renunciation of his æsthetic qualifications for the post of Fetish-in-ordinary to the love-sick score of art-devotees. Grosvenor cuts his hair and indues prosaic tweeds. But Bunthorne's triumph is of brief duration; for, by this transformation, his rival forfeits his claim to perfection, and once more becomes a legitimate object of his adored milkmaid's affection; whilst the force of his example carries the tiresome twenty away with him to the commonplaces of every-day costume and demeanour. Bunthorne falls back upon the Lady Jane, a colossal and middle-aged female æsthete, who alone remains faithful to the cultus forsaken by her fellow-æsthetics, with a view to the reversion of its forlorn high-priest; but a ducal dragoon, aiming, like Patience, at the ideal of unselfishness, volunteers to share his strawberry-leaves and "thousand a-day" with her. As a natural consequence of this splendid offer, the Lady Jane turns her exuberant back upon poor miserable little Bunthorne, who disconsolately resigns himself to the monotony of a single life, only to be brightened at intervals by the congenial companionship of a tulip or a lily.

Dr. Arthur Sullivan has set this kaleidoscopic congeries of humorous extravagances to music with a grace, vivacity, and sense of fitness peculiarly his own. Several of his numbers are compositions of a very high class, both as regards invention and construction, rife with sweet spontaneous melody, and harmonised with exquisite taste and skill. There is an antique and scholarly savour about more than one of them—notably the

duet between Patience and Grosvenor ("Prithee, pretty maiden") in the first act, an "Alte Weise," the consummate art of which is ingeniously disguised by musical forms of strange old-fashioned simplicity, and the unaccompanied sestett ("I hear the soft note") also in the first act, which, as far as its manner and treatment are concerned, might be taken by music lovers rather for a seventeenth-century madrigal than for a six-part song in a latter-day comic operetta. All Dr. Sullivan's soli in "Patience" are tuneful, excellently adapted to the words of which they are the musical complement, and furnished with accompaniments which no less masterly hand could have penned. The gifted composer's well-deserved and world-wide reputation for originality of conception and pictorial command of tone-colour will assuredly not suffer decrement through any of his achievements in "Bunthorne's Bride."

Of the performance of this altogether charming and refreshing work which I witnessed at the Opera Comique on the 17th of May, I can conscientiously say that it was, on the whole, highly meritorious. George Grossmith's impersonation of the baffled and humiliated Bunthorne is unimpeachably artistic throughout. He contrives, by judicious abstinence from exaggeration of gesture and emphasis, and by a certain irresistibly appealing manner which he assumes towards the audience whenever his "business" requires that he should take the house into his confidence, to enlist the sympathies of his hearers as well as to relax their cachinnatory muscles. That he is extremely funny I need scarcely say; nor that he delivers every note and word of his part in such telling sort as to make the composer's and author's intentions perfectly clear to the public ear and mind. Mr. Barrington is a better actor than a singer, but his rendering of the "idyllic idiot" Grosvenor is a careful, highly-finished, and thoroughly satisfactory one. Of Miss Leonora Braham's singing it would be difficult to speak in terms of qualified praise. This young lady's intonation is absolutely irreproachable, a rare merit in modern prime-donne, be they operatic or operettic. Equally admirable is her method of producing her voice, an unusually sweet and liquid mezzo-soprano. Her bearing on the stage is at once modest and sprightly; in a word, exactly what it should be in the naïve but arch part for which she is cast. The gentlemen who represented three amorous and enterprising officers of dragoons—important elements in the underplot—Messrs. Lely, Temple, and Thornton, sang their music perfectly in tune and acted with praiseworthy spirit, contributing largely to the effectiveness of the ensembles as well as to the amusement of the auditory. Of the three leading "rapturous maidens" Miss Jessie Bond's part, in consequence of her absence through indisposition, was courageously and intelligently filled by a young lady of the chorus whose name I regret to have forgotten. Her ability to supply so important a void at a moment's notice is worthy of especial mention as a proof of the abnormally high standard of efficiency attained by the vocal supers at the Opera Comique, if, indeed, any such proof were requisite beyond their excellent singing in all the concerted pieces. Miss Laura Gwynne's lithe and languid posturing as a "too, too utter" ecstatic also deserves emphatic lauda-

tion. The orchestra was uniformly unexceptionable, although Mr. Frank Cellier did not occupy his accustomed place. As for the mise-en-scène, costumes, scenery, appointments, and stage management, my vocabulary of laudatory terms is not sufficiently copious to supply me with the material for adequate expression of the sincere admiration and approval which are their just due. Good taste and judicious liberality alike characterise the arrangements "behind the curtain at the Opera Comique," and are most appropriately rewarded night after night by the hearty applause of crowded and appreciative audiences.

W. Beatty-Kingston.

SHAKESPEARE'S "OTHELLO" AT THE LYCEUM.

Revived at the Lyceum Theatre, Booth (Othello), Irving (Iago), Monday, May 2, 1881. Booth (Iago), and Irving (Othello), Monday, May 9, 1881.

Othello	Mr. Edwin Booth.	Ludovico...	Mr. Hudson.
Iago	Mr. Henry Irving.	Messenger	Mr. Mathison.
Cassio	Mr. Terriss.	Paulo	Mr. Ferrand.
Brabantio	Mr. Mead.	Antonio	Mr. Clifford.
Roderigo...	Mr. Pinero.	Julio	Mr. Louther.
Duke	Mr. Beaumont.	Marco	Mr. Harwood.
Montano	Mr. Tyars.	Emilia	Miss Pauncefort.
Gratiano...	Mr. Carter.	Desdemona	Miss Ellen Terry.

Lords, Ladies, Gentlemen, Officers, Messengers, Guards, etc.

ACT I.

Scene 1st—A Street in Venice. Scene 2nd—Another Street in Venice.
Scene 3rd—A Council Chamber.

ACT II.

Scene 1st—The Harbour at Cyprus. Scene 2nd—A Street in Cyprus.
Scene 3rd—The Court of Guard.

ACT III.

Scene—Othello's House.

ACT IV.

Scene 1st—Othello's House. Scene 2nd—A Street in Cyprus.
Scene 3rd—Exterior of Iago's House.

ACT V.

Scene—A Bed-Chamber.

The following essay on the reproduction of "Othello," on the occasion of the engagement of Mr. Edwin Booth by Mr. Henry Irving, appeared in the "Daily Telegraph" on Thursday, 5th May, 1881:

"Comparison ceases to be odious in the case of actors so distinguished, and from varied causes so popular, as Edwin Booth and Henry Irving. In the present instance contrast is inevitable. Deliberately they have been brought together in friendly rivalry; each has his staunch and determined admirers; the new school and the old school, the sticklers for conventionality and the lovers of liberality, old stagers and young stagers, hurry to the scene; and, as it is absolutely impossible in acting for any one to determine dogmatically who is right or who is wrong, an impetus is given to critical discussion and art study by the admixture of styles so totally at variance, and the combination of different intellects so strongly marked. Whatever we may think of the result, the method of each

actor starts from opposing points. Mr. Booth moves in the path chalked out for him by his father and the traditions his father inherited; Mr. Irving, like the elder Kean, 'translates his characters with great freedom and ingenuity into a language of his own.' Mr. Booth satisfies those sagacious people who, having seen a character of Shakespeare performed in a certain manner, are intolerant of any attempt to diversify it, and are sensitively jealous of modern thought. Mr. Irving seems to take a mischievous delight in politely granting the value of the various readings and conceptions of clever men, and immediately conceiving something totally different. In Mr. Booth's Othello the classical form is strained to the utmost tension; in Mr. Irving's Iago the natural manner is so brilliant, gay, and incisive that it is occasionally jeopardised by an excess of gesture and a prodigality of variety. The genius of Shakespeare, it must be remembered, results in this—that, provided the main lines of the text are not outraged, the intellectual spectator can derive enjoyment, idea, and enlightenment from one method as much as from the other.

If old playgoers are permitted to dogmatise, as they do so frequently, from the standpoint of their original impressions; if in common courtesy we consent to listen submissively to the anathemas of the Keanites, the Kembleites, the Macready ites, and all the other followers of particular artistic doctrines, it may not be altogether unfair to the students of modern acting to forgive them the influence and the spell of perhaps the greatest actor they have ever been privileged to see. Unquestionably Salvini gave an idea of Othello which it is difficult entirely to dismiss from the mind. The sticklers for convention ridiculed his pretensions to be called an actor because he permitted Othello to cut his throat with a scimitar instead of stabbing himself with a dagger; the partisans of the roaring and ranting school declared that he whined and blubbered, and was more like an untamed animal than a human being; but the majority, swayed by the majesty of his matchless voice, ever in musical control, and impressed by his dignity of deportment and grandeur of presence, saw in Salvini an Othello who for the first time combined strength and tenderness, nobility of physique with gentleness of manner, a soft heart with a brave and manly bearing. He was indeed an Othello for whom Desdemona might have left home, father, and surroundings; on whose account she might fairly have rebelled against the dictates of nature. This is the supreme difficulty in the manufacture of Othellos—to get a probable lover for Desdemona. We shall be answered at once that Edmund Kean had neither stature, physique, presence, nor in later days voice; that he was unequal, deficient in elocutionary power, and yet was able, when afflicted with 'gout and a drunken hoarseness,' to make old men, who saw him for the last time as Othello, lean their heads on their arms and sob by means of his irresistible pathos. But then with genius much that is astonishing is possible, and it is the want of true and quick pathos which we find the most characteristic defect of Mr. Booth's Othello.

"He thinks the part far better than he acts it. We know and feel what he means, and yet he stirs no pulse and leaves unmoved the heart

even in the finest passages of the play. We are continually conscious of the deliberate method of the actor, whose occasional gleams of nature do not altogether compensate for the over-elaborated method of elocution, the over-accentuated syllables, the drawn-out sentences, the extraordinary under-current of noises and teeth-gnashing that indicate the jealous unreason and the distracted mind, but do not altogether express them. Mr. Booth's effects are so carefully and obviously prepared beforehand and palpably led up to that we cease to be surprised when they come. There is a prelude to his passion; a suspense before every sob. The thunder of his wrath does not break suddenly and overawe; the poignancy of his grief has not the sharp sudden flash of lightning. Each is preceded by a prologue of preparation. We may be startled into acquiescence; we are not surprised into approval. Throughout we find experience, cleverness, and thought worked up to the very verge of that strange and inexplicable something that we are pleased to call inspiration; but the exact point is never attained; somehow or other there is a hollowness in the passion, and we are conscious, though not altogether persuaded, that the artist has just missed his mark. Aided by a presentable, as well as a gentle and sympathetic, Desdemona, Mr. Booth made a strong impression in the great scene of outrage and indignity to this fair and innocent creature, and preceded it very properly with the restored passage of the arrival of the messenger from Venice announcing Othello's deposition, which gave the actor an opportunity for his finest effects. The growing thunder, the failure of all moral control and discipline at the mention of the name of Cassio, were here brilliantly expressed, and these scenes were admirably contrasted with the passages of violence and grief and passion that had preceded them. Those who have followed Mr. Booth through his various and varied characters know what a good actor he is and how earnest a student. In the matter of Othello, and Mr. Booth's conception of it, as Hazlitt observes, 'he may be right and we may be wrong,' though, to tell the truth, it is not so much the conception to which exception can be taken as the execution. Mr. Booth feels deeply, his heart and soul are in his work, he abandons himself to his task unreservedly, but he does not move the imaginative mind. He can create excitement, but he cannot touch the heart.

"The Iago of Mr. Henry Irving, with all its originality, humour, gay spirit, thought, study, and defiance of accepted tradition, comes at the precise moment that it was required in his career. It confirms that remarkable influence upon the masses which, though so often ridiculed, cannot be mistaken; it confounds the prejudice which, seizing upon defects in manner, cannot be persuaded of success in method. All who have carefully discriminated between manner and method alike have been anxiously expecting this Iago. They seemed to see it with its picturesqueness, its variety, and its marked expression foreshadowed in much that Mr. Irving has done, notably in the comedy scenes of 'Richard III.' They anticipated much, but the result is more than they looked for. The Iago of Mr. Irving could not have been under any possible circumstances the obvious villain, the scowling rascal, or the

stagey scoundrel our ancestors were disposed to admire; nor could he have been a mere light-comedy butterfly, to flit in and out and favourably contrast with the solemnity of the surrounding tragedy; nor, again, could he have been the pedantic and precise elocution master who rattled off the lines with airy confidence and spoke the soliloquies with easy facility but no meaning—a mere reproducer of words, but never a creator of thoughts. The Iago of Mr. Irving was bound to be a man who would stand out from the picture, create his impression and make his mark firmly yet vigorously for good or ill; and the actor, if true to his plan, would be pretty sure to go his own way about the business, and trust to his own brains for guidance. The result seems to us in every way successful. There is something far more in this Iago than meets the eye.

"He is not alone a handsome expressive figure in this gay and multi-coloured composition, a man in rich velvets and glittering silver ornaments, a dark-eyed, dark-haired presentment, crowned with a semi-cavalier and semi-bandit hat, an embodied idea who, in Mr. Irving's person, removes the stern and classical Shakespearean play into the mysterious region of romance. The Iago may be sufficiently fantastic, but he is as deep as he is showy. The audience knows all about him from his soliloquies—those wonderful soliloquies in which are emphasised the secret hate of Othello, the intense love of mischief, the studied purpose of revenge. To the outside world he is a man of far different complexion than we actually know him to be—to Roderigo, a fantastic trifler; to Cassio, the best of good fellows; to Othello, a complex composition made up of cynical philosophy and bitter truth. The many-sidedness of Iago is expressed with subtle effect. Beyond the frivolous banter can be seen the soldier; behind the mask of cynicism is the cruelty of unbending determination. He is a mass of brilliant deception, only known thoroughly to his wife Emilia and to the audience to whom he has deliberately and of malice aforethought shown his cards. Seldom have the pregnancy of Iago's grim and almost devilish humour or the chameleon-like changes of character been so illuminated. The light is turned full upon it by the actor, and in no line is a meaning allowed to escape. The transitions from semi-seriousness to comical banter are as constant as they are effective, and by keeping up the spirit of the part and sustaining the comedy in the tragedy, Mr. Irving has been able to lighten the play in a manner that is as original as it is pleasing. The scenes with Roderigo throughout are instinct with humour; the defence of Cassio is a brilliant example of super-subtle hypocrisy; the great scenes with Othello are lifted up into dramatic significance by the intelligence of the counter-attraction, who never misses point or opportunity; but it is in the delivery of the soliloquies that Mr. Irving makes such a remarkable advance on all that he has hitherto attempted.

"The actor does not take the audience into his confidence; he thinks aloud. He makes comparatively little use of the Shakespearean claptrap of the two final rhymed lines of a soliloquy that so often are allowed to atone for much weakness which has gone before, and are rushed at as

points to get the actor off the stage with effect, but he continues the process of self-reasoning to the end. After the words:

> Cassio's a proper man; let me see, now,
> To get his place and to plume up my will
> In double knavery. How, how? Let's see—

there is an instant of reflection. Iago covers his face with his hands, the mind is in travail; but as the hands withdraw, a light of intelligence breaks upon the countenance; the secret is discovered, and the words:

> After some time to abuse Othello's ear—

are spoken with a grim sense of triumph. The business with Cassio and Desdemona at the port, when Othello's arrival is expected, is instinct with novelty and ingenuity. Brilliant enough was the process of composition and assumed labour in answer to Desdemona's challenge; but how new, how facile, and how natural the plucking of the grapes and the casting away of the husks and stones, as if in carelessness whilst Cassio approaches Desdemona, and how acute the invention found in that long but essential 'aside:'

> He takes her by the palm; ay, well said, whisper—

each sentence being an answer to the action of the innocent couple. Another change came with the second important soliloquy:

> How am I then a villain? Divinity of hell!
> When devils will their blackest sins put on,
> They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
> As I do now.

This was spoken as if by the mysterious voice of Fate, at the extreme back of the stage. It was dark, prophetic, and awful. Iago had somehow changed himself into the spirit that interrupts the monologue of Faust. The corporeal Mephistopheles disappeared, the intangible spirit took his place.

"For once Iago was impersonal—a means and not an end. But it would take far more space than we have at our disposal to describe the many excellent points of the new Iago from the beginning to the conclusion. Never for an instant was the actor out of the character, or distracted by the effort he had undertaken. He interested from the moment when he urged on the silly "snipe" Roderigo to call up Brabantio to the final act of indignity when he kicked contemptuously out of his path the corpse of his victim as if it had been carrion. We think nothing at all of the restlessness which was occasionally too prominent when we remember the prodigality of the business Mr. Irving introduced. In such a magnitude of study what is an extra pull of the moustache or a scratch of the head, a too marked jingle of the silver chains, or too frequent use of the pockets? Nervous anxiety must

stand sponsor for all that was occasionally charged with iteration; but now that success has crowned study, we believe the personation, relieved altogether of apprehension, will stand out as one that can be examined again and again with advantage and profit. Even those who disagree with Mr. Irving's artistic idea cannot fail to be struck with his executive ability, or with the thought and thoroughness which distinguish the whole of the stage management connected with this arduous undertaking, for which Mr. Irving is of course responsible, and should have the credit.

"Miss Ellen Terry has probably not played Desdemona since a long-ago engagement of Walter Montgomery at the Princess's, when she charmed those who then perceived the grace and naïveté of the young actress. Hazlitt says: "All circumstances considered, and platonics out of the question, if we were to cast the complexion of Desdemona physiognomically, we should say that she had a very fair skin and very light auburn hair, inclining to yellow." So far, then, Miss Terry is ideal, and, in addition to her inherent simplicity and gentleness, there were at the conclusion of the scene of Othello's brutality a natural nervous speechlessness and what may be called suppressed hysteria, which were so naturally introduced as to be remarkably effective. The Cassio of Mr. Terriss is altogether excellent, true, and with the right ring in it. He looked handsome and manly, though effeminately dressed for a soldier; his clear telling voice and unaffected elocution and articulation delighted the audience; and, unlike most Cassios, the young actor carefully avoided the vulgar tricks employed in the drunken scene. To be chivalrous without swagger and captivating without conceit was evidently the intention of Mr. Terriss, and he succeeded in all that he tried to do. The success of the performance was never for a moment in doubt. The elocutionary exercises of Mr. Mead as Brabantio, Mr. Beaumont as the Duke, and Miss Pauncefort as Emilia were profoundly welcome, and certainly it would be difficult to recall a representation of "Othello" more poetical in design or correct in treatment. In the matter of scenery and archæological accuracy this is indeed a pampered age, and the audience is permitted to enjoy the admirable combinations and contrasts of colour—to wit, Mr. Irving's orange-red mantle against his chestnut-brown costume—without being worried with that tedious and ignorantly misunderstood word, æstheticism. On the stage we are permitted to enjoy the 'love of the beautiful in art' without banter and ridicule.

"So unlike are the two actors in manner and method, they read the characters of Othello and Iago so distinctly from opposing bases, that it would be a bold man who could afford to be dogmatic as to the correctness of either principle. When we see Mr. Irving's Iago, with all its inner mystery, its complication of thought, its variety of expression, and its picturesqueness of appearance, we conceive it to be impossible that the best acting can remove the impression which the actor has created. This is surely Iago so far as the actor's conception can be separated from his execution. We seem to have seen Iago for the first time, and to

have been introduced suddenly to the workings of his mind and the complexity of his inner nature. A few nights afterwards we have to acknowledge the fascination of Mr. Booth's eagerness, swiftness, dazzle, and precision in the self-same character. So showy and alert is the actor, so familiar with stage expedient, so accustomed to the mechanism of his art, that it is difficult to convince the mind that there is another result to be attained by different means. We shall be told that both cannot be right. Those who ridicule the dogmas of criticism when it differs, and who illustrate the absurdity of critics by every want of harmony in their opinions will compel the playgoer to pin his faith to one Iago or the other, to depreciate the one at the expense of his brother actor, and to organise camps of conflicting discussion. To such as these only pity can be extended, for they miss the intellectual treat of following the scholarly actor through the various mazes and arguments embodied in his elaborate personation.

"The two Iagos have now been seen to the highest advantage. Mr. Booth, relieved of the dead weight of amiable incompetency that hung round his neck at another theatre, has played on a stage and amidst surroundings worthy of his talent. Mr. Irving, urged to the attack by the grateful excitement of competition, has more than ever justified the good sense and judgment of those who elected him to the place he so worthily holds. We have endeavoured to explain how one is the Iago of an elaborate mental process, and the other the Iago of a brilliant artistic conviction; that the one stimulates the intellect and the other the eye; that in the one the mind is satisfied and in the other the eye is dazzled; if the one is too picturesque and fantastic, the other is too precise and elocutionary; and it now only remains to add that both Iagos are eminently well worth seeing, without prejudice, bias, or favour. If, for ourselves, we honestly prefer that process of art which goes most direct to the understanding, and is more intellectually elaborate than stagily showy, we do not deny our fallibility. Both are pleasing, both are satisfactory; but Mr. Irving's Iago has, on the whole, the greater influence. When the lights are out and the tinsel put away, this is the idea that clings closest to the mind and guides future readings of the play.

"Pretty much the same thing may be said of the Othellos. In each case we do not deny the fact of an occasional disappointment. If there be a want of dignity in the one, there is a lack of spontaneity in the other. Mr. Booth does not look Othello so well as Mr. Irving; and both, all question of costume apart, can scarcely be quoted as ideal even by enthusiasts. If the American actor is too formal and precise, the English actor—marvellously improved in clearness and distinctness of utterance—is sometimes inordinately slow. Neither gives an inspired performance, or, indeed, any moments that are as brilliant as they are convincing. Technical faults, failure both in power and in the grandeur and the pathos of passion, could be quoted in Mr. Irving as well as in Mr. Booth; but it can scarcely be doubted which of the two is the more human, or which touches the most tender and sympathetic chord. From Mr. Irving, who

may at once be congratulated on his courage in setting himself up to be judged after what was in the early days comparative failure, we learn more than ever of the heart of Othello, his beauty of nature, and all those secret and subtle charms that women are the first to detect. He is not like the conventional Othello who rushes at conclusions the very instant Iago begins to tempt him with suspicion. He loves Desdemona far too well for that. He has been a lover all through—warm, true, and tender, not passionate and impetuous. Well might the Duke say that he thought Othello's tale would win his daughter too, so natural and persuasive were the Moor's accents in the celebrated speech. In the arrival at Cyprus there was no greedy haste, no fierce satisfaction; only the comfort of returning to loved arms and a companion heart. The Moor is never brutalised by the actor, but consistently humanised. This idea naturally leads up to the great point made by Mr. Irving in resisting Iago instead of readily assenting. Throughout the first interview he defends Desdemona, and catches at every word to prove her honest. He refuses to be convinced. He dreams on infidelity, but it is in generalisation. He moralises, but not with the intention of abandoning his faith in his wife, and the cruelty of suspicion, even for an instant, is made to vanish at the appearance of Desdemona.

> Desdemona comes.
> If she be false, O then, Heaven mocks itself.
> I'll not believe it.

The rapture of this conclusion at the sight of the lady was singularly fine, and it is not until Iago indulges in the revolting reality of Cassio's dream that Othello wavers. When Iago mentions the handkerchief, Othello's 'I gave her such a one!' is the eager excuse for the wife, the catching at any straw that may save her reputation, not the determined desire to believe her guilty; but the picture of infidelity turns the husband the seamy side without, and at last, after considerable difficulty and delay, Iago conquers. A perusal of the text, with all its light and shade, its lines and half-lines, certainly justifies Mr. Irving in this reading, and once more he has given a performance which, however occasionally defective in execution, is instinct with tenderness and intelligence."

C. S.

"War to the Knife," by Mr. H. J. Byron, was played at the annual dramatic performance of the 1st Kent Artillery Corps, at the Alexandra Hall, Blackheath, on April 27th. Miss Florence Worth looked charming as Mrs. Harcourt, and, as regards acting, did all that was possible with a poor part. The gentlemen engaged in the representation were Messrs. J. Duncan, E. Petley, G. Hanscomb, Herbert Low, and Mr. Baird. Besides Miss Worth's assistance they had that of two clever and well-known professional ladies, Miss Nelly Vane and Miss E. Wiber.

"THE MEMBER FOR SLOCUM."

A Farcical Comedy in Three Acts (founded on "Le Supplice d'un Homme,") by Geo. R. Sims.
First produced at the Royalty Theatre, Wednesday, May 4, 1881.

Onesimus Epps, M.P.	Mr. Arthur Williams.	Madeline	Miss Ruth Francis.
Bill Smith	Mr. Frank Cooper.	Mrs. Jeffs	Miss Harriet Coveney.
Gunning	Mr. Harry Martell.	Betsy	Miss L. Thomas.
Fanny	Miss Elise Ward.	Arethusa	Miss Kate Lawler.

"MOTHER-IN-LAW."

A New Farcical Comedy in Three Acts, by George R. Sims.
First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, Saturday, April 23rd, 1881.

Major McTurtle ...	Mr. Julian Cross.	Mrs. McTurtle ...	Miss Sallie Turner.
Talfourd Twigg ...	Mr. Alfred Hemming.	Rosa Matilda ...	Miss Ethel Castleton.
Mr. Pounceby ...	Mr. George Walton.	Topsy Grey ...	Miss Retta Walton.
Percy d'Almaine...	Mr. Gerald Moore.	Mrs. Pounceby ...	Miss C. Zerbini.
Jannaway	Mr. John Walton.	Susan	Miss Clara St. Claire
Jorrocks	Mr. G. R. Budd.	Attendants	Miss Harriet Walton. / Miss Elsie Cameron.

Ah Mr. Sims, you are a lucky man! He may, indeed, be considered fortunate, who, in less than a fortnight, has two new plays produced that have met with such a success as "Mother-in-Law" and "The Member for Slocum." Of these two pieces, the first question that will naturally be asked is: Which is the best? and, when the first-mentioned piece has been seen in London, I think that the verdict will decide in its favour. In its plot, its action, and its dialogue, "Mother-in-Law" is, no doubt, superior to "The Member for Slocum." The plot is deeper and of more interest; the action progresses far more rapidly, and the dialogue is more exhilarating and humorous, without the tinge of vulgarity, of which the latter occasionally savours. To detail the plots of both pieces is as unnecessary as it is next to impossible. The "Mother-in-Law" is declared to be "new," whilst "The Member for Slocum" is admirably founded on M. Lambert Thiboust's three-act play, "Le Supplice d'un Homme," which has been already adapted by John Oxenford, and played under the title of "A Cleft Stick." But this is not all. Both Mr. Sims' new pieces are full of situations and incidents which remind us of something we have seen before, but exactly where we cannot tell. Not to enter any further into the matter, the corridor scene of the "Mother-in-Law" reminds us forcibly of the Cremorne scene in "Pink Dominos," with the exception that it is infinitely funnier, and without any suspicion of immorality—and the shawl and bonnet business of the "Member for Slocum," has already been witnessed in "Brighton." And so on, throughout both pieces, incidents arise which we have met with before, under some circumstance or another. But what does it matter when both plays are so laughable?—which seems to be the main point of a comedy production nowadays. They both are highly amusing, highly successful, and please the taste of a large number of the public, and this, I suppose, is the author's aim. By-the-way, I wonder if Mr. Sims has suffered very much from mothers-in-law, as he seems to be exceedingly fond of satirising them in his plays. Indeed, the title of "Mother-in-Law" might have been appropriately used for "The Member for Slocum" as well as for the play that it has been attached to.

For those who want to enjoy a good hearty laugh, I can give them no better advice than to tell them to see either "Mother-in-Law" or "The Member for Slocum;" but this time the provinces have the best of it, as all who have seen the two plays must admit that "Mother-in-Law" is far the superior piece. Much, of course, depends upon the acting. As the mother-in-law, Miss Sallie Turner, acted with becoming ferocity, and the "quite too utter" Rosa Matilda was prettily played by Miss Ethel Castleton, whilst Miss Retta Walton was as lively as the vivacious Topsy might be expected to be. Mr. Alfred Hemming threw much life and spirit into the character of Talfourd Twigg, and Mr. Gerald Moore gave a most finished and clever sketch of Percy d'Almaine. As the member for Slocum, Mr. Arthur Williams was funny; Mr. Frank Cooper was good as Bill Smith; and Miss Ruth Francis satisfactorily acted Mrs. Epps. Miss Harriet Coveney as Mrs. Jeffs, and Miss Kate Lawler as Arethusa, were all that were required of them, and sustained the popularity they have so justly obtained. Austin Brereton.

"THE MORMONS; or, ST. ABE AND HIS SEVEN WIVES."

In a Prologue, Four Acts, and Seven Tableaux. Originally called "The Exiles of Erin." First produced at the Olympic Theatre, on Saturday, May 7th, 1881.

Henry Desmond (afterwards known as "Uncas the Wanderer")	Mr. Wm. Redmund.
Maurice Fitzgerald ...	Mr. Harry St. Maur.
Denis Corcoran ...	Mr. J. A. Arnold.
Rory of the Hills ...	Mr. Macartney.
Andy Blane	Mr. Daniels.
Silas Swayne	Mr. Wm. M'Intyre.
Brigham Young ...	Mr. Dolman.
Black Jack	Mr. Tully Thornton.
Nathan	Mr. Jonks.
Abraham Clewson ...	Mr. Percy Compton.
Chingachook	Mr. S. Calhaem.
Daconah	Mr. Morelli.
Hester Fitzgerald ...	Miss Harriet Jay.
Dorah Desmond ...	Mrs D. Willoughby.
Biddy Linney	Miss Lizzie Williams.
Tabitha Clewson ...	Miss Agnes Clifton.
Jessie Clewson ...	Miss Lawrence.
Kathleen Clewson ...	Miss Leslie Bell.
Gretchen Clewson ...	Miss Collins.
Hortense Clewson ...	Miss Chapman.
Tessa Clewson ...	Miss St. Clair.
Anna Maria Clewson	Miss Letty Lind.
Alice Young	Miss Belmore.

"The Mormons" may perhaps interest some playgoers, and, if they are not wearied by its inordinate length, and can forgive the questionable taste of many of the passages it contains, it will certainly amuse others. It is, however, hardly the sort of piece one would expect to find at such a house as the Olympic, and, so far as the readers of this magazine are concerned, little more is necessary than to record its production. It is difficult to pardon the author for making free with the name of one, if not two, of the most admired of the heroes of our youth. The omission in the programme of the second "g" from "Chingachgook," is probably accidental; and insult is added to injury by the character called "Chingachook," being described as "an Indian, not of the type drawn by Cooper, but good-hearted." This is too bad. Did Cooper make no difference between Delaware and Huron? Shade of Uncas, what a libel on "The Last of the Mohicans"! There are clever actors and actresses in the cast of "The Mormons," particularly Miss Harriet Jay, who is gradually winning her way to fame, but they have, unfortunately, no chance of distinguishing themselves. George R. Douglas.

"JUANA."

A new and original Tragedy in Four Acts. By W. G. Wills.
First produced at the Court Theatre, May 7th, 1881.

Don Carlos de Narcisso	Mr. Forbes Robertson.	Franciscan Friars, Lay Brethren, etc.	Messrs. Norman, Butler, Neville Doone, etc.
Friar John	Mr. Wilson Barrett.	Juana Esteban ...	Madame Modjeska.
Friar Philip ...	Mr. G. M. Anson.	The Dame Garcia	Miss R. G. Le Thiere.
The Prior	Mr. Edward Price.	Clara Perez ...	Miss Ada Ward.
Pedro	Mr. Norman Forbes.	Katrina	Miss C. Grahame.
Provost of Toledo	Mr. Brian Darley.	Mother Abbess ...	Miss Alice Cook.

Mr. Wills' new play is rather a series of scenes than a regularly developed dramatic action. If it be allowed in art to write a piece for the express purpose of affording a clever actress good opportunities for displaying the best qualities of her acting, this is no reproach. The weak point of such plays is that they are liable to contain a great deal which is introduced for the very apparent purpose of resting the star, or giving him or her time to change their dress, and "Juana" is no exception to the rule. There is a certain Katrina who makes most violent love to one Pedro, a page, but has little or nothing to do with the plot. There is a greedy Friar Philip, who is equally superfluous. But the lovers and the Friar, if they have no very obvious excuse for existing, are at least either picturesque or funny, thanks to the acting of Miss Grahame and Mr. Norman Forbes, and to the very genuine comic power of Mr. Anson.

What real dramatic life the piece has is due to the acting of Madame Modjeska. In the first act she appears as one Juana Esteban, a great Spanish lady of the fifteenth century, living in a castle near Toledo. Doña Juana has received into her castle a certain wounded knight, Don Carlos de Narcisso, and nursed him—with the usual results. She has fallen in love with him and he with her. The lady, in spite of her love, hesitates about marrying, for she fears an hereditary or semi-hereditary family madness. In her doubt she appeals for advice to the new family confessor, Friar John, in ignorance of the fact that the Friar has long loved her, though hopelessly. He, knowing her passion, advises her very wisely to be happy, but at the bottom of his heart he is far from sure that she will be made so by her marriage. And he is right. Don Carlos is a heartless Don Juan, and a very brutal one too. He finds an old love of his, Clara Perez, living in a curiously undefined position with Juana, and begins to be false to his wife from the very beginning. From the end of the first act onwards the whole interest of the piece centres in Madame Modjeska's acting, firstly of jealousy and then of madness. Juana is worked into fury by her husband's open infidelity and by the insolence of her so-called friend. Clara Perez insults her to her face, and narrowly escapes being struck in consequence. Don Carlos, who defends his paramour and behaves to his wife with cynical brutality enough to make Terso de Molina's Don Juan blush, is stabbed by her in an outburst of madness. Friar John takes the crime upon himself, and even contrives to give proof of his guilt in the ordeal by touch. He is about to be buried alive, when Juana finds her way—how or why we are not made to understand—to the crypt of his monastery, and saves him by

confession. She herself escapes punishment by a death which is sudden and convenient.

There are numerous little carelessnesses and improbabilities in the piece, but it quite fulfils its real object of giving Madame Modjeska chances for effective acting. Her best moment was at the end of the second act, when she stabs Don Carlos. Her fury during her short struggle with him, and her sudden fall into laughing madness immediately afterwards, were given with truth and taste. There was power in her acting of madness in the third act by the corpse of her husband. The fault of her performance lies in a certain monotony. It is weak when she has not to represent insanity—wanting in dignity in her scene with Clara Perez, and falling short of greatness when great acting is needed in the scene in the crypt. Mr. Forbes Robertson was picturesque as Don Carlos de Narcisso, but did not give the character as if he felt at home in his rôle. He did not mean all his brutality to his wife. Mr. Barrett was dignified and manly as Friar John. The scenery, dresses, and stage arrangement were admirable throughout.

David Hannay.

"BUTTERFLY FEVER."

A New Comedy in Three Acts, re-adapted from the French, by James Mortimer.
First produced at the Criterion Theatre, May 17th, 1881.

Montague Leyton ...	Mr. Chas. Wyndham.	Bobbin	Mr. A. M. Denison.
Col. Wybrow Walker	Mr. H. Standing.	Grace Harrington ...	Miss Rose Saker.
Pony Thompson ...	Mr. Geo. Giddens.	Betty	Miss H. Kingsley.
Constance Leyton			Miss Eastlake.

This excellently-acted play is thus described in the "Daily Telegraph:" "A whimsical piece of inoffensive nonsense, brightly written, well mounted, and admirably acted, must surely be the verdict on 'Butterfly Fever.' The material has travelled through many stages of transposition since Sardou introduced it as 'La Papillonne,' with reckless indifference to the tastes of the subscribers to the Théâtre Français. We fancy we detect here the remnant of an unsuccessful comedy called 'A Gay Deceiver,' which failed to make its mark at the Royalty. That reproach is, happily, altogether removed, and it is a question whether the practised art of Mr. Charles Wyndham and his merry companions has ever been seen to better advantage in the many lively comedies that they have presented in constant succession. Into the main motive of 'Butterfly Fever' it will not be necessary too curiously to inquire, though it may be as well to state that under much good-humoured fun and appetising satire lies a very respectable and proper moral. A certain Montague Leyton, who has a pretty wife and a roving disposition, is the victim of butterfly fever. He means no harm, but his affections are universal in their scope. He cannot resist the pressure of a soft hand or the flutter of a petticoat. As soon as he sees a pretty face he is after it, he construes every glance into an invitation, and he is the victim of saucy and intriguing women whenever they appear upon the scene. Needless to say that this character is taken by Mr. Charles Wyndham, the acknowledged hero of middle-class matri-

monial romances, the man with the heart for one woman and the eye for another, the light, careless, impetuous being who has long since been identified with the Jack-in-the-Box school of comedy. Sardou, it would appear, was the inventor of the play of doors and windows, and distinguished himself in this art before Hennequin came upon the scene to mystify us with his traps and surprises. Montague Leyton, in his pursuit of one more delightful face, bewitching form, and captivating ankle—the heroes of old-fashioned comedy, be it remembered, the bloods and the bucks, did precisely the same—comes accidentally upon his own wife's house, a snug little box which he has purchased as a present, but never seen. The fair one he pursues is his own wife's aunt, an arrant flirt and mischief-maker, who turns the tables on the peccant husband, who is pursued by a military fire-eater. Out of this complication—not very original after all—much amusement is evolved, and it is wonderful to see with what ingenuity such a thread of a story is spread into three short acts. How the husband is conducted blindfold into his wife's presence, kisses her hand imagining she is an Italian countess, is hoodwinked by the mirth-loving aunt, who pretends to be a lady's maid, is secreted in cupboards, hidden in ante-rooms, and forced to take flying leaps out of drawing-room windows, must be ultimately discovered by all who see the new play and enjoy a good laugh over it; but it will be welcome news to hear that Mr. Wyndnam is at his very best in the part, and has brought his art of vivacity, vitality, neatness of business, and rapidity of effect almost to the point of perfection. Admirable also from every point of view is the jealous Colonel Wybrow Walker, played by Mr. Herbert Standing with a fund of humour, an unexaggerated eccentricity, and an absence of all consciousness that deserve recognition. The jealous colonel of a farce is no novelty, many people may think; and yet Mr. Standing, with tact and discretion, gets a new and ludicrous idea out of a familiar figure. When Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Standing are on the stage—or, rather, pursuing one another through doors and out of windows—it will be imagined that the fun is at its height; but the climax does not come till they are joined by Mr. George Giddens, a complete contrast of character, in that he represents a simple spooney youth, who is the buffet and sport of the more mercurial comedians. A trio of perplexed admiration in the last act, as played by Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Standing, and Mr. Giddens, is as good a bit of acting of its kind as anyone would wish to see. To these are added Miss Rose Saker, who, thoroughly inoculated with the spirit of Criterion comedy, undertakes the mischief-loving aunt, a mixture of worldliness and good-nature; and Miss Eastlake, who makes a charming wife for this gadding butterfly hero. The play has been so well rehearsed that it requires very little working up to make it popular, and it will be strange indeed if 'La Papillonne,' when played by St. Germain and the French company at the Gaiety a few weeks hence, gives us a better example of spirited art and clever farce acting. Time was when it was necessary to go over to France to see the best acting in farce as well as comedy; but recent experiences seem to show that our neighbours have borrowed our exaggeration and left us their finish."

Our Omnibus-Box.

It may not be generally known that "Cinderella" at the Academy, and "Sweetest Eyes Ever Seen" (an unpardonable and clumsy misquotation, by the way, of Mrs. Browning's line), at the Grosvenor Gallery, are portraits of Miss B. Buckstone, a daughter of the late Haymarket manager, who played so charmingly the part of Jenny Williams in the play of "Good Fortune," produced at the St. James's Theatre on 4th December, 1880.

A rather remarkable feature of the year's art is the very small number of artists who have gone to the pages of Shakespeare for inspiration. One or two have indeed quoted lines as titles for their pictures, but almost the only Shakespearean subject is the cabinet picture, "Touchstone and Audrey," exhibited by Mr. J. D. Watson at the Grosvenor, in which the "motley fool," seated on a bank, and younger than he is generally represented, peers into the comely face of Audrey, who, "honest in deed and word," seems half puzzled by the "knowledge ill-inhabited" of her companion.

Two busts at the Academy claim a special notice in the pages of The Theatre as much on their merits as from their interest. The first is an admirably modelled, if somewhat idealised, portrait of Mr. Bancroft, from the chisel of Count Gleichen; the second, a bust of Mr. Hermann Vezin by Mr. Bruce Joy, which, though good, is perhaps not quite as successful as other portraits exhibited by the same artist, as the firmness of the mouth and sharpness of the features seem to have been somewhat lost. There are few faces on the stage so striking in intellectuality as that of Mr. Hermann Vezin. He has the Beethoven brow.

Not less interesting or important is Mr. John Collier's fine full-length portrait of Mr. Edwin Booth as the Cardinal-Statesman Richelieu, which is painted with extraordinary vigour and breadth of style. Mr. Booth, standing with his left side towards us, pronounces "The Curse of Rome" (923), his right arm raised aloft and his left nervously grasping a golden crucifix. The disposition of the masses of colour is most dexterous, and the portrait is rendered with fine feeling and great technical skill.

Among very young artists it is pleasant to be able to give a word of honestly deserved praise to a son of Mr. Tom Taylor. One of the ablest of dramatists, journalists, and art-critics of his day, Mr. Taylor's efforts in art were not crowned with any great success; it is therefore the more pleasing to observe the practical results of his excellent theoretical teaching manifested in the work of his son. In the really clever study of a lion shown by Mr. Wycliffe Taylor at the Grosvenor Gallery the drawing

is vigorous, the modelling and colour excellent, whilst the landscape accords well with the subject. "The Lion has roared who will not fear," is the first work which Mr. Taylor has exhibited at any important exhibition, and is, we must hope, the earnest of future success in a branch of art with which the names of Landseer, Briton-Riviere, Ansdell, and many of our greatest painters are identified, and which has always been very highly appreciated among Englishmen of all classes and shades of opinion.

Miss Lizzie Coote's company has been playing at Newcastle recently. The drama "Marie," first produced at the Olympic and excellently acted by Miss Marion Terry and Mr. Neville, is not very original, and the burlesque is unintelligible to that rather large proportion of the public who are not yet familiar with Wagner's "Lohengrin." All the members of the company do their work fairly well; but the interest of the performance to Londoners lies with Madlle. Ada, so long a favourite as première danseuse at the Canterbury. To speak of this young lady's most graceful dancing is unnecessary, of course, but those who knew her to possess this accomplishment alone will be astonished to observe how quickly and easily she has trained herself in acting. Miss Kate Vaughan is evidently her model for the present, as would have been expected, but Madlle. Ada shows a very distinct individuality. In the same laudable spirit of ambition, Miss Lizzie Wilson is making an effort to escape from the mere utility and dancing business. She plays the sister to Miss Coote's Marie, and plays it very well indeed, whilst in the burlesque her vivacity and humour are not less pleasing than are the pretty face and the shapely figure so long familiar at the Gaiety.

On Saturday, May 14th, Mr. John M'Cullough played Othello at Drury Lane, supported by Mr. Hermann Vezin as Iago; Miss Bella Pateman as Desdemona; Mr. Barnes, Cassio; Mr. A. Harris, Roderigo; and Mrs. Arthur Stirling a remarkable and singularly excellent Emilia. Mr. M'Cullough's Othello has been thus described:

"From Mr. John M'Cullough we have the Othello of the camp and field. He is a soldier every inch or him; his step is stately, his grip of iron, his arms have clearly had their 'dearest action in the tented field.' Rude in speech, with none of 'those soft parts of conversation that chamberers have,' accustomed to cannibals and anthropophagi, and hair-breadth 'scapes and moving accident by flood and field, he is just an uncouth warrior caught in the toils of love. When he hears the Duke allude to more wars and expeditions, this bold Othello seems to neigh like an old war-horse. We can see such an Othello rejoicing in the 'plumèd troop and the big wars that make ambition virtue, the spirit-stirring drum and the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war' as the only things that step between him and his domestic satisfaction. He has no need to tell us

that in Aleppo once, where a turban'd Turk beat a Venetian and traduc'd the State, this strong, kind-hearted, impetuous fellow 'took by the throat the circumcised dog' and made an end of him; for these things are the outcome of the Othello as now represented to interest and distract us at the same time.

"It will be said that there is very much more than this in Othello, and that the part is not played physically alone. Salvini was all this, and how much in addition! Superb in stature and melodious in voice, he had that something called genius which no effort can procure. After Salvini the Othellos of the stage are inevitably disappointing. They must be so. The critical palate becomes in time as delicate and fanciful as that of an experienced connoisseur in wines. The Othello of John M'Cullough cannot satisfy such as these. He has no such object in view. He is an actor of the people, rough, it is true, unequal, old-fashioned, as we now express it, but there is a boldness of treatment, a firmness of grasp, and a hold upon the multitude that can be distinguished from trickiness, claptrap, and rant. We can conceive an actor like Mr. M'Cullough taking his Virginius, his Othello, and his Mark Antony to the Far West, among the rough toilers, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, and making more effect there than anything short of genius. He is the actor for a large stage and a large audience, and he paints his effects boldly with a coarse brush. This is, no doubt, why the Drury Lane audience warmed instantly to the actor, liked his firm stride, listened to his deep tones, and detected a terrible meaning in his savage passion. An artist of polish, precision, and fantastic fastidiousness might have failed on the very scene where M'Cullough succeeded."

"In the matter of amateur performances," writes Mr. Austin Brereton, "Liverpool has its fair share of those entertainments. During the past few weeks several amateur performances have taken place there of more or less importance, the most prominent of which are here noted. The first representation was held at the St. George's Hall, on Thursday and Friday, April 21st and 22nd, when the late G. W. Lovell's play, 'The Wife's Secret,' was acted by a company of fashionable amateurs for the benefit of the local Eye and Ear Infirmary, and, judging from the large attendance on each night, that institution must have been considerably helped. The part of Lady Amyott was taken by Lady Monckton—an amateur only in name, for this clever and capable actress has had as much experience, and more than many, on the stage proper—who acted with touching grace and pathos, and threw all her energy and undoubted talent into the portrayal of the character, whilst Sir Charles L. Young acted Sir Walter Amyott with consummate art and skill. A splendid rendering of the cold-hearted, revengeful steward, Jabez Sneed, was given by Major Wyndham H. Hallett, and Mr. Charles Trevor as Lord Arden was admirable. Miss Didier acted Maud with piquancy and grace, and Mr. Allan Young's conception of the page was very promising. The characteristic rendering of Baroque, by M. Abeille, was

most clever. Etheridge and Robert were carefully and well played respectively by Mr. T. Harnett Harrison and Mr. F. M. Radcliffe, and the remaining characters were efficiently filled by Mr. Langley Russell, Mr. E. T. Fabert, and Mr. C. L. Cameron. An original prologue, written and delivered by Dr. Edgar Browne and Mr. F. G. Prange, inaugurated this capital entertainment."

"The next performance took place at the beginning of May, when the Waterloo Amateur Dramatic Society played the pretty comedy of 'Heroes,' by the late Conway Edwardes. The best piece of acting in the play was the Tom Croft of Mr. W. H. Fraser, and then came a capital impersonation of Young Mr. Ruggles, by Mr. Murray Kennedy. Mr. Stewart Allen was very fair as Archibald Herries, and Mr. J. A. Ritson's acting of Major Herries was almost perfect. Mr. C. L. Cameron and Mr. J. H. Payne acted creditably in other rôles, and 'Lady Amateurs' (a stupid friend of mine has been poring over the Peerage for the last month to find out who Lady Amateurs is?) capably fulfilled the female characters. In the farce, 'I've Written to Brown,' which followed the comedy, Mr. Stewart Allen was conspicuous by his amusing and clever delineation of the hero."

"The third and fourth performances were given on Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th of May, at the pretty Bijou Opera House in Bold Street, by the 'Old Boys' Dramatic Company, in aid of a very deserving institution, the Home for Incurables. On the first evening 'Masks and Faces' was represented, and on the second 'Plot and Passion.' In the comedy, Mr. C. Sharp ably delineated Triplet, and Sir Charles Pomander was most admirably played by Mr. J. B. Adams. Colley Cibber was well taken by Mr. C. Fabert, and Mr. F. M. Radcliffe acted with grace and finish as Ernest Vane. The characters of Quin, Snarl, Loafer, Burdock, Colander, and Hunsdon, were filled respectively satisfactorily by Mr. C. L. Cameron, Mr. E. T. Fabert, Mr. Langley Russell, Mr. S. Thornbury, Mr. T. Stewarte, and Mr. S. C. Chantrell. The lady who played Peg Woffington is a most finished and accomplished actress, and the representative of Vane's wife was sympathetic and telling. On the second evening, Mr. F. M. Radcliffe played Fouché in 'Plot and Passion,' and, indeed, played it thoroughly well and with great effect. Mr. J. B. Adams acted De Neuville admirably, and the Desmarets of Mr. C. Fabert was remarkable for the actor's excellent elocution. As for the lady who acted Madame de Fontagnes, there has seldom been seen anything better on the amateur stage. Her many arts, her frivolous gaiety, and withal, her strong and absorbing passion were wonderfully depicted and highly successful. The remainder of the characters were well played. The 'Old Boys' also produced a new and original comedietta, by one of the members, and entitled 'A Lesson in Courtship.' The little piece is exceedingly bright and sparkling, and

was capitally played by the author, Mr. Edward T. Fabert, and Mr. Langley Russell."

I am delighted to welcome and cordially recommend a new candidate for public favour, called "The Stage"—a cleverly written paper that gives all the theatrical news of the week for a penny. By steady work and excellent arrangement this much-needed weekly dramatic budget is pushing its way to the front, and it gradually gains an influence and importance. The articles are distinguished by a spirit of fair play, and no arrogant or dictatorial tone is adopted towards the dramatic profession, who will certainly support it.

The Strolling Players gave a performance of the "Ticket of Leave Man" at St. George's Hall on May 7th. It was chiefly remarkable for the clever acting of Miss Stoefel in the part of May Edwards, and for the excellent music played during the intervals by the Belsize Amateur Orchestral Society conducted by Mr. Norfolk Megone.

I have received from Cambridge the following neat rendering into Greek elegiacs of the Poet Laureate's song in "The Cup," given with such deep and irresistible pathos by Miss Ellen Terry. To be absurdly critical, one might have preferred in the second hexameter *μελαινήν* to *κελαινην*, its cognate form; but the verses are charming and display a very pretty taste and scholarship:

"Moon on the field and foam,
Moon on the mount and the wold,
Moon bring him home, bring him home,
Safe from the dark and the cold:
Home, sweet moon, bring him home,
Home with the flock to the fold,
Safe from the wolf."

Ὦ χέρσον θ' ἅλα τε γλαυκὴν ἐφορῶσα σελήνη,
ὑψηέντα τ' ὄρη καὶ πλάκας εὐρυχόρους,
οἴκαδ' ἐμὸν σῶν ἄνδρα πάλιν διὰ νύκτα κελαινήν,
νύκτα διὰ κρυερὴν σῶν ἐμὸν ἄνδρα φέροις·
τὴν μὲν ὄϊν πρὸς ἔπαυλον ἄγεις, σὺ δὲ, πότνα σελήνη,
οἴκαδ' ἐμόν σώζοις ἄνδρα φύγοι δὲ λύκους.

F. D.

At the Athenæum, Camden Road, on the 26th April, Mr. Byron's Comedy, "A Hundred Thousand Pounds," was acted, the male characters being represented by members of the Carlton Hill Cricket Club. It is pleasant to be able to say of any amateur performance that it was credit-

able to all who were concerned in it, and that may certainly be said of the one under notice. The parts best played were those filled by Mr. G. F. Swainson, Mr. W. H. A. Gow, Mr. H. S. Rawson, and Mr. Charles Helmore; all four were really very good. Other characters were sustained by Mr. C. S. Arkcoll, Mr. E. R. Shilleto, Mr. Charles Corbishley, Mr. Walter Helmore, and Mr. B. R. Conder; and by Mrs. Newbery and Miss Nellie Palmer. The heroine of the piece, Alice Barlow, was played on this occasion by Miss Maud Cathcart, of the St. James's Theatre, who both looked and acted exceedingly well.

Mr. Albery's "Forgiven" has not, to the best of my knowledge, ever been played in London since it was first brought out in 1872, except by amateurs. It has, I believe, been received with favour in the provinces at various times when represented by travelling companies, but it was never a success with the playgoing public in town. That now, nearly ten years after its original production, "Forgiven" should be found a favourite piece with amateur clubs does not, I fear, prove that the London playgoer was wrong in thinking it an unsatisfactory play in 1872. It only shows once more how difficult it is for amateurs to find, amongst the pieces available for them, one which, while good and suitable, is not too hackneyed. The performance of Mr. Albery's play by the Whittington Club, at St. George's Hall, on May 5th, was, in many respects, an excellent one. Mr. A. R. Ayers was, on the whole, a very good Claude Redruth. In the earlier scenes his manner occasionally seemed rather affected, but it must be admitted that in these scenes Claude Redruth has lines to deliver which it must be difficult to give without an appearance of affectation; in the third act Mr. Ayers was excellent. Mr. J. E. Pride was a capital Paul Cudlipp, and Mr. W. Barnard made Dick Fallow, who has so many of the "smart"—that is to say grossly rude—lines of the comedy to speak, as little offensive as possible. Three small parts were very well played indeed by Mr. T. Waram, Mr. A. Ellis, and Mr. G. J. Dyer. Miss Florence Worth's performance of Rose Cudlipp was not only good in itself but full of promise for the future. Miss Worth acted well, she will act better if she goes on: she will gain in ease and animation, and may hope to make a success even more decided than she did on this occasion. The parts of Lady Maud, Mrs. Cremer, and Laura Cremer, were filled by Miss Ellen Meyrick and two other professional ladies. Miss Meyrick played very cleverly in the third act. It has been said, I believe, of this performance of "Forgiven," that the prompter's voice was frequently heard, and the well-worn joke has been repeated about the audience forgetting to call that useful person before the curtain. The inference would be that the whole company needed his help. I feel bound, therefore, in fairness, to mention that this was not the case. The voice of the prompter was heard during the representation, but it was certainly not the amateurs who required his assistance.

"To Oblige Benson," and "Meg's Diversion," were played at the Ladbroke Hall, Notting Hill, on April 28th, in aid of a local charity. The cast of the comedy included those well-known amateurs Miss Zoe Bland and Mr. C. W. A. Trollope, who did full justice to the parts of Meg and Jasper Pidgeon respectively; and Mr. Myers was an excellent Roland Pidgeon.

"Well, we have fixed on some private theatricals, and now what shall we act?" is a question that is put with pathetic despair thousands of times in the course of the year. The company is selected, permission has been given to send out the invitations, cabinet councils are held in mysterious corners, but after all the "play's the thing." In order to solve the difficulty, Mr. S. French, the well-known theatrical publisher, of 89, Strand, has been inspired with a "happy thought," which will save much brain-racking, and many of us interminable correspondence. A lexicon of Mr. French's acting plays, and their name is legion, is to be published, containing a concise and well-written description of each; the plot, the characters, the capability for small or large stage, the number of ladies and gentlemen required for every play, and the value of the parts to be entrusted to them. With this dramatic dictionary in hand, and a list of the scenery, interiors or exteriors, that Mr. French is prepared to pack up in a box and send to anyone requiring it, there ought to be no more difficulty in selecting a suitable entertainment for private theatricals. It strikes me, that if Mr. French were to add the original dates of productions of all his plays, the theatres at which they were produced, and short particulars of the original cast, he would give us the basis for a modern "Biographia Dramatica," a work much wanted by students of the stage. Be practical by all means, but why not historical as well? Why should not Mr. French kill two birds with one stone—satisfy the lovers of amateur theatricals and please the antiquarians as well. Mr. French gives us a "happy thought," and now I present him with another. The history of the stage for half a century has been scandalously neglected.

The South Kensington Dramatic Society's performance at St. James's Hall, on April 28th, deserves notice chiefly on account of some clever acting by Mr. F. Upton, in the part of Captain Ginger, in "Weak Woman." Besides Mr. Upton, no one except Mrs. T. C. Collett, who was a good Helen Gaythorne, and Mr. S. P. Platt, who played fairly well both in Mr. Byron's piece and in "Betsy Baker," which preceded it, can be congratulated on a success on this occasion. Indeed, with the performance as a whole, and as that of a West End Club, I confess I was disappointed. All is not gold that glitters.

In the Philothespian Club's performance of "A Scrap of Paper," on April 23rd, at St. George's Hall, Mrs. Sulley played well as Suzanne; Mr. Harding Cox was a good Brisemouche, and Mr. C. W. Myers made a distinct success in the part of Prosper Couramont.

A cheery correspondent writes as follows, in appreciation of Mr. Le Cren's recent "Recollections of Sadler's Wells," and he contributes also some valuable facts that will be appreciated:

"I cannot refrain from inflicting on you a few lines to express the pleasure I have felt in reading your very amusing article, 'Recollections of Sadler's Wells.' In the opening of the said paper, I should do very well to sit for the picture of the angler, as I have, as a boy, many a time figured on the very spot. Your correspondent is correct when he speaks about Carter, the Lion King; he is also quite right when he mentions the production of 'The Old Blue Lion of Gray's Inn Lane,' Henry Marston was in the cast, as also was an actor named Dry, and a very good low comedian, named Johnny Herbert. About 'Pizarro' he is right, but about Pym's Theatre he is wrong; it never had anything to do with Gray's Inn, but was situate in Gough Street, one end running into Calthorpe Street, the other to Mount Pleasant. I may remark, en passant, that it was here that Phelps and also Henry Marston figured as amateurs. Regarding old Dan Marr, whom he mentions, I knew him intimately, and have imbibed many a glass with pleasure in his company, but with regard to his understandings—well, for legs read calipers! Your correspondent is at fault with regard to the incident respecting 'John Savile of Haysted.' The piece was produced in 1848, and the alarm of fire occurred on an evening in the following season. In conclusion, I may say that I have derived a great amount of pleasure from the perusal of articles in your very interesting journal, and I sincerely trust that you may go on for very many years, delighting old playgoers as well as modern ones."

In the April number of this magazine I expressed an opinion that it should be necessary for amateurs to have a special dispensation to enable them to play five-act pieces. I said this when writing of a performance of "Money," and now, in noticing another performance of the same play (which, by the way, was given this time in six acts), I reiterate the opinion. Lord Lytton's comedy was acted at St. George's Hall, May 14th, in aid of Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Assistants' Provident Fund. Mr. Herbert James showed marked intelligence as Evelyn, though it cannot be said that he was equal to all the requirements of the part. Mr. E. Stirling Coyne, clever son of a celebrated father, one of my oldest friends, was a good Dudley Smooth, and Mr. C. L. Lunn, as Sharp, the lawyer, read the will well. The other characters were sustained by Messrs. Herbert Buckeridge, Dyson, Lacy, Geo. Gill, G. S. Wheeler, Seener, F. Baylis, Stockley, and Chapman; Mrs. Burlison and Mrs. Geo. Gill. That excellent actress, Miss Emily Cross, played Clara Douglas well, though the part can scarcely be considered in her line. Mr. Charles Fry was stage manager.

A dramatist who hits upon an entirely fresh "motive" for a piece is certainly to be congratulated, and I believe it is something quite new for

the interest of a comedietta—to say nothing of a burlesque—to turn on bicycling. But, now that the first bicycling play has made its appearance, others will probably follow. Given enthusiastic bicyclists, the ladies of whose choice do not quite approve of their bicycling, or enthusiastic ladies who urge their timid lovers to become bicyclists; stern parents who will not give their daughters to any man who does bicycle, and other stern parents who will not give their daughters to any man who doesn't, and we see at once the complications necessary for quite a series of pleasant domestic pieces connected with this subject. Then, too, we might have the sensation bicycle play; a "Michael Strogoff" with a bicycling courier of the Czar; a "Branded" with any number of bicyclists evolutionising on the stage, and drawing crowds anxious, like Toddy in "Helen's Babies," to "shee wheels go round." In view, therefore, of the possibility of the Wheels and Spokes school of comedy becoming as famous as the Teacup and Saucer, I think it well to record that on the 12th April there was produced at a private subscription performance at the Dilettante Club a two-act comedietta, called "Bicycle or Bride," which was followed by a bicycling burlesque extravaganza, entitled "Velocipedia." I may add that both are by the same author, and that this gentleman agrees with Mr. Hollingshead that there is no reason why opera bouffe and other entertainments, which are only burlesques under another name, should have a monopoly of three acts. "Velocipedia" is in three acts. I had scarcely written this when I received another bicycling burletta by Mr. Bab Yardley, which appears to be funnily written from a musical and a literary point of view.

In the article on "Rosalind" in our March number the name of Miss Wallis was inadvertently omitted from the list of well-known and accepted representatives of the part. Miss Wallis has acted this character over four-hundred-and-thirty times in the provinces, and the announcement that she will appear in that character is always the herald of large audiences. In London Miss Wallis has only acted in selections from "As You Like It." The following is extracted from a long eulogium which recently appeared in an important provincial paper: "Miss Wallis's acting in the part of Rosalind may be described as an echo to the poetry put into her mouth. It is because her Rosalind is such a perfect representation of a genuine ideal English maiden that it must always be popular. Her Rosalind is a spirit, but a woman, too. Full of delicacy, tenderness, affection, and, above all, human nature, she moves through the play, and we are conscious in all the scenes of a perfect woman, nobly planned. The overflowing spirits of the girl are shown by Miss Wallis with the utmost good taste."

A number of ladies and gentlemen connected with the stage and the musical profession played "Man Is Not Perfect" and an original comedietta, "In Trouble," and, between the two, gave a dozen or so of songs and recitations at the Ladbroke Hall, on May 12th, under the

management of Mr. D'Arcy Stanfield, of the Folly Theatre. As Sir Hugh de Brass says, "I don't know why they should, but they did." It is indeed difficult to understand what purpose is served by giving such an entertainment as this. I did not see "Man Is Not Perfect," and what I heard of the songs and recitations hardly made me regret that I had been unable to arrive earlier in the evening. Of Mr. D'Arcy Stanfield's new comedietta it will be enough for me to say that the heroine, a young lady with money, loves, and is loved by an impecunious young gentleman who hopes to earn a living by writing poetry, and though, when the piece opens, the hero has not declared his love, the young lady seems to think it quite natural that she should go alone to visit him at his lodgings. The author also lets us hear of a magazine editor who, having had some verses submitted to him with which he is pleased, sends bank-notes post-haste to the writer of them. What a delightful editor to know!

The Ladbroke Hall was also the scene of a dramatic performance given on May 13th by Messrs. Edwin F. and Percy F. Marshall. The pieces chosen were "A Regular Fix" and "Milky White." Mr. Percy F. Marshall was a good Hugh de Brass in "A Regular Fix," and was supported by Messrs. Conyers Norton, Rivolta, Chetwynd-Stapylton, and F. Waly; Misses Ada Belwood, A. E. Hills, Lottie Roberts, and Florence Elliott. In "Milky White" Mr. Edwin F. Marshall gave a really clever performance of Daniel White, and Mr. Chetwynd-Stapylton and Miss Rose Murray played very pleasantly as Archibald Good and Annie White. In the interval between the pieces what is called an "Æsthetic Duet" was sung by Messrs. Arthur Fenwicke and Conyers Norton. It is entitled "Utterly Utter," and may be presumed to be one more attempt to ridicule what is known as "æstheticism." The attempt is very feeble, and the song a very silly one. It was a mistake to introduce it on this occasion into a programme which was otherwise a success.

The ambitious amateurs must not paint the life of an actor in too roseate a hue. There is a reverse to the picture, even in the opinion of so mercurial and indefatigable a person as Mr. John S. Clarke:

"The actor must always be at his post—ill or well. No other profession, perhaps, has that peculiarity. When you do not feel well you can obtain a substitute. When a lawyer is indisposed he can have his case adjourned. If a physician can't go conveniently he can send some one else; and it is the same with almost every one. With the actor there is no such a thing as getting out of an engagement, unless he is so unwell that he cannot walk, and even then his illness costs him much more than that of other men costs them. I am speaking now more particularly of the star; the minor parts can generally be filled by substitutes. People do not know what tortures those who are acting for their pleasure sometimes suffer. Often and often I have gone on to the stage when I could

hardly breathe, and could scarcely get behind the wings, when I would sink down utterly exhausted. At times I have suffered terribly, and my experience is that of every one who follows the profession."

I have heard again from my correspondent who recently asked me to draw attention to the fact that it is useless for anyone to think of adopting the stage as a profession unless he has a certain amount of capital. In his second letter my friend insists more strongly than ever on this point. And I fear that, as things exist at present, he is right. I take it that nearly all actors who, beginning as amateurs, have afterwards gone on the stage and made their mark, have had, at the outset at all events of their professional careers, either a little money or friends upon whom they could rely for temporary assistance if necessary. But the same remark applies to other professions. How many men who have wished to be, and who would have made, excellent lawyers, doctors, or parsons, have had to give up the idea simply because they have been without private means, and could not afford to wait and work for years for little or nothing. The would-be clergyman or barrister, however, accepts the inevitable pretty calmly. The would-be actor, on the other hand, who has ability and who knows it, is a little too apt to think that, merely because of his ability, he has a right to demand that an opening should be made for him somewhere and somehow. But "ability," to quote a line in "The Way of the World," slightly altered, "Ah, dear Marwood, what's ability to an opportunity?" Let me take the case of an amateur holding an appointment of some sort to which is attached an income which is all he has to depend upon. He wishes to go on the stage. His salary for some time would necessarily be small. At times he might be without any engagement at all. He not only has no friends to whom he can look for pecuniary aid in an emergency, but he may even have people partially dependent upon him. In such a case, though I fully recognised his talent, and firmly believed he deserved to succeed, and would succeed in the long run, I certainly would not incur the responsibility of recommending him to throw up his appointment, and take his chance in the profession. If we had an Academy of Acting, with scholarships in connection with it tenable for two or three years, and perhaps a general fund to which actors and actresses might subscribe when doing well, and from which they might be assisted when out of engagements, it would be different. But unfortunately we have no such Academy and no such fund. Still, for all that, I shall never leave the subject alone until we get one or the other; and the sooner the better.

The Moray Minstrels gave their annual Ladies' Night on the 7th of May. Beauty and art crowded the rooms in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. On the walls talent was as usual elbowed by unmistakable daubs; these were represented in the audience by a group of æsthetic fair ones, who evidently fancied themselves "Old Masters." But, to the business of the

evening. The Moray Minstrels, under the direction of their usual conductor, that excellent musician, Mr. John Foster, quite surpassed themselves. But their well-deserved reputation is an established fact. The success of the evening was Sullivan's "The Beleaguered," gaining an encore. It might interest the readers of The Theatre to know the origin of this Amateur Glee Society. It was founded by Mr. Arthur Lewis, the husband of Miss Kate Terry, in his bachelor days. The members used to meet at his house, Moray Lodge—hence the name.

A very important addition to the art sights of London will open shortly at the galleries of the Royal London Panorama, Leicester Square. The great artists of France whose works are known to those who have the time to run over to Paris, are only names in most instances to the public of London. It is true we have small private institutions which open their doors annually, either in Bond Street or the Haymarket, and Mr. Wallis always contrives to give us two or three gems of art at his gallery in Pall Mall. But it has occurred to Mr. Alfred Thompson, one of the directors of the Panorama in Leicester Square, himself a pupil of Couture, that English connoisseurs and English artists would be glad to have the opportunity of seeing here in London an annual collection of works fresh from the easels of the first painters abroad.

The fine galleries which will open in June, above the principal entrance to the London Panorama, are admirably calculated from their spacious size and excellent lighting for such an exhibition. "Le Salon à Londres" will, therefore, soon be an accomplished fact; and though the idea has been started rather later than the artists in Paris would wish, the pictures already promised will be formidable rivals to the Royal Academy, and will be a foretaste of the chefs d'œuvre the Parisian artists intend sending for the season of '82.

Gerome, Meisonnier, Boudry, Lefèbvre, Boulanger, Carolus Duran, Luminais, Bonnat, Madrazo, and fifty more, most of them medallists and members of the Legion of Honour, will exhibit, and the rooms will be decorated with statuettes and other works of art. It will be not only a good thing to see, but most useful for our rising artists as examples of those schools in which all the best artists of Europe have at some time laboured.

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Dear Sir,—As representing, we believe, many thousands of persons in Victoria, we desire, on the occasion of your quitting the colony, to express to you how completely you have won the good opinion of all who have known you, whether as an actor or a private gentleman.

Of your performances on the stage we have been filled with admiration, both on account of their genuine excellence and their singular variety. You have satisfied us that there are no real grounds for the sometimes expressed opinion that the art of acting is in its period of decadence. The verdict both of audience and critics has been in your favour.

As a gentleman, thoroughly respected in his private relations, you have equally well demonstrated the right of the actor to take an honourable place in society. The art you cultivate, and the profession you practise, have thus both been gainers by you.

In regretting that you are now leaving us, we are quite sure you will deserve a like measure of good-will wherever you may go; and if ever you should return to us, you will be welcomed as an old friend, who has an enduring place in the hearts of all those for whom we now subscribe ourselves,

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"Of later years the appearance of Mr. Edward Terry at our theatre has been regarded as an advent of the most consoling kind. After a dose of tragedy and high comedy, the big broad letters announcing a 'Mathews' or a 'Toole' was regarded with a sigh of relief. Poor Mathews has been gathered to his fathers, and, though a Wyndham may have stepped into his place in one respect, there is in another no man more capable than Terry of filling the void that he has left. Indeed at the present day there is not on the English stage an actor who, by the simple efforts of his own refined humour, has so raised low comedy—in some hands very low comedy—to the dignity of high class as has Mr. Edward Terry. At all events he has shown us how the lower class of modern comedy and its counterpart, burlesque, may be refined to the highest point of delicacy without in the least stripping it of its humour or its richness. In fact he has shown us that no comedy need necessarily be low unless the insufficiency of the actor make its being so indispensable. Instance last night, Captain Ginger in the 'Weak Woman' might be anything with all Mr. H. J. Byron with his unwonted ability has made of it. Vulgar it certainly could be, but in Mr. Terry's version the character is not alone highly artistic and natural in the extreme, but is full of richness, brimming over with humour, and replete with the most unique drollery. A more complete character than that which Mr. Terry makes the celebrated Captain of the Bungleshire Buffs is not to be found upon the stage. Success is the more marked because the exaggerations of the actor are flavoured with a humorous satire, peculiarly Mr. Terry's own, inasmuch as they belong neither to the coarse species of acting that has hitherto passed as drollery nor to that refined type which oftentimes from its very refinement lost its legitimate meed of praise. To see this intervening space, between two extremes that skirt the broad range of comedy, filled with a most complete success such as to create another character, not for the modern dramatist, but for the gifted and discriminating actor, one would need to see Mr. Terry's Captain Ginger. His reception last night was remarkable for its enthusiasm, and as the piece proceeded there was every evidence of growing popular favour."—*Belfast Examiner, September 28th.*

As KERRY.

"In Dion Boucicault's 'Kerry,' Mr. Terry takes advantage of the title-rôle for a piece of character acting which we have never seen surpassed. As an exhibition of versatility alone it is noticeable; but on account of its naturalness, its consistency, the truth of its pathos and its humour, it deserves to be classed amongst the few artistically perfect characters of the stage."—*Liverpool Porcupine, Nov. 6th.*

As PAUL PRY.

"As might have been anticipated from the success which attended the performance on Monday night, a very large audience, in fact an overflowing audience, assembled to witness Mr. Terry's delineation of the difficult character, Paul Pry. Bordering, as it does, more closely on low comedy than such a character as Captain Ginger, it does not necessitate a display of that delicate skill in dialogue which forms Mr. Terry's distinguishing attribute. His Paul Pry is really a most mirth-provoking performance, unexaggerated, yet amusing in the highest degree. Mr. Terry's face is a perfect study, utterly devoid of a glimmer of self-appreciation, and yet moving the audience to the most uproarious merriment. His seeming unwillingness to 'intrude;' his vow never again to do an 'act of kindness,' and his invincible inclination to possess himself of even the smallest items of general information concerning his neighbours could not have been better expressed. On the whole, Mr. Terry's impersonation of the character is very remarkable. He was recalled several times, and on his appearance at the conclusion of the play was greeted with something very like an ovation."—*Cork Examiner, October 20th.*

MISS GERARD AS OPHELIA.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"Miss Gerard's acting as Ophelia is very beautiful."—*Graphic.*

"Miss Gerard's performance as Ophelia was exceedingly successful."—*New York Times.*

"Miss Gerard, as Ophelia, awakened genuine enthusiasm by her splendid acting in the mad scene."—*The Illustrated London News.*

"Miss Gerard makes a legitimate mark in the prolonged and trying scene of madness." —*The Observer*

"Miss Gerard, always pleasing and interesting, evoked tumultuous applause for her display of madness."—*The Whitehall Review.*

"Miss Gerard, as Ophelia, made one of the greatest successes obtained by representatives of the part in recent years."—*New York Herald.*

"Miss Gerard made a success as Ophelia, rousing the audience to enthusiasm by her highly artistic delineation of the mad scenes."—*Brighton Gazette.*

"Miss Gerard greatly surprised her audience by the exhibition of a very pathetic and admirably varied power of expression in the mad scene."—*The Daily News.*

"Miss Gerard, always a great favourite of mine, achieves a success as Ophelia which must even have surprised her greatest admirers. Her mad scene is an extraordinary life-like study of lunacy."—*Judy.*

"Of the rest, Miss Gerard's Ophelia was charming. As the play progressed her confidence increased, and in the mad scene she won a worthy triumph by dint of her exquisite tenderness and grace."—*Land and Water.*

"The next great achievement of the evening was, unquestionably, Miss Gerard's Ophelia. This young lady's acting was simply delicious, and the ovation she received at the close of the mad scene was as thoroughly well deserved as it has rarely been more worthily bestowed."—*Fun.*

"A genuine surprise in the performance of 'Hamlet' was the unexpected talent displayed by Miss Gerard in the part of Ophelia—I mean in the mad scene. In the fourth act Miss Gerard achieved a triumph which many talented actresses have striven in vain to accomplish."—*Licensed Victuallers' Gazette.*

"Miss Gerard, as Ophelia, had shown considerable promise in the earlier scenes, but the audience were quite unprepared for her marvellous portrayal of the mad Ophelia. There was a touch of genius in her performance, and the lights and shades of her countenance, as they passed backwards and forwards from intense pathos to the gaiety of a vacant mind, were a study."—*The Court Journal.*

"The most noticeable performance, after that of Mr. Booth's, was Miss Gerard's Ophelia. This young lady has evidently studied the part with extreme care, and her performance was at once pathetic and powerful. She played the mad scene after a fashion that showed she had gone to see those affected with aberration of intellect and profited by her painful experience, and she certainly made a distinguished success."—*Court Circular.*

"Miss Gerard was an exceptionally good Ophelia; indeed, the mad scene has seldom been played so pathetically and with so accurate a representation of the loss of reason. This young lady made a great hit in the part, and her clever acting received the warmest acknowledgments from the audience."—*Scotsman.*

"Next, however, to Mr. Booth, the honours of the evening, upon which the new Princess's was opened, fell to Miss Gerard, who gave an exquisite and charming rendering of Ophelia. In the mad scene she rose to the highest range of dramatic pathos, and thrilled the whole of the vast audience with her sudden alternations from grave to gay."—*Society.*

"Miss Gerard has a trying task in playing Ophelia . . . . . she deals with Ophelia's madness as though she had studied from life the vacant laugh, the hysterical emotion, the far-away voice, and the despairing shriek."—*St. James's Gazette.*

"It was a hazardous course for a young actress such as Miss Gerard, used to light comedy, to attempt Ophelia, and it must be confessed that in the earlier portion of the play its wisdom was not made apparent. But in the mad scene Miss Gerard surprised everyone by her freshness and *abandon*, and showed conclusively that she has the making of a clever actress."—*The Referee.*

"Miss Gerard enacted with distinguished success the difficult part of Ophelia. The ridicule which Sheridan has thrown upon the mad maidens of the stage, must have the effect of appalling the most venturesome virgins who essay the part. There was, however, a sweetness, a grace, and a naturalness about Miss Gerard's Ophelia, concerning which the house instantly and emphatically marked its approval."—*The Sunday Figaro.*

"A startling display of intelligence by Miss Gerard as Ophelia at the close of the fourth act won forgiveness for previous shortcomings, and provoked a remarkable display of enthusiasm. Miss Gerard's recoil and shriek upon recognising Laertes were justifiable and natural; her manner of distributing the flowers to those around her, and the half-caressing, half-meaningless use she made of her hands were admirably conceived and executed."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Miss Gerard, as Ophelia, made a bold step from light comedy to Shakespearian tragedy, but the result justified her daring. In the early scenes she was still the young lady of the modern school, but in the mad scenes, with her sweetly rendered snatches of song, with the touching business with the flowers, with the scream at sight of Laertes, and with what we may call the hysterical exit, she fairly got hold of the sympathies of the house, and found her reward in a storm of applause."—*The Era.*

"Miss Gerard's Ophelia developed towards the close high excellence. During the early acts nothing beyond formal prettiness was shown. In the closing scene, however, of her appearance, in which she distributes flowers to those around her, she displayed singular intelligence. Her manner of caressing her brother and the Queen as by some instinct of remembered tenderness, and the pulseless falling off of vacant fingers when the transient light of emotion died from her eyes, were fine, as was her momentary shriek upon recognising her brother."—*The Athenæum.*

"We may turn to the Ophelia of Miss Gerard, a young actress, who, in the mad scene, developed so much genuine talent as to win all at once the enthusiastic applause of her audience. The simple pathos and unaffected beauty of the performance was so effective that, in her first exit, the audience vainly tried to recall her to the scene, an honour which she accepted when the curtain fell."—*The Daily Chronicle.*

"Independent of Mr. Booth's success, the hit of the evening was made by Miss Gerard as Ophelia. This was a surprise, especially as she began in no very noticeable fashion. In the mad scene, however, she took the audience by storm. It was prettily done, and there was pathos in it. Miss Gerard is young, and can look the part, which is an advantage."—*The Morning Advertiser.*

"Miss Gerard's Ophelia took by surprise even those who have been carefully watching this young actress's career since the time (about four years ago) when she first betrayed unexpected talent as Nan, in 'Good for Nothing,' at the Olympic. Her progress in the last few months has been extraordinary, and not without good reason was she cast for Ophelia in this important revival. With increase of confidence and experience Miss Gerard will easily give more strength to her earlier scenes; upon the mad scene it would be impossible for her to improve."—*The Citizen.*

"A young lady, Miss Gerard, new to the public as an exponent of the legitimate drama, made an unexpected but conspicuous success as Ophelia. The mad scene, indeed, has seldom been played with so much pathos and intensity. I can bear special testimony to the careful art with which Miss Gerard reproduced the vacant look and aimless intertwining of the fingers and plucking at the dress, together with the manner of one who is passing into what Dr. Conolly graphically called 'the tomb of human reason—dementia.' The horrible shriek as she made her exit thrilled the whole house, and indeed her Ophelia was a genuine artistic success, which won, as it deserved to do, the heartiest applause."—*Examiner.*

"Next to Mr. Booth, Miss Gerard carried off the honours as Ophelia. She commenced quietly enough, and, indeed, Ophelia has hardly anything to do but to listen to Hamlet when she first appears; but in the mad scene she played with remarkable power. Following the example of her illustrious predecessor in the part, Miss Ellen Terry, she went, I believe, to a lunatic asylum to study it, and with the best results. A more genuinely insane Ophelia was never seen on the stage, and the effect of the shriek she gave just before she made her exit was electrical. Miss Gerard was very warmly applauded, and may be congratulated on a most artistic piece of work."—*Life.*

"There is no opportunity at present of commenting upon the respective performances of actors and actresses, ripe and experienced, who gave their aid to the revival; but a few words are due to the highly-intelligent, well-studied, and effective scene that ends Miss Gerard's Ophelia. The opening scenes of Ophelia were approached with some hesitancy, and this may be due to the coldness of the Hamlet and demonstrative affection of the Laertes; but there were some brilliant moments in the mad scene that touched the quickest sympathies of all who listened to the beautifully modulated wailing melodies and to the demented cry that rang true and terrible. Miss Gerard is much to be congratulated on making so marked a success in immediate succession to Miss Ellen Terry."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

"Miss Gerard was Ophelia, and, calling to mind the many ladies who have essayed this *rôle*—Miss Terry not excepted—we never remember seeing it played in so fresh and yet so complete a manner. In the mad scene, especially, Miss Gerard left other Ophelia's deeply in the shade, for there was an appropriateness in her acting, a pathos in her voice, and a pained yet vacant expression on her face, which will make her enactment of the part remembered for many years to come."—*The Critic.*

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Every Evening, at 7.45, Alfred Tennyson's Tragedy,

THE CUP.

Synorix - - - - - - - Mr. Irving.
Camma - - - - - - - Miss Ellen Terry.

At 9.30, will be presented, in Three Acts, Mrs. Cowley's Comedy,

THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

Doricourt - - - - - - - Mr. Irving.
Letitia Hardy - - - - - - Miss Ellen Terry.

Mr. Irving is gratified in being able to announce than on MONDAY, MAY 2nd, a Series of

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WILL APPEAR, IN CONJUNCTION WITH

MR. IRVING & MISS ELLEN TERRY,

IN SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY,

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These Special Performances will be on each Monday, Wednesday and Friday. On these evenings of the first week, May 2, 4, and 6, Mr. Booth will appear as Othello and Mr. Irving as Iago. The following week, viz., May 9, 11, and 13, Mr. Irving will appear as Othello and Mr. Booth as Iago. Othello and Iago will continue to be thus alternated week by week during this special engagement. For these exceptional performances the prices for the Stalls, Dress Circle, and Private Boxes will be raised—Stalls, £1 1s.; Dress Circle, 10s.; Private Boxes,

The prices for the rest of the house—viz., Upper Circle, Amphitheatre, Pit, and Gallery—will remain as usual. On each of the intervening evenings, viz., Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, during this special engagement,

THE CUP and THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM

Will be played.

Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday.
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Characters by Messrs. John McCullough, J. Ryder, J. H. Barnes, J. R. Gibson, G. Andrews, De Lange, and Mr. Augustus Harris; Miss Lydia Cowell, and Mrs. Arthur Stirling, &c. Preceded at 7.30, by

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FOLLY THEATRE. Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. Toole. Business Manager, Mr. George Loveday.

Every Evening, at 8, a New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by Henry J. Byron, called

THE UPPER CRUST.

Mr. Barnaby Doublechick - - Mr. J. L. Toole.

After which, at 10, an Original Sketch, by R. Reece, called THE WIZARD OF THE WILDERNESS.
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Morning Performances every Saturday, at 2, with Change of Programme.
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COURT THEATRE. [During May, Mr. W. G. Wells's new tragedy, Juanna.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. Wilson Barrett. Every Evening, at 8,

MADAME MODJESKA

Will appear in

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, John Ryder, Forbes-Robertson, Clifford Cooper, E. Price, Norman Forbes, E. B. Norman, Brian Darley, Neville Doone, E. Butler, W. P. Grainger, &c., and G. W. Anson; Mesdames Helena Modjeska, Emery, M. A. Giffard, B. Garnier, J. Clifford, &c., and R. G. Lethière.

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PATIENCE.

A New Æsthetic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.

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Conductor - - Mr. F. Cellier.

Morning Performance every Saturday, at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

At 8.40 a New Comedy, in Three Acts, by F. C. Burnand, called

THE COLONEL.

Preceded by, at 7.50, One-Act Comedy, by Sydney Grundy,

IN HONOUR BOUND.

Messrs. Coghlan, Flockton, W. Herbert, Fitzroy, Rowland Buckstone, and Edgar Bruce.

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Concluding with, at 9.15, the new Farcical Comedy,

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Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. D. M'Kay.

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Every Evening, (at 8, terminating at 11), the New Drama, entitled

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In which Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Henry J. Byron, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. James Fernandez, F. W. Irish, J. A. Rosier, A. H. Warren, Howard Russell, T. A. Palmer, H. Proctor, F. W. Irish, R. H. Lingham, etc.; Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Miss Gerard will appear.

Preceded, at 7.15, by

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Mr. Shiel Barry and Miss Clara Jecks.

Doors open at 7. Box-office open 10 till 5. No booking fees.

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JOHN CHILD

WILL APPEAR AS

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LYCEUM THEATRE. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Henry Irving.

PROSPECTIVE PROGRAMME FOR THE SEASON.

Mr. Irving begs to announce that before the close of the present season, which will end on July 23rd, the following Plays will be presented:

OTHELLO, THE CUP, HAMLET,
THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM,
CHARLES I., THE BELLS, EUGENE ARAM,
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

And for the convenience of the public the following are the dates and number of representations of each piece: OTHELLO (in which Mr. Edwin Booth will appear), 12 times more (including two morning performances); THE CUP and THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM (including one morning), 14 times; on Saturday, June 18th, HAMLET, 19 performances (including two mornings); July 2nd, 9th, and 22nd, THE BELLS; Monday, July 11th, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, seven performances (including one morning); July 18th and 19th, EUGENE ARAM, two performances; July 20th and 21st, CHARLES I., two performances; Saturday, July 23rd, Last Night of the Season, and Last Appearance in London until the end of December of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company.

MORNING PERFORMANCES

Previous to the Closing of the Season on July 23rd.

Saturday, June 4th, THE CUP and THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM; Wednesday, June 8th, OTHELLO (Othello, Mr. Booth; Iago, Mr. Irving; Desdemona, Miss Ellen Terry); Saturday, July 2nd, HAMLET; Saturday, July 9th, HAMLET; and Saturday, July 16th, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Acting Manager, Mr. Bram Stoker. Stage Manager, Mr. H. J. Loveday.

Prices from 1s. to £5 5s. Box-office open from 10 till 5, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Hurst.

DRURY LANE THEATRE. Lessee and Manager, Mr. Augustus Harris.

THE MEININGEN COURT COMPANY,

Under the gracious patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

Wednesday, June 1st,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Doors open at 7. Box-office hours, 10 till 5. No booking fees.

Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. Douglas Cox.

FOLLY THEATRE. Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. Toole. Business Manager, Mr. George Loveday.

Every Evening, at 8, a New and Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by Henry J. Byron, called

THE UPPER CRUST.

Mr. Barnaby Doublechick - - Mr. J. L. Toole.

After which, at 10, a New Musical and Dramatic Absurdity, by R. Reece and Knight Summers, called "WELSH RABBITS."

Cecil Streeter, Esq. - - Mr. J. L. Toole.

Morning Performances every Saturday, at 2, with Change of Programme.
Doors open at 7. Prices 1s. to £3 3s. Box-office 10 till 5. No Fees for booking.

OPERA COMIQUE. Lessee and Manager, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte. Every Evening, at 8.30,

PATIENCE.

A New Æsthetic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.

Messrs. George Grossmith, Rutland Barrington, Richard Temple, F. Thornton, and Durward Lely
Mesdames Leonora Braham, Jessie Bond, Gwynne, Fortesque, and Alice Barnett.
Conductor - - Mr. F. Cellier.
Morning Performance every Saturday, at 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce.

At 8.40 a New Comedy, in Three Acts, by F. C. Burnand, called

THE COLONEL.

Preceded by, at 7.50,

OUR BITTEREST FOE.

Messrs. Coghlan, Flockton, W. Herbert, Fitzroy, Rowland Buckstone, and Edgar Bruce.
Misses Amy Roselle, Myra Holme, E. Sothern, and Mrs. Leigh Murray, &c.
New Scenery by Bruce Smith.
Doors open at 7.30; commence 7.50. Box-office open daily from 11 till 5.
For dates of "THE COLONEL" MATINEES see Daily Papers.
The Provincial Tour of "THE COLONEL" with a SPECIALLY SELECTED COMPANY commenced in May last.

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JEANNE, JEANNETTE, AND JEANNETON.

Abounds in bright and sparkling music. Three prima donnas; splendid band and chorus; magnificent scenery; and grandeur of effects. The new Ballet, ENDYMION, an enormous success.

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ONCE AGAIN.

After which, at 8.30, a new and original Domestic Comedy, in Three Acts, entitled,

PUNCH.

Written by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with the Farce of

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Messrs. William Farren, J. Maclean, J. G. Grahame, J. R. Crauford, W. Lestocq, W. Hargreaves, and David James; Misses Sophie Larkin, M. Abington, Cicely Richards, E. Palmer, and Kate Bishop.
Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. D. M'Kay.

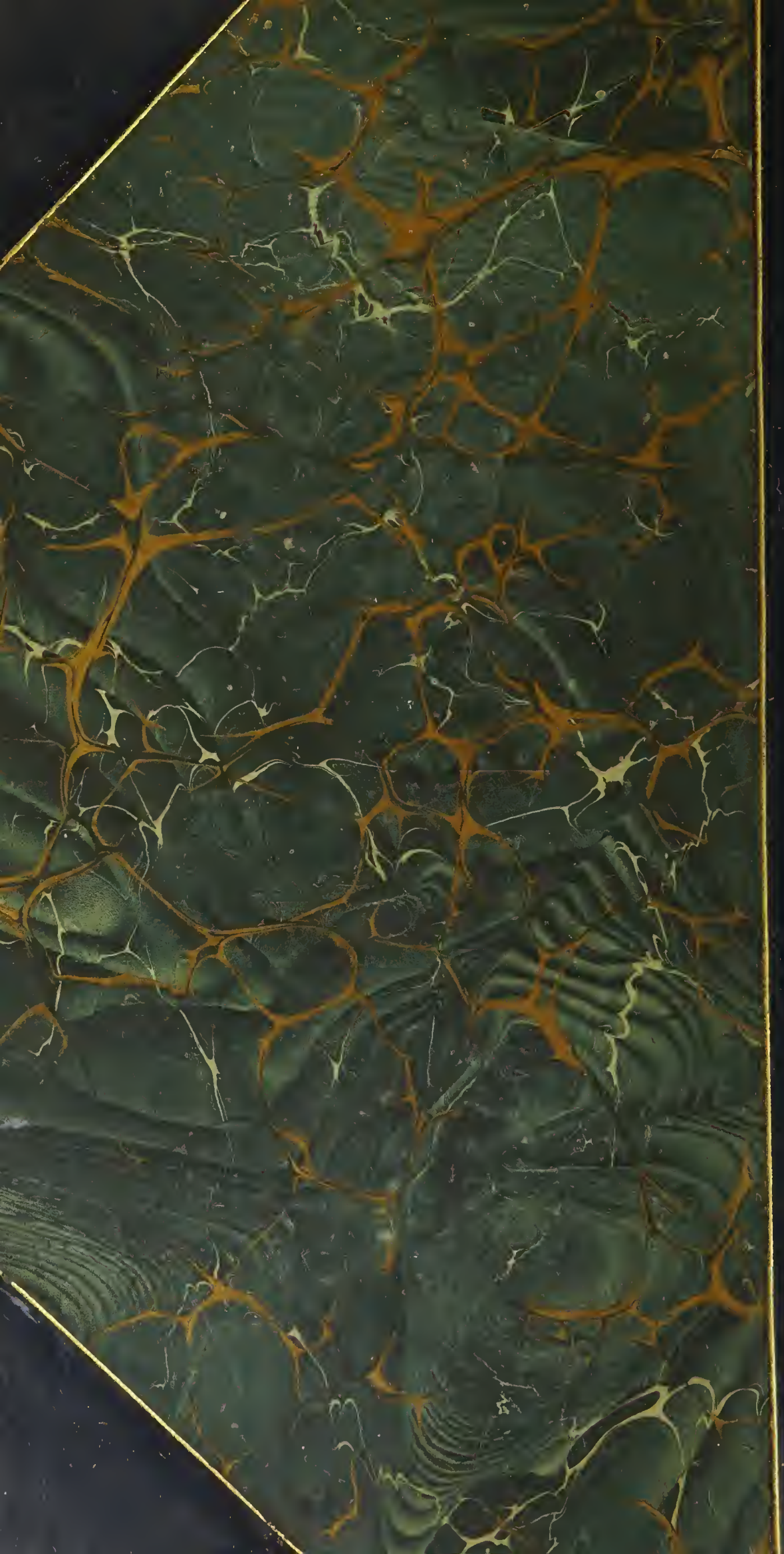
ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Every Evening, (at 8, terminating at 11), the New Drama, entitled

MICHAEL STROGOFF,

In which Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Henry J. Byron, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. James Fernandez, F. W. Irish, J. A. Rosier, A. H. Warren, Howard Russell, T. A. Palmer, H. Proctor, F. W. Irish; Mrs. Bernard-Beere and Miss Gerard will appear.

Preceded, at 7.15, by

BARNEY THE BARON.

Mr. Shiel Barry and Miss Clara Jecks.
Doors open at 7. Box-office open 10 till 5. No booking fees.

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